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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

By Robert Herrick

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ORSON LOWELL

MANY visitors to the fascinating Midway of the World's Fair remember the group of serious-looking gray buildings, irregularly dotted about four generous-sized city blocks, which frowned across the fence at the giddy street in Cairo. The conductor in the Ferris Wheel box would reply to the curious, "Oh! that's the new Chicago University." The Midway has become a matter of two years' oblivion, and the university has grown in true Chicago style until now eleven halls and laboratories outline a magnificent scheme of buildings. The workmen are busy on the foundations of a new museum, and in the clear Wisconsin air above Lake Geneva is rising the future observatory that will house the Yerkes telescope. The unlovely prairie is already sodded between the buildings or depressed into gentle English gardens that contain numerous tennis-courts. Little groves of modest oaks relieve the severe, academic walls without hiding the broken red roofs and the Gothic characteristics of the chastened architecture. The university has done more than grow: it has sprung into existence full-armed. And one benefit of this supernatural birth is that its external form has been planned with regard for the *ensemble*. It is a lucky institution; one form of its luck is Mr. Cobb, who has seized this opportunity, hitherto unique in American civilization, to express an enduring institution in a distinct, individual, harmonious form. The irregular slow growth of the New England college is fittingly symbolized in the stern, irregular halls that swear at each other across the yard; but the modern imagination of the founders of the University of Chicago has provided for the expansion of their creation into a single unit. Moreover, a university teaches in many subtle ways as well as through men and books. Thus the laboratory, in the form that Mr. Ryerson has given it to the university, is more than the most complete physical workshop in the world: it is a beautiful building that carries its individual lesson for every student.

The Midway is no more; in its place stretch two broad driveways separated by sunken gardens (some time they may contain a canal and 'varsity eights), which connect two great parks, an English-like bit of country with Gainsborough trees and level sod to the west, and the site of the Fair beside the blue lake to the east. One wishes, in mortal fashion, that the omnivorous city were kept at bay by a special park encircling the university to the north. Then the peaceful calm, in the world but not of it, the fitting atmosphere for an academic place, would be ever possible. The present suburban section immediately about the university will probably grow more and more into a college town, protecting the campus,

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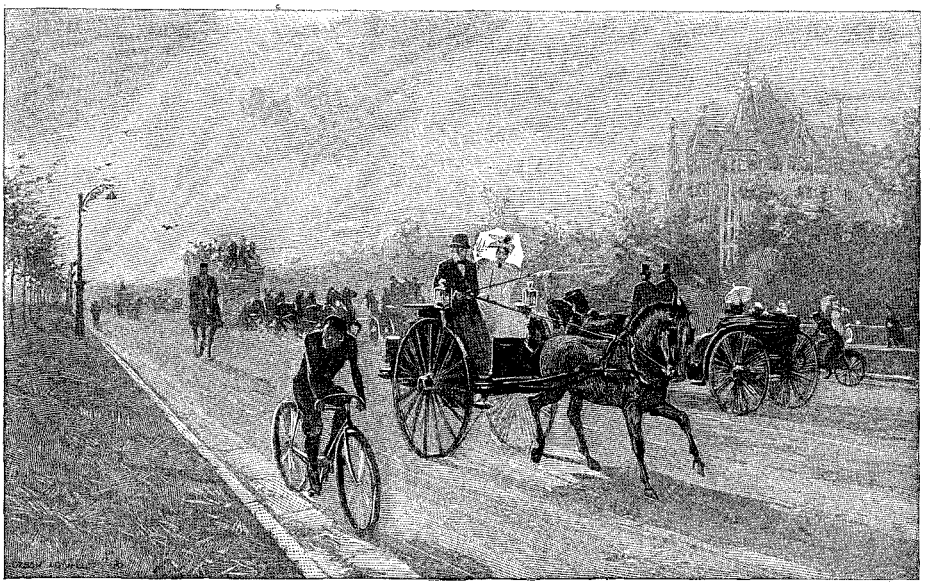

The Midway Boulevard (as seen from the site of the "Street in Cairo" at the World's Fair).

rimmed round by unbroken walls of buildings from the roar and the smoke of the city. For the existing halls, already an enviable equipment, merely indicate the plan. When the tropical growth of Chicago has done its good work, the twenty-four acres of campus will contain homes for several thousand students in many small halls, as well as many times the present number of buildings for general purposes. In this swift country the future is upon us before we have well realized the present, and for this future the founders of the university have provided none too extravagantly.

Magnificent buildings, an endowment of over six million dollars bestowed in the short period of four years, and a generous annual budget for current expenses may not make a university, but they create the material condition all essential for any ideal enterprise. It is certainly true, I think, that never before at any time or in any place has so much been generously given in such brief time to the cause of higher education as for the University of Chicago. Yet the endowment already seems small when one contemplates the scope of the undertaking and the costliness of the best things and the limitless possibilities in this central plain of the Mis-

The Junior Faculty Party in Kelly Hall.

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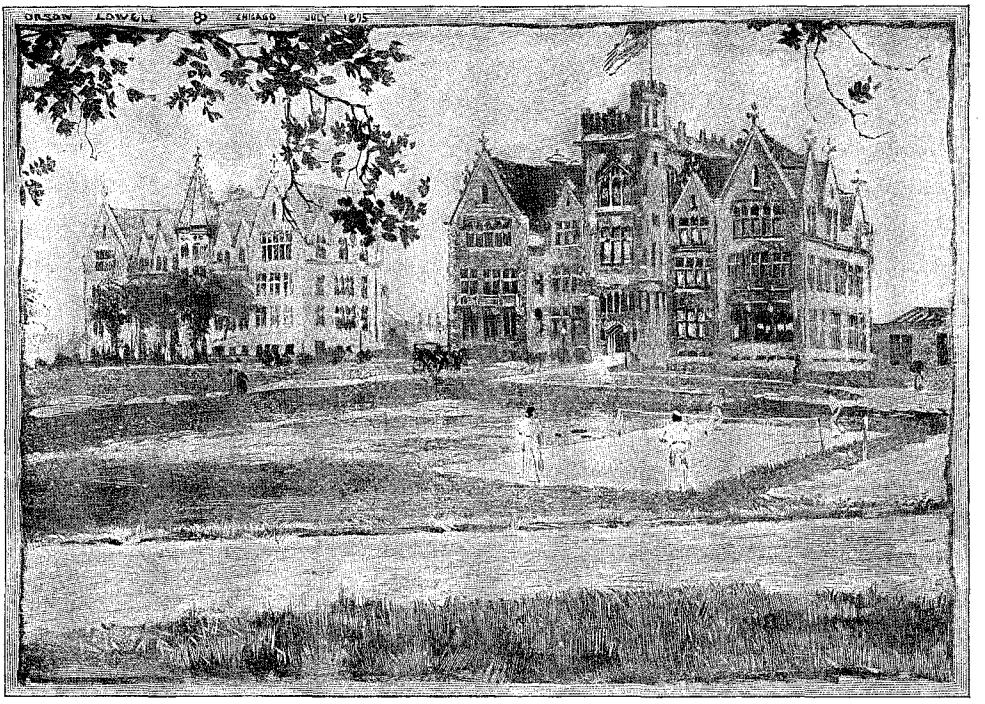

Kent Hall. Ryerson Hall.

The Faculty Tennis Courts.

sissippi Valley. The generous response of Mr. Rockefeller to the plans of the university and the equally fine generosity of Chicago have shown that in so far as the university realizes the fresh opportunities open to it there will be no question of an adequate support. But apart from the important question of means, anyone who takes an intelligent interest in American life must perceive the energies of the middle West—of Chicago. These energies are not solely commercial; the enthusiasm for the Columbian Exposition, the two large libraries already existing, with a third planned and started, the nucleus of a great museum provided by Mr. Field—all these and more indefinite signs indicate that Chicago is ready for a further expression of intellectual life than the pressure of the past quarter century has made possible. The people of Chicago are eager, in a sense that is true nowhere else in our country, for art, literature, education, the accompaniments of a complex civilization. We may expect, then, without being accused of brag or pretension, that in a few years a beautiful chapel, a suitable library, a reasonable gymnasium, and new museums for the biological sciences will be added to the existing buildings, and that as the idea of the university extends in the West, the University of Chicago will expand into a harmonious and stately home of diverse interests and activities. The phenomenal birth and growth and the material side of the new institution have been made much of in the illustrated press. It is not my purpose to enlarge upon these picturesque facts; there are other aspects less widely heralded.

Another provision of the supernatural birth, beside the harmonious buildings, is the system of the university, organized before the doors were opened. Indeed, at first sight, to the new member of the organism, whether student or instructor, the machinery is the most evident part of the institution: it is so complicated and yet so regular; so comprehensive and so fascinating a bit of imagination! The calendar year seems to have been devised for the spe-

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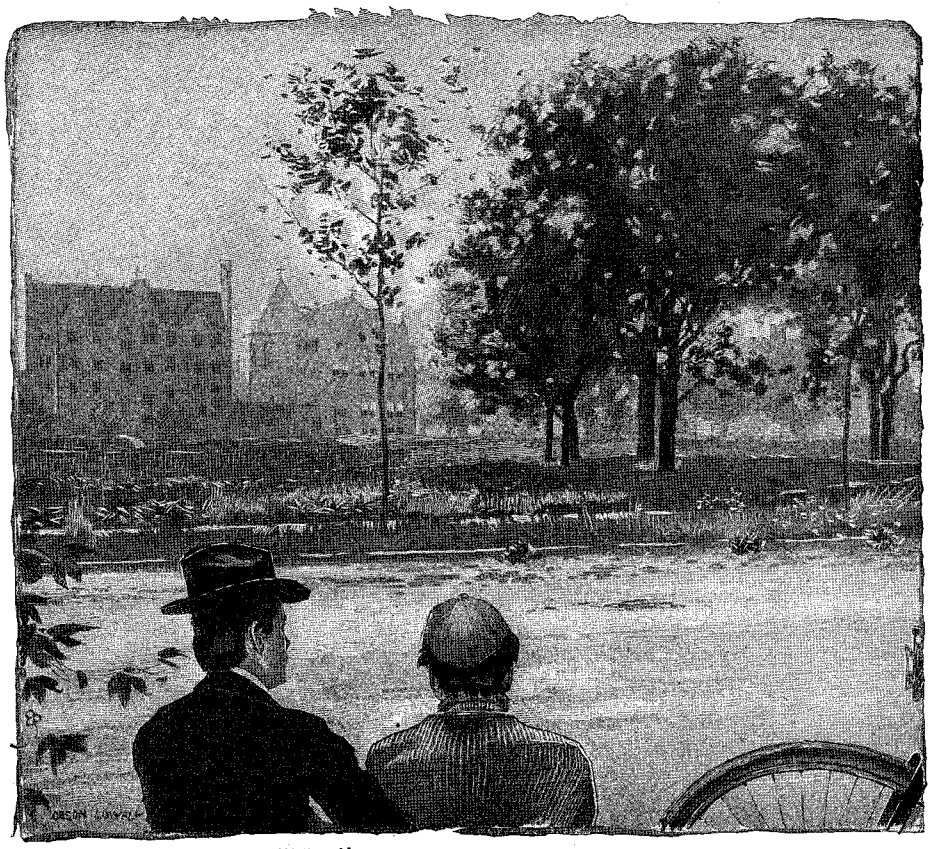
cial provision of the four terms or quarters of the university, with one week of recuperation between the terms. The quarter plan of work, which may be compared to an endless chain, is one of the fundamental facts of the university. You run up against it everywhere. Your students are with you to-day and gone to-morrow to return anon for another term of residence. The university world, both faculty and students, make a movable, shifting population which insures a kind of cosmopolitan air to this institution that never closes its doors. Matriculation and graduation may take place four times a year; any one course continues only twelve weeks; a student may take twelve years to earn his degree and yet be an industrious person, and in residence for full work one term each year—nay a courageous student might receive his A.B. just twenty-four years after matriculation and yet say that he had attended "school" (Western American for college) every year. All these figures are multiples of four, and a casual observer might call that the golden number of the University of Chicago.

A concrete instance will illustrate the advantages to a certain class in this flexible system. The other day I came across a young man who had received his preparatory education some six years ago at a New England academy. He was a seller of soda-water fountains, a business that occupied him and paid him well for about half the business year. His intentions were to complete his college course and then to enter a professional school. There are many similar instances which make one remember that our fathers in New England frequently left college for a term



Beecher Hall. Walker Museum.

View from Woodlawn Avenue.

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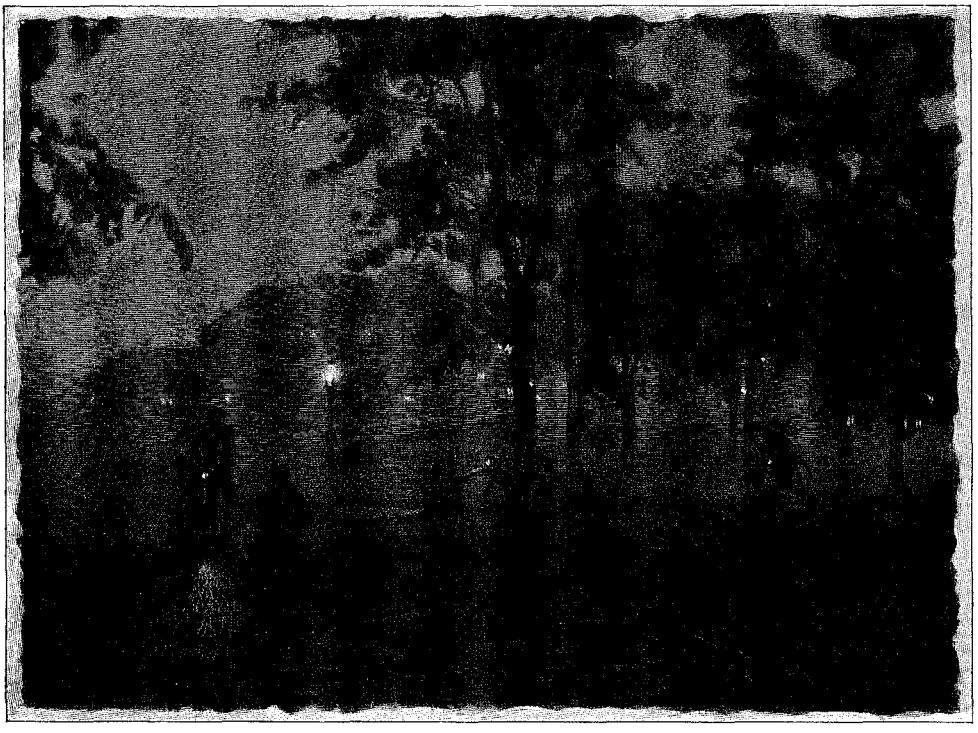

Cobb Hall.

The Group of Buildings from the West at Night.

to teach in a "district school" or in some other way to provide the means for a college course. The pressure of the higher scholarship, or the aristocratic tendencies of the great American universities, have done away of late years with this possibility. At Chicago a student may spend six months of the year in bread-winning, and six months in full academic residence, or, if his limited means compel him to extra exertion and his physique is tough, he can earn his bachelor's degree by three years of continuous residence without increasing the strain perceptibly at any one point. Another class of students also are given the privileges of the higher education by this system: teachers who, with or without the first degree, are ambitious to push on beyond the narrow round of the school curriculum. Teachers in colleges, in high schools and academies throughout the great middle West, on leave of absence or in the summer vacation, may come for a period under the influence and the stimulus of the university life. Such students—in many respects the most inspiring class, because to them life is no more experimental—came in large numbers to the first summer quarter. This term is in no sense a summer school: the university is in regular session in all departments except in the Divinity School. The curriculum is the same as at other seasons, or only slightly modified to accommodate itself to the large number of teachers in residence. And the faculty is the same in part, strengthened by the presence of instructors from other institutions, who bring new life and new methods.

There are other significant possibilities of this endless chain system. I can mention only a few

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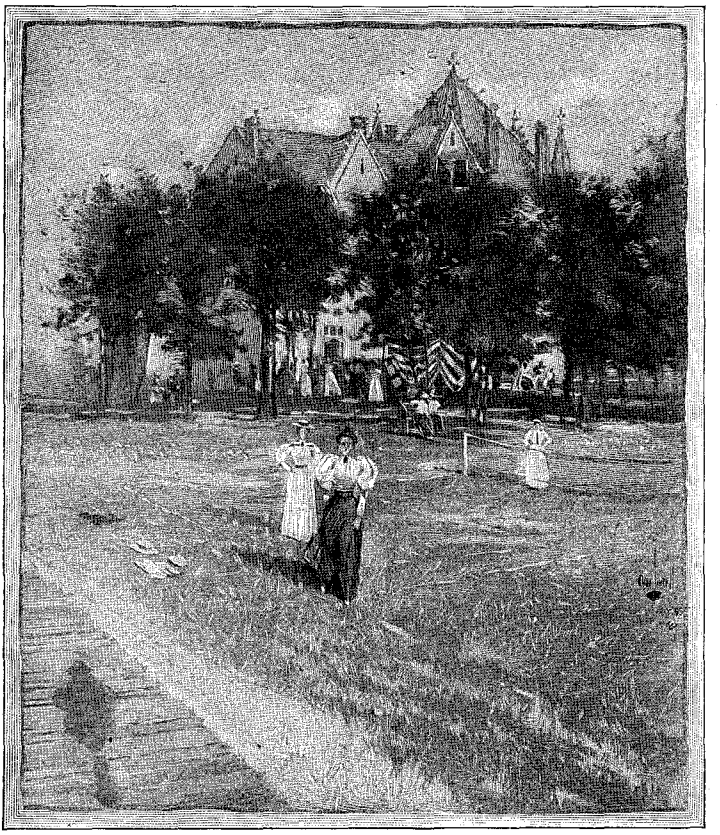

Kelly and Foster Halls and the Women's Tennis Courts.

I used the word machinery in reference to the elaborate system of the new university. When one penetrates further into the machine the gearing multiplies as new activities present themselves: there is the plan of the undergraduate system with its three colleges divided into two departments, the Academic Colleges and the University Colleges to correspond to the usual Freshman-Sophomore and Junior-Senior years; the graduate schools, already three in number; the University Extension Division with gigantic plans of teaching ologies and isms to the hungering masses; the University Press which forms the publication outlet for the voluminous results of the "research" and "investigation," words that haunt the place; and the "affiliation" of schools and colleges.

—and first the freedom to wander from place to place during the college year, a freedom that will come to be valued more and more, especially by the graduate student, when our universities shall co-operate in a liberal interchange of their privileges. This flexible method of residence may also tend to alter the traditional regard for the bachelor's degree; it has become a conventional thing in American education, and a sign of its disuse may not be deplorable. The class, on which the social life of the American college has been based, cannot exist in the kaleidoscopic quarter system. In this respect, as in the others touched upon, the University of Chicago has struck the democratic note.

The affiliation idea is perhaps the most tentative of all the parts of this complex organism, and yet imaginatively the most fascinating. It contemplates the union or league of smaller colleges with the great central capital of the University of Chicago—in a word, a college trust. These smaller institutions, it is proposed, shall do the college work under the supervision of the university authorities, and the bachelor's degree shall be granted by the university to their graduates. The graduate work, the finer lines (one is induced to borrow a commercial figure), will be done at Chicago in the graduate schools of the university. In the absence of any governmental supervision of higher education in the United

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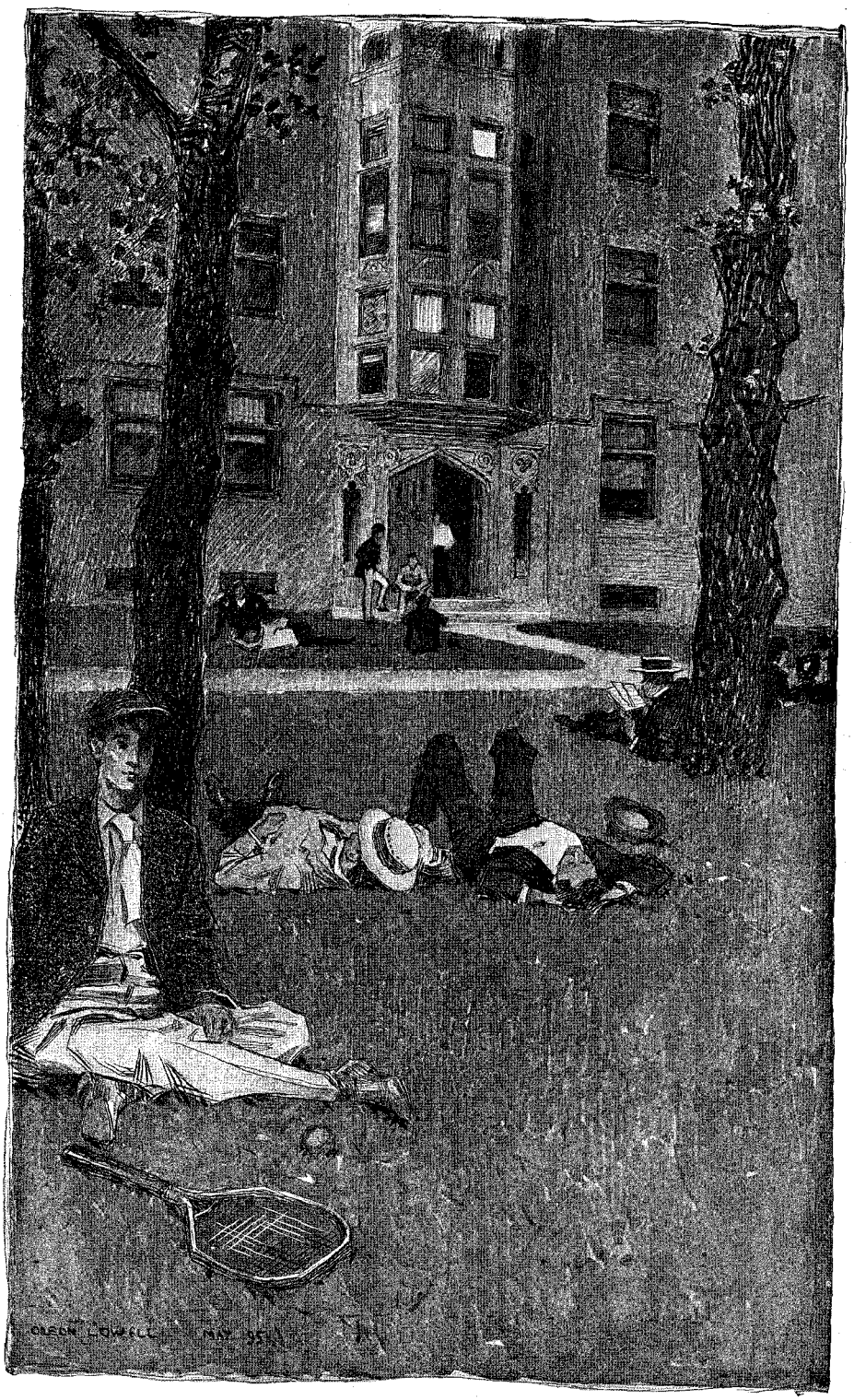

Entrance to North Divinity.
(Late afternoon.)

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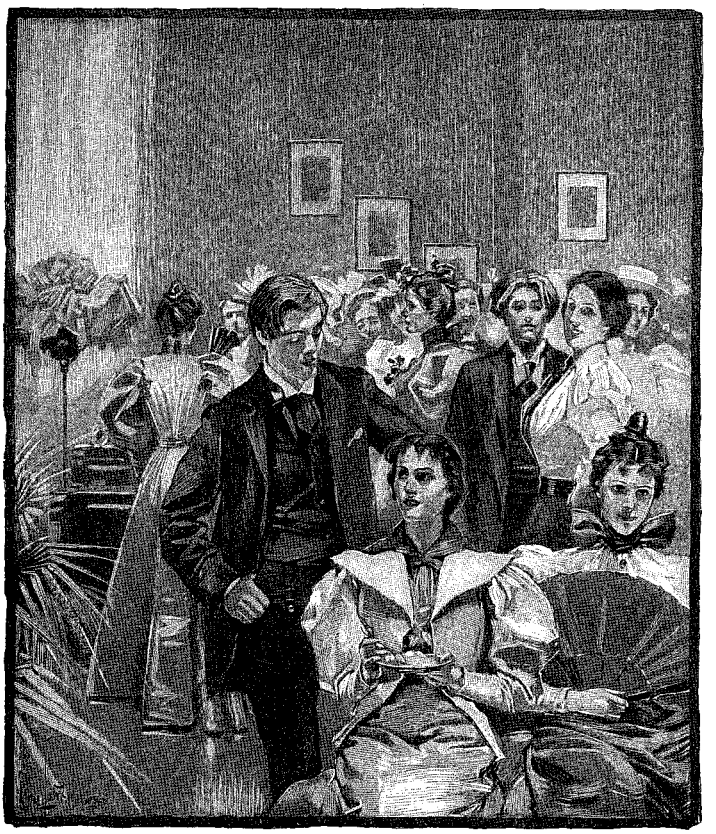
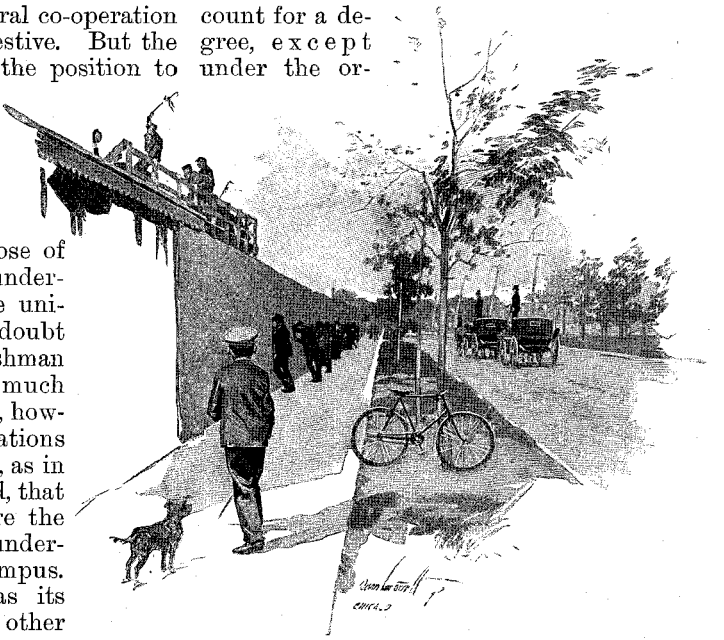


A Major in Society—Beecher Hall.

States, this plan of federal co-operation among colleges is suggestive. But the university must be in the position to bestow substantial benefits before it can dictate standards and methods; the official seal of the university must indicate more than red tape. And those of us who have had our undergraduate work in large university centres might doubt the theory that the freshman or sophomore can get as much in a small inland college, however free from temptations and vice the life may be, as in the university, or, indeed, that the university can spare the healthy young body of undergraduates from its campus. Affiliation, however, has its economic parallels in other activities, and is a delightful speculative land to occupy.

It is a delicate matter to speak of the University Extension movement. Its advocates, of generous and democratic impulses, repudiate any criticism of their philanthropic desires as snobbish and narrow. To many the extension idea is founded on a grave misconception of the purposes of a university, and the proposition that lecture-courses or correspondence classes or evening classes are in any sense equivalent to university work is absurd. Indeed, at the University of Chicago, where the extension work has been frankly recognized as an integral division, the few years of experience have shown conclusively that work performed in extension classes cannot count for a degree, except under the or-



A Shut-out on Marshall Field

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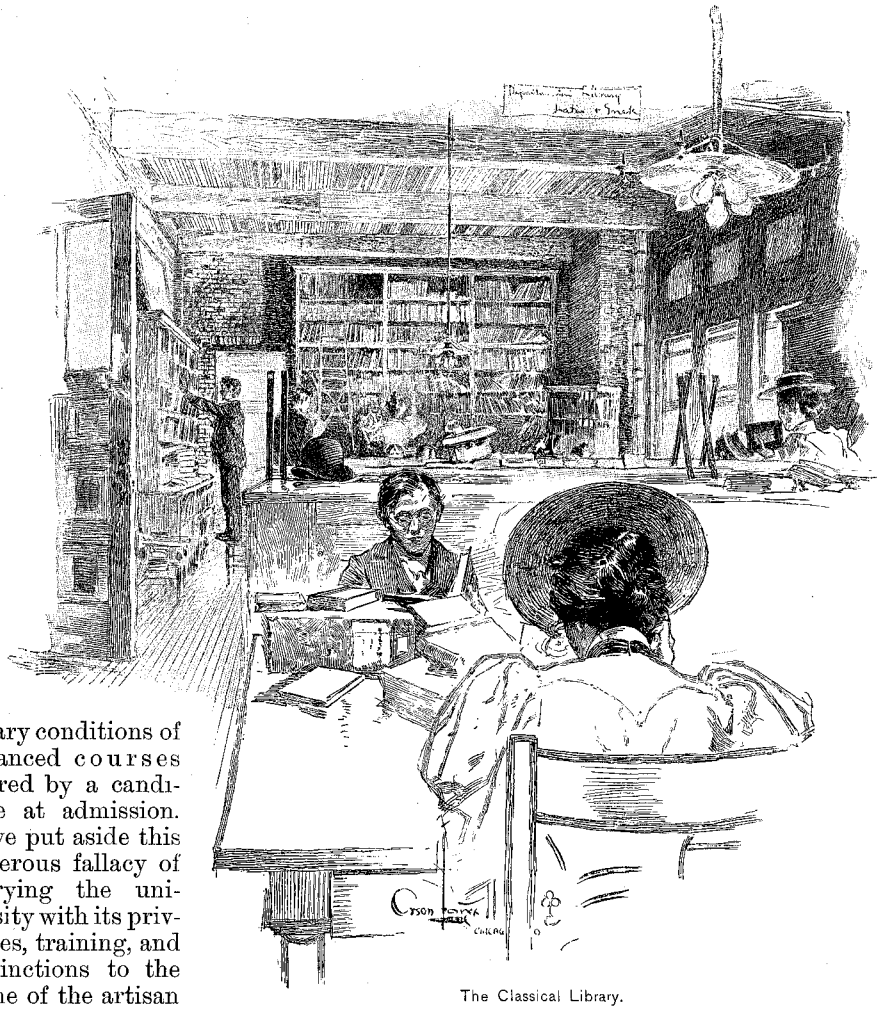

The Classical Library.

dinary conditions of advanced courses offered by a candidate at admission. If we put aside this generous fallacy of carrying the university with its privileges, training, and distinctions to the home of the artisan or clerk, there remains an influential work for the extension zeal. It prepares a constituency for the university. The extension lecturer, radiating out week after week into countless small towns ("centres"), suggests the college idea to families of small lawyers, business-men, school-teachers, ministers—the most intelligent public, taken as a whole, in America. This savors of advertising. Frankly, yes, it is advertising on a magnificent scale. The extension teachers are drummers of education. But a name should not damn an enterprise, and to an American advertising is legitimate self-respect and self-confidence. If we examine carefully our conservative New England universities, we find less open, but none the less marked, evidences of the same spirit. It is not a pleasant or a delicate habit, but it is frankly democratic.

One seeks curiously in the system of the University of Chicago for the predominating type or ideal: is it the American college with its group of professional schools, or the English Oxford with its care for the individual soul or the German university? It would seem absurd to say that the University of Chicago bids fair to be more like Harvard than any other American college, and yet under some aspects that will appear later it would seem so. Again, the subdivision of control into several boards, the care for the individual students by the many deans (roughly, one dean for every one hundred under-graduates), and the external forms of the quadrangles remind

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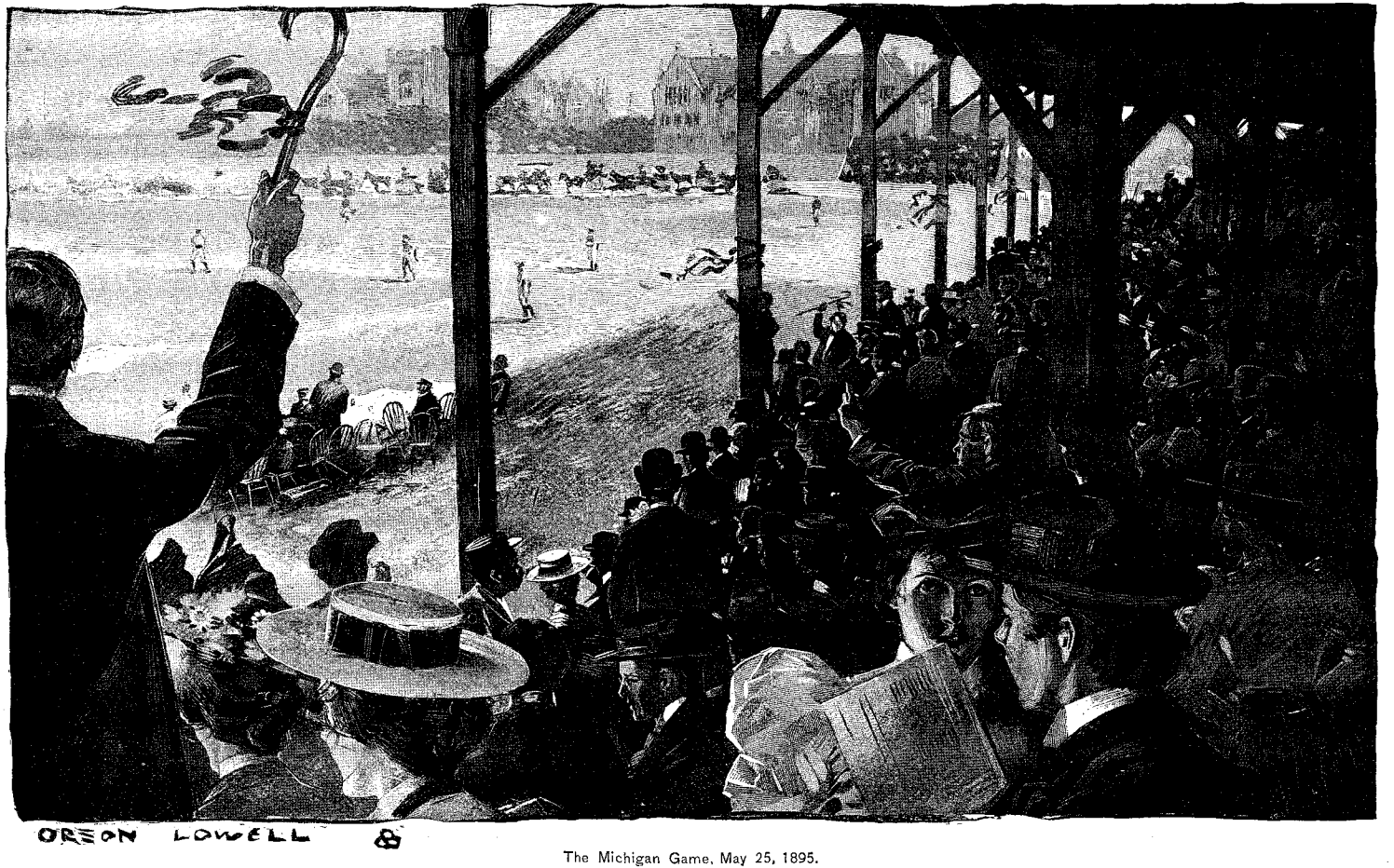

The Michigan Game, May 25, 1895.

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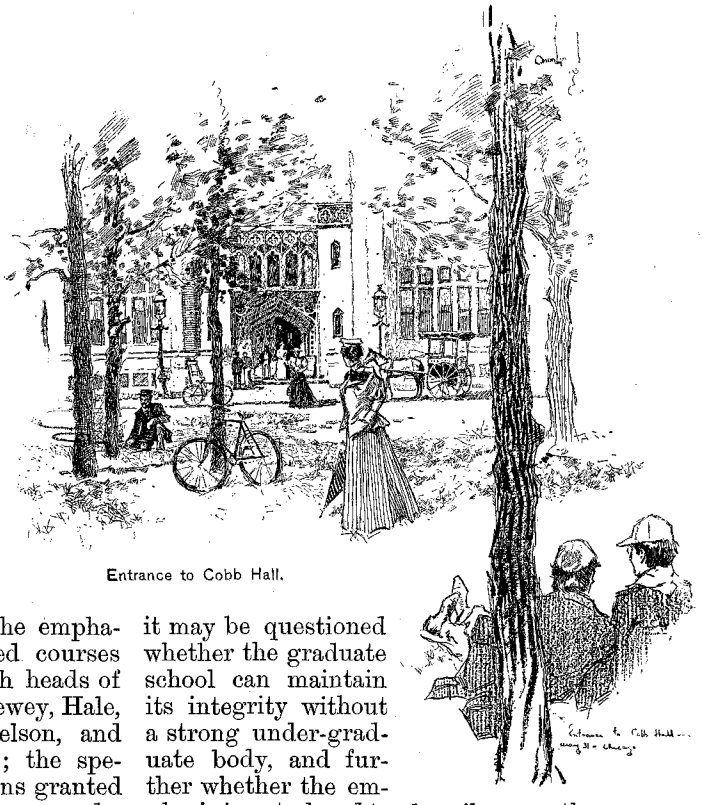
one of the English Oxford or Cambridge. On the other hand, the entire independence of separate departments, each like a small college in itself; the emphasis placed upon the doctor's degree, investigation, research, etc., and the activity of the graduate schools — all point to the German university as the prevailing influence. The graduates in residence this year — in all over three hundred—form more than one-third of the entire body of students, a larger number than at any other American university. This preponderance of graduate students has been brought about by several reasons: the emphasis placed upon the advanced courses under the leadership of such heads of departments as Professors Dewey, Hale, von Holst, Laughlin, Michelson, and Nef, not to mention others; the special privileges and distinctions granted to graduates (for example in many departments only graduate students are allowed in the special departmental libraries); the $30,000 annually offered in fellowships and scholarships; and the equal privileges accorded to women. It is a truism that the most distinctive move in American college life of the last decade has been in the sudden interest in post-graduate study. But hitherto no Western institution, whether college or so-called university, has had the means to provide liberally for advanced studies. This open field, therefore, it has been the ambition of the University of Chicago, situated in the centre of a vast inland constituency of small colleges, to develop. A serious limitation in the way of accomplishing this ideal at Chicago as at the older universities has been the low standard of admission to graduate work. An American "graduate" is often (pretension aside) merely a graduate of an academy. Some day this laxity will be remedied by concerted action among all the American universities which aim to do advanced work. In the meantime



Entrance to Cobb Hall.

it may be questioned whether the graduate school can maintain its integrity without a strong under-graduate body, and further whether the emphasis is not placed too heavily upon the creation of specialists, rather than the developing of men—the older ideal of the New England college. The presence of a large number of graduates at Chicago creates a serious, scholarly atmosphere, prevents boyishness, and sets standards of accomplishment; it stimulates the student and instructor alike. As a result of the interest in graduate work the university has done much to elevate the position of the doctor's degree in the West. Whether or not it may seem desirable to follow German ideals of mere scholarship to their logical conclusions, it is clear that for a long time Western colleges and high schools can absorb with advantage doctors of philosophy.

In the midst of all this novel machinery in which the university has expressed itself, the thoughtful observer remembers Newman's wise warning: "The personal influence of the teacher is able in some sort to dispense with an academical system, but the system cannot in any sort dispense with personal influence. Such is the history of so-

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Parlor in Graduate Hall.

ciety; it begins in the poet and ends in the policeman. Universities are instances of the same course; they begin in influence, they end in system." We have begun the other way at Chicago: the system was created of a piece, and then the life was breathed into it. But if the faculties, drawn from many intellectual centres, cannot amalgamate and supply this influence of culture and scholarship and character, then the university becomes a machine-shop indeed, in which there is much doing, but little worth remembering.

According to the last Annual Register the General Faculty of Arts, Literature, and Science (excluding nine docents) numbered upward of one hundred and twenty-five members, of whom five are women. Of these about sixty have received their training and degrees in whole or in part from European universities, and fifty have been in residence either as graduates or undergraduates at the large Eastern universities. No one college has a preponderating representation in the faculty, although Harvard, Yale, and Johns Hopkins each has contributed a large number. The members of the faculty have had very varied scholastic histories and antecedents, geographically ranging from the University of California to the Imperial University of Japan. No one section of the country has furnished a majority. Certainly, if training and environment count for anything, the University of Chicago is not in danger of being "bred-in." And one feels that it will never be possible at Chicago to create a provincial oligarchy. A close corporation air would not accord with the democratic freedom of the place; for tolerance of ways not our own—limitless belief in people and methods—is a lesson first learned in Chicago.

Another distinctive aspect of the faculty is its youth; the traditional prejudice that all wisdom of an academic sort is peculiarly the possession of the gray-beards is gainsaid at Chicago by the young faculty and the young president. But youth and hopefulness and mistakes cheerfully accepted are dogmas received enthusiastically in the West. On the other hand, the University Senate (composed of the heads of departments), which includes such men as Professors Whitman and von Holst, sets a high standard of scholarship and reputation in the academic world. In spite of the overshadowing prominence of the heads of departments, it is to the great praise of the trustees and the president that the younger men whose reputations are still to be made are allowed freedom and independence. Each instructor has a wide liberty in conducting his courses, and I believe that no other college in America leaves her instructors so free to grow in the prosecution of their special studies. The maximum number of students in each class is fixed by regulation at thirty,

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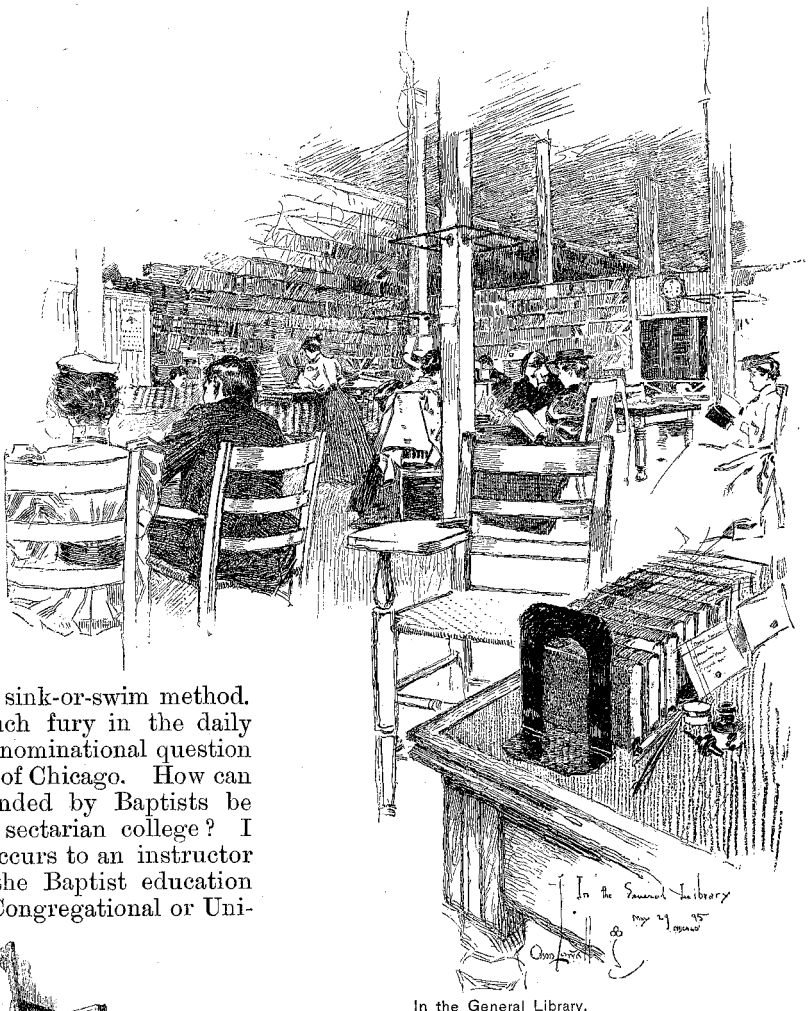
and the day will never come when the herding of students into courses of three or four hundred members will be tolerated. An instructor, if he is in any way human, gets to know his students even in the space of twelve weeks. In a certain sense he is responsible for every member and is interested in every individuality. This may be called an academy habit, but it has its advantages for the student over the sink-or-swim method.

One hears much fury in the daily press over the denominational question at the University of Chicago. How can a university founded by Baptists be anything but a sectarian college? I think it never occurs to an instructor at Chicago that the Baptist education differs from the Congregational or Unitarian education. Those who have been trained at the New England universities, which after two hundred years of denominational bonds are just beginning to enjoy toleration and scholarly independence, should not criticise this generous contribution of the Baptists to the higher education. Members of the general faculty, it is needless to say, are not chosen by the president and trustees because they are Baptists, any more than the faculty of Yale are selected because they are Congregationalists. As a matter of fact, the various members of the faculty belong to many different churches; the first head-professor appointed was a Unitarian, the second an Episcopalian. Whatever may have been the initial dangers of narrow-



In the General Library.

A Den in Beecher.

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The Convocation, July 1, 1895.

ness, it would be absurd to-day to regard the University of Chicago as merely a sectarian institution.

A body of men differing widely in their traditions and training; the presence of leaders in special lines of scholarship; entire freedom and independence—these are elements of a scholarly and catholic influence. It would be foolish to deny that, in creating a large faculty within the limited space of three years, mistakes have been made. The ideal men for every position are not on the market every day in the year. What institution, however, is without its dead wood? Here, again, the system works: it is flexible enough to slough off superfluous members, to sort its faculty frequently. In a way the students indirectly sort the faculty; the quarter term of work compels frequent election, *e.g.*, a student at Chicago may elect nine different instructors during the ordinary academic year, while the Harvard man knows but four, or at most six, of his faculty. And the American undergraduate—not to mention the graduate student who is always alive to his opportunities—is keen to distinguish between the cheap and the intrinsic.

So far, I suppose, I have said nothing about college and college life as it is popularly understood. Where are the classes? the class spirit? the 'varsity athletics? the clubs? in a word, the *life* of the place? Ah! that is another matter—and a more difficult one to describe.

"And do zey reely zit zide by zide in the lecture-room, and the zame professor lecture to zem both? Non!" And my horrified French friend raised his hands deprecatingly. When I told him that at the University of Chicago women sometimes taught as well, and

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when I suggested that this innovation was on its way East and surely would not stop this side of Paris, he burst out into a positively derisive laugh. "Non, non, that will ne-ever happen. And what will you do with all zese ladies when zey have graduated? not

Window-seat, Cobb Hall.

all doctors, and lawyers, and teachers, non?" I remarked we were beginning in America to consider it as immoral in a woman to loaf and amuse herself for four or five of her best years as for a man. "But zey will be much worse when zey are educated. Zey will not marry properly. Zey will become immoral." And having arrived at an issue between races we passed on out of Beecher Hall.

I fancy the attitude of many of my colleagues toward the young women in their first classes was much the same as this Parisian's. To be sure the state universities ever since their inception had tried the experiment, and at most of them the women equal in number the men; but as a rule at the state university the conditions are much the same as at a high school. How would women conduct themselves under the temptations of the elective system? How could they resist the demoralization of being domiciled in college halls separated only by a few acres of greensward from the men's halls on the other side of the campus?

At Chicago, it may not be too much to say, the experiment has been tried of an absolutely sexless university education. Even in the short space of three years certain facts have become quite clear: the university has not attracted merely the ordinary constituency of a Western college, but the equal privileges in graduate as well as under-graduate courses have drawn a cultivated and mature class of young women; the intellectual standards have not been lowered by the presence of women, although it must be confessed coeducation has doubtless kept away many desirable men who prefer the traditional freedom of a university without women to the more decorous life of a coeducational institution. It might be said that the average ability and scholarship of the women has exceeded that of the men. The hysterical feminine intellect in my experience is not met with more frequently than the dissipated masculine intellect in our Eastern colleges.

Naturally enough women flock to certain departments and certain courses and shun others. The courses in arts and literature naturally attract more undergraduate women than purely scientific work, for the majority of college women expect to teach those subjects after graduation. Yet it is a curious fact that much of the best work done by the women is in the sciences and mathematics.

How do they live? For, after all, a university must accomplish character besides scholarship. And if by almost a mere chance the university had not solved the problem of feminine existence successfully, there would be a very different story to tell. About one-third of the women are residents of Chicago, for whom the university is not immediately responsible. Another third, generally the more mature students, graduates or unclassified, board outside the campus, where they can live more cheaply than in the university halls. The remaining third, many of them the younger women who come from distant homes, are organized into clubs; the three women's halls at the southeast of the campus furnish the club-houses. Here forty or fifty young

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women in each hall lead essentially the same kind of co-operative home life that a young club-man enjoys, more ascetic, to be sure, in appointments as befits the ideal sex. The trustees have appointed a "head" for each house from the women of the faculty, who is the responsible adviser; the club-members themselves select a "counsellor" (a kind of honorary grand vizier) to represent them in the faculty. The discipline of the houses rests largely on unwritten law. Certain "house customs" (five in number) suggested by the council (the disciplinary and administrative hand of the university) and approved by the houses are tacitly respected. Beyond these the actual regulations of the halls are embodied in house-rules made by the members. With the exception of the "head" the officers in both the men's and the women's halls are selected by the house-members. At the beginning of every quarter the house elects members. Novices are admitted as "guests" for one quarter, and naturally if at the close of a quarter a novice is not elected to house membership, the "guest" departs. When the halls multiply, membership in particular halls will become individualized, and each house will have its own distinct and significant life. To a certain extent this is already true.

The halls have each a pleasant dining-room, a reception-room, and a drawing-room. Here each house entertains, as a club, once a month; these monthly receptions are largely attended by the townspeople and by the members of the faculty with their wives, and by the students, men and women, from other halls. Besides these general receptions, any member of a house has the usual privileges of a club in respect to guests and private parties. Independently or in small circles the women entertain their friends and create that social life without which feminine, yes masculine, existence would be arid. One feels that they have a very jolly and healthy life—these young women who live in the quadrangle. In a sense they are the leaders among the women of the university; they are, as a rule, the gayest and most human members of the academic world. Great freedom in matters of personal conduct obtains among the women as among the men, a freedom rarely abused. According to one of the house-customs, the youngest students (members of the academic colleges) show the courtesy of consulting their "head" in regard to chaperonage whenever they sally forth with men. But they come and go as they like, responsible to themselves and to the general public opinion of the community. This public ideal of good form is a strong and growing unwritten law, the most valuable engine of discipline that can be devised in a coeducational community. It is not regarded as "quite nice," I believe, for young women to walk about the campus with the men, or to gossip and flirt in the public halls and recitation rooms. If a few of the refinements of ordinary life can thrive in a frank, coeducational atmosphere, one need not feel apprehensive. The presence of women undoubtedly affects the life of the men at the university—in an unexpected way. They can't have as much fun at a coeducational college as at one of the Eastern universities. The customs, the free-and-easy life of men among themselves, the inane occupations that in the minds of the average college man make up "the old times," are incompatible with mixed society. In other words, the women make the university tamely mature, and the ordinary young fellow who goes to college "for a good time" seeks some place where boyishness has passed into traditions.

Democratic! that is the word we hark back to at every point. The democratic West makes no distinction between sexes in most things; it would be as useless to attempt to do away with coeducation in our new universities as to dam the Mississippi. And when we reflect that four-fifths of the secondary education of the United States is in the hands of women, we should certainly accord them a warm welcome in their efforts to train themselves for their responsibilities. Let them have the best! In time they will become accustomed to their new freedom and accept it with grace and without pretension.

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Among the men there is one hall for graduate students and one for undergraduates already organized on the plan described above. Snell House, the undergraduate club, is a thriving organization, that promises to do much toward settling the problem of student life. The "heads" of the houses, though in most instances members of the faculty, are in no sense proctors or keepers; they have interested themselves as strong allies in the various clubs, and are regarded by the members as natural friends and leaders, who share the common life and interests. Of course, an unpopular head would quickly lose his influence over his house, but, on the other hand, a house could make existence impossible for an obnoxious head. As the university grows and expands, this manner of life will undoubtedly be developed in the new halls to be built about the campus and in the clubs outside. Each house will have its own restaurant or dining-room and also parlors, thus making a separate family existence for small groups of students. Thus the secret societies will find it impossible to obtain firm hold in undergraduate life, and the university will be saved from the complications of boyish, immature conduct that the secret society life fosters. Also, as the mass of students increases, the social life of the individual will be cared for; the Western student, it may be remarked, is essentially a social animal.

Among the women there are many students from Eastern and Southern homes; the undergraduate men are almost without exception from the central West. What is this student like? How does he act in college? What are his amusements? He is decidedly in earnest—too much so, I am inclined to think. Frequently his conditions of life force him to struggle for existence at the university. Students who are earning the means to study are the rule, not the exception. Every possible occupation that a large city affords, from lighting lamps on the streets to tutoring or writing for the newspapers, furnishes the few needed dollars. This condition of strenuous poverty necessarily produces a very different atmosphere in the college world from the opulent spirit of our older institutions. The poor man is the dominant person; to be rich and idle would be almost unfashionable. To be sure, the atmosphere is not the dreamy half-lights of an Oxford garden; rather the harsh, invigorating breeze of a Colorado desert. Unrelieved, that, perhaps, is the word; unrelieved by prejudice, past and present. The student is unprejudiced in scholarship, accepting no traditions of what is really excellent to know; unprejudiced in social life, despising the tame amenities of a reticent society; unprejudiced in athletics, and therefore, thank Heaven! still willing to regard his amusements as avocations. He is untrained; even the ambitious candidate for a higher degree in the graduate schools is often lamentably unprejudiced about his foundation of knowledge, but he is eager, sensitive, industrious. College means for him work, and I am sure that the faculty rejoice in the fact that an industrious poverty will for a long time prevent any other conception from becoming universal.

I have emphasized the industrious aspect of the student at Chicago. We may think of him only as an academic artisan, but he has his festivities. It is almost amusing to consider the eagerness with which he has entered upon all the activities supposed to be peculiar to "college boys." There is the glee club, the banjo club, the university orchestra, the university chorus, the football eleven, the 'varsity nine, the track team, besides various evidences of interest in oratorical and literary matters. All this apart from the departmental clubs, which are strictly solemn and serious affairs. The athletic teams are restricted by the conditions of life mentioned in the preceding paragraph: the men ordinarily must work for their living; they feel obliged to perform their college work (if they fail in any course the regulations force them to withdraw from public contests); and no athletic organization is rich enough to furnish a lavish training-table. The result is that we have games and contests (for the neighboring colleges support athletics under the

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same limitations) rather than battles and slaughters. The games are loosely played perhaps; competition and wealth have not rendered it possible for a team "to develop the game." In a word, the athletic question or disease exists only potentially at the University of Chicago

The same spirit is true of more serious undertakings: two college settlements in the hard districts of Chicago are supported and manned by the students. In spite of the severe struggles they are making for their education, many of them desire to carry something in time and effort and ideals, even in precious money, to the desolate who are at their doors. The classes and clubs of the settlement show that the college students feel the impossibility of an academic life that lives solely to itself. On the philanthropic committee, and as teachers in the settlement classes, men and woman, instructors and students, work side by side. The interest in sociological studies, which is commoner at Chicago than elsewhere, stimulates this modern activity in college life.

All these clubs and athletic teams exist not merely for amusement, but also because the students feel that one cannot have a full-fledged university without them, They make up the American idea of a university, just as the graduate school, the laboratory, and the elective system go to make a modern university. And this is noteworthy that the students feel a responsibility to construct a great university as much in their way as the faculty and the trustees in theirs. They feel the exhilaration and loyalty to the scope of the institution as men working shoulder to shoulder in a new country, planning for a brilliant future. This sense of personal interest and co-operation which goes far to make men of the students, not college boys, manifests itself most strikingly in the relationship or camaraderie with the faculty, and especially in loyalty to the president. I believe that nowhere in the United States is a college president so thoroughly known and heartily liked and admired by all students as President Harper. Not only does every student feel that the president knows him personally, but he knows that the president has an individual interest in him and his affairs. He feels that he may go to him about his private concerns, and as far as his position will permit it, the president may be depended upon to see the college life from the student's point of view. He does not impress them as merely an august and powerful personage at the head of a great corporation. This is more than mere popularity—it is loyalty and devotion. The students, one may say without exception, would be unwilling to commit any act that might place President Harper and the new university in an ungracious light before the public. They would care little for the possible punishment as compared to the pain and difficulties they might give the president. The result is that student government is one of the least perplexing problems at the university. This fact may be due in part to the large proportion of mature graduate students, who sober the usual college spirit; but I think that the deeper cause is the truer one—a sense of loyalty to the young university and its responsible executive.

It may be said that a government of love and good-feeling is possible in a university of one thousand students, but quite impossible when three times that number must be cared for. The system of the University of Chicago is very elastic at this point. The institution is subdivided, and control and government will be vested more and more largely in the boards that immediately supervise certain divisions. At present the numerous deans—eight I think in all—make it possible to understand the individual work of the students; make it possible to give every student a feeling that he possesses an individuality which means something. Indeed, with us the danger is on the other side—that the student will be pampered into feeling that the university depends altogether upon him.

A young man may walk, some fine May morning, down the flag-stones of the yard at Harvard; the sun comes flooding in through the time-honored trees, the vines in tender green are

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creeping about the stiff deformity of this building or softening the angular lines of that, and the very breeze flutters the dignified air of the place; those isolated buildings, each in itself so awkward and plain, with the wide openings between, through which the breezes and the sunshine play—subtly they present themselves to him like a slowly making picture of a past, a puritan past, with its rigidity, its scorn of beauty, its clean correctness and integrity of life. The wide spaces, the uncompromising architecture of the halls, are an incarnation of New England, softened now by time and its associations. And this sense of a fine New England past grows richer as he wanders up Brattle Street or Kirkland Street, that have seen so much which has had distinction in our America. Emerson, and Lowell, and Longfellow —the inadequate but just expression of our early life—all those and many others have left a benediction to Cambridge. Surely nowhere else on our continent is life so precious in its past possessions and subtle influences, as just here in this cluster of puritan buildings, in this fresh air that comes in from the sea.

And if it be his good fortune to take up his home there, to live that life for four or perhaps seven years, he will find that the place is not merely of the past: it has to-day a very definite life of its own. If he is carefully conscious of it all, he will note that this definite ideal of life, made of tradition and sure innovation, is moulding him inevitably, has moulded him irrevocably. If he has given himself up to it freely, he will leave it all with a sad home sickness, a regret of going away and leaving himself. His critics will say that his training has been snobbish, that he belongs to a class, that he is "indifferent" (let us hope that he is to cheap affairs!), that he is not American—whatever that may be. And if he is frank with himself, he will own a part of this impeachment, but not as an impeachment. What has been valuable in his past training is not so much any one piece of work, any one great scholar's influence, as the spirit of the place, its standards of work, its ideals of excellence—in short, its aristocratic bearing. In so far as he has absorbed that intolerant love for the most excellent and but one excellence, he has come out a Harvard man.

We meet a new order of things at Chicago. It is not my purpose to contrast the worth of the two ideals of life, or to judge them; indeed, I have said that Chicago resembles Harvard, paradoxical as it is, in many vital respects. The complete intellectual, unsectarian independence in spirit is the same at Chicago as at Cambridge; the desire for high standards in scholarship is the same; the manliness and maturity of the students, born of great freedom, resembles the Harvard way of life. The multitudinous subjects and teachers are characteristic of all large universities. The one fact that at Chicago professionalism in athletics is absolutely unknown, although the Western colleges have not outgrown the habit of buying success if possible, places the new university with its older sister.

But at the University of Chicago the student graduates as a person, not as a member of a class. His work and student life are individual from the very first. He enters the university when he pleases; he graduates when he pleases. His course has been individual and democratic. The conventions of an old society, the ambitions of a select set, do not trouble him. He has had great freedom, great opportunities, and the stimulus of an eager, emulous life. He goes away certainly not without some insight into what learning and scholarship mean, but without class loyalties, without the intimate personal life so dear to us who have had it.

We look to a new order of things in learning, as in national and social life. In that new life, one fancies, the dominating forces will be traditionless. The uninterrupted appreciation of intellectual goods will no longer be true. The subjects taught will increase without number, and the most catholic means of estimation or valuation will be employed. Our new student will be contemptuous of mere culture, of anything that derives its respect from the past alone; he will despise forms and ceremonies, but he will be powerful in life.

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THE LAMP OF PSYCHE

By Edith Wharton

I

DELIA CORBETT was too happy; her happiness frightened her. Not on theological grounds, however; she was sure that people had a right to be happy; but she was equally sure that it was a right seldom recognized by destiny. And her happiness almost touched the confines of pain—it bordered on that sharp ecstasy which she had known, through one sleepless night after another, when what had now become a reality had haunted her as an unattainable longing.

Delia Corbett was not in the habit of using what the French call *gros mots* in the rendering of her own emotions; she took herself, as a rule, rather flippantly, with a dash of contemptuous pity. But she felt that she had now entered upon a phase of existence wherein it became her to pay herself an almost reverential regard. Love had set his golden crown upon her forehead, and the awe of the office allotted her subdued her doubting heart. To her had been given the one portion denied to all other women on earth, the immense, the unapproachable privilege of becoming Laurence Corbett's wife.

Here she burst out laughing at the sound of her own thoughts, and rising from her seat walked across the drawing-room and looked at herself in the mirror above the mantel-piece. She was past thirty and had never been very pretty; but she knew herself to be capable of loving her husband better and pleasing him longer than any other woman in the world. She was not afraid of rivals; he and she had seen each other's souls.

She turned away, smiling carelessly at her insignificant reflection, and went back to her arm-chair near the balcony. The room in which she sat was very beautiful; it pleased Corbett to make all his surroundings beautiful. It was the drawing-room of his hotel in Paris, and the balcony near which his wife sat overlooked a small bosky garden framed in ivied walls, with a mouldering terra-cotta statue in the centre of its cup-shaped lawn. They had now been married some two months, and, after travelling for several weeks, had both desired to return to Paris; Corbett because he was really happier there than elsewhere, Delia because she passionately longed to enter as a wife the house where she had so often come and gone as a guest. How she used to find herself dreaming in the midst of one of Corbett's delightful dinners (to which she and her husband were continually being summoned) of a day when she might sit at the same table, but facing its master, a day when no carriage should wait to whirl her away from the brightly lit porte-cochère, and when, after the guests had gone, he and she should be left alone in his library, and she might sit down beside him and put her hand in his! The high-minded reader may infer from this that I am presenting him, in the person of Delia Corbett, with a heroine whom he would not like his wife to meet; but how many of us could face each other in the calm consciousness of moral rectitude if our inmost desire were not hidden under a convenient garb of lawful observance?

Delia Corbett, as Delia Benson, had been a very good wife to her first husband; some people (Corbett among them) had even thought her laxly tolerant of "poor Benson's" weaknesses. But then she knew her own; and it is admitted that nothing goes so far toward making us blink the foibles of others as the wish to have them extend a like mercy to ourselves. Not that Delia's foibles were of a tangible nature; they belonged to the order which escapes analysis by the coarse process of our social standards. Perhaps their very immateriality, the consciousness that she could never be brought to book

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for them before any human tribunal, made her the more restive under their weight; for she was of a nature to prefer buying her happiness to stealing it. But her rising scruples were perpetually being allayed by some fresh indiscretion of Benson's, to which she submitted with an undeviating amiability which flung her into the opposite extreme of wondering if she didn't really influence him to do wrong—if she mightn't help him to do better. All these psychological subtleties exerted, however, no influence over her conduct which, since the day of her marriage, had been a model of delicate circumspection. It was only necessary to look at Benson to see that the most eager reformer could have done little to improve him. In the first place he must have encountered the initial difficulty, most disheartening to reformers, of making his neophyte distinguish between right and wrong. Undoubtedly it was within the measure even of Benson's primitive perceptions to recognize that some actions were permissible and others were not; but his sole means of classifying them was to try both, and then deny having committed those of which his wife disapproved. Delia had once owned a poodle who greatly desired to sleep on a white fur rug which she destined to other uses. She and the poodle disagreed on the subject, and the latter, though submitting to her authority (when reinforced by a whip), could never be made to see the justice of her demand, and consequently (as the rug frequently revealed) never missed an opportunity of evading it when her back was turned. Her husband often reminded her of the poodle, and, not having a whip or its moral equivalent to control him with, she had long since resigned herself to seeing him smudge the whiteness of her early illusions. The worst of it was that her resignation was such a cheap virtue. She had to be perpetually rousing herself to a sense of Benson's enormities; through the ever-lengthening perspective of her indifference they looked as small as the details of a landscape seen through the wrong end of a telescope. Now and then she tried to remind herself that she had married him for love; but she was well aware that the sentiment she had once entertained for him had nothing in common with the state of mind which the words now represented to her; and this naturally diminished the force of the argument. She had married him at nineteen, because he had beautiful blue eyes and always wore a gardenia in his coat; really, as far as she could remember, these considerations had been the determining factors in her choice. Delia as a child (her parents were since dead) had been a much-indulged daughter, with a liberal allowance of pocket-money, and permission to spend it unquestioned and unadvised. Subsequently, she used sometimes to look, in a critical humor, at the various articles which she had purchased in her teens; futile chains and lockets, valueless china knick-knacks, and poor engravings of sentimental pictures. These, as a chastisement to her taste, she religiously preserved; and they often made her think of Benson. No one, she could not but reflect, would have blamed her if, with the acquirement of a fuller discrimination, she had thrown them all out of the window and replaced them by some object of permanent merit; but she was expected not only to keep Benson for life, but to conceal the fact that her taste had long since discarded him.

It could hardly be expected that a woman who reasoned so dispassionately about her mistakes should attempt to deceive herself about her preferences. Corbett personified all those finer amenities of mind and manners which may convert the mere act of being into a beneficent career; to Delia he seemed the most admirable man she had ever met, and she would have thought it disloyal to her best aspirations not to admire him. But she did not attempt to palliate her warmer feeling under the mask of a plausible esteem; she knew that she loved him, and scorned to disavow that also. So well, however, did she keep her secret that Corbett himself never suspected it, until her husband's death freed her from the obligation of concealment. Then, indeed, she gloried in its confession; and after two years of widowhood, and more than

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two months of marriage, she was still under the spell of that moment of exquisite avowal.

She was reliving it now, as she often did in the rare hours which separated her from her husband; when presently she heard his step on the stairs, and started up with the blush of eighteen. As she walked across the room to meet him she asked herself perversely (she was given to such obliqueness of self-scrutiny) if to a dispassionate eye he would appear as complete, as supremely well-equipped as she beheld him, or if she walked in a cloud of delusion, dense as the god-concealing mist of Homer. But whenever she put this question to herself, Corbett's appearance instantly relegated it to the limbo of solved enigmas; he was so obviously admirable that she wondered that people didn't stop her in the street to attest her good fortune.

As he came forward now, this renewal of satisfaction was so strong in her that she felt an impulse to seize him and assure herself of his reality; he was so perilously like the phantasms of joy which had mocked her dissatisfied past. But his coat-sleeve was convincingly tangible; and, pinching it, she felt the muscles beneath.

"What—all alone?" he said, smiling back her welcome.

"No, I wasn't—I was with you!" she exclaimed; then fearing to appear fatuous, added, with a slight shrug, "Don't be alarmed—it won't last."

"That's what frightens me," he answered, gravely.

"Precisely," she laughed; "and I shall take good care not to reassure you!"

They stood face to face for a moment, reading in each other's eyes the completeness of their communion; then he broke the silence by saying, "By the way, I'd forgotten; here's a letter for you."

She took it unregardingly, her eyes still deep in his; but as her glance turned to the envelope she uttered a note of pleasure.

"Oh, now nice—it's from your only rival!"

"Your Aunt Mary?"

She nodded. "I haven't heard from her in a month—and I'm afraid I haven't written to her either. You don't know how many beneficent intentions of mine you divert from their proper channels."

"But your Aunt Mary has had you all your life—I've only had you two months," he objected.

Delia was still contemplating the letter with a smile. "Dear thing!" she murmured. "I wonder when I shall see her?"

"Write and ask her to come and spend the winter with us."

"What—and leave Boston, and her kindergartens, and associated charities, and symphony concerts, and debating clubs? You don't know Aunt Mary!"

"No, I don't. It seems so incongruous that you should adore such a bundle of pedantries."

"I forgive that, because you've never seen her. How I wish you could!"

He stood looking down at her with the all-promising smile of the happy lover. "Well, if she won't come to us we'll go to her."

"Laurence—and leave this!"

"It will keep—we'll come back to it. My dear girl, don't beam so; you make me feel as if you hadn't been happy until now."

"No—but it's your thinking of it!"

"I'll do more than think; I'll act; I'll take you to Boston to see your Aunt Mary."

"Oh, Laurence, you'd hate doing it."

"Not doing it together."

She laid her hand for a moment on his. "What a difference that does make in things!" she said, as she broke the seal of the letter.

"Well, I'll leave you to commune with Aunt Mary. When you've done, come and find me in the library."

Delia sat down joyfully to the perusal of her letter, but as her eye travelled over the closely written pages her gratified expression turned to one of growing concern; and presently, thrusting it back into the envelope, she followed her husband to the library. It was a charming room and singularly indicative, to her fancy, of its occupant's character; the expanse of harmonious bindings, the fruity bloom of Renaissance bronzes, and the imprisoned sunlight

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of two or three old pictures fitly epitomizing the delicate ramifications of her husband's taste. But now her glance lingered less appreciatively than usual on the warm tones and fine lines which formed so expressive a background for Corbett's fastidious figure.

"Aunt Mary has been ill—I'm afraid she's been seriously ill," she announced as he rose to receive her. "She fell in coming down-stairs from one of her tenement-house inspections, and it brought on water on the knee. She's been laid up ever since—some three or four weeks now. I'm afraid it's rather bad at her age; and I don't know how she will resign herself to keeping quiet."

"I'm very sorry," said Corbett, sympathetically; "but water on the knee isn't dangerous, you know."

"No — but the doctor says she mustn't go out for weeks and weeks; and that will drive her mad. She'll think the universe has come to a standstill."

"She'll find it hasn't," suggested Corbett, with a smile which took the edge from his comment.

"Ah, but such discoveries hurt—especially if one makes them late in life!"

Corbett stood looking affectionately at his wife.

"How long is it," he asked, "since you have seen your Aunt Mary?"

"I think it must be two years. Yes, just two years; you know I went home on business after——" She stopped; they never alluded to her first marriage.

Corbett took her hand. "Well," he declared, glancing rather wistfully at the Paris Bordone above the mantelpiece, "we'll sail next month and pay her a little visit."

II

Corbett was really making an immense concession in going to America at that season; he disliked the prospect at all times, but just as his hotel in Paris had reopened its luxurious arms to him for the winter, the thought of departure was peculiarly distasteful. Delia knew it, and winced under the enormity of the sacrifice which he had imposed upon himself; but he bore the burden so lightly, and so smilingly derided her impulse to magnify the heroism of his conduct, that she gradually yielded to the undisturbed enjoyment of her anticipations. She was really very glad to be returning to Boston as Corbett's wife; her occasional appearances there as Mrs. Benson had been so eminently unsatisfactory to herself and her relatives that she naturally desired to efface them by so triumphal a reentry. She had passed so great a part of her own life in Europe that she viewed with a secret leniency Corbett's indifference to his native land; but though she did not mind his not caring for his country she was intensely anxious that his country should care for him. He was a New Yorker, and entirely unknown, save by name, to her little circle of friends and relatives in Boston; but she reflected, with tranquil satisfaction, that, if he were cosmopolitan enough for Fifth Avenue, he was also cultured enough for Beacon Street. She was not so confident of his being altruistic enough for Aunt Mary; but Aunt Mary's appreciations covered so wide a range that there seemed small doubt of his coming under the head of one of her manifold enthusiasms.

Altogether Delia's anticipations grew steadily rosier with the approach to Sandy Hook; and to her confident eye the Statue of Liberty, as they passed under it in the red brilliance of a winter sunrise, seemed to look down upon Corbett with her Aunt Mary's most approving smile.

Delia's Aunt Mary—known from the Back Bay to the South End as Mrs. Mason Hayne—had been the chief formative influence of her niece's youth. Delia, after the death of her parents, had even spent two years under Mrs. Hayne's roof, in direct contact with all her apostolic ardors, her inflammatory zeal for righteousness in everything from baking-powder to municipal government; and though the girl never felt any inclination to interpret her aunt's influence in action, it was potent in modifying her judgment of herself and others. Her parents had been in-

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curably frivolous, Mrs. Hayne was incurably serious, and Delia, by some unconscious powers of selection, tended to frivolity of conduct, corrected by seriousness of thought. She would have shrunk from the life of unadorned activity, the unsmiling pursuit of Purposes with a capital letter, to which Mrs. Hayne's energies were dedicated; but it lent relief to her enjoyment of the purposeless to measure her own conduct by her aunt's utilitarian standards. This curious sympathy with aims so at variance with her own ideals would hardly have been possible to Delia had Mrs. Hayne been a narrow enthusiast without visual range beyond the blinders of her own vocation; it was the consciousness that her aunt's perceptions included even such obvious inutility as hers which made her so tolerant of her aunt's usefulness. All this she had tried, on the way across the Atlantic, to put vividly before Corbett; but she was conscious of a vague inability on his part to adjust his conception of Mrs. Hayne to his wife's view of her; and Delia could only count on her aunt's abounding personality to correct the one-sidedness of his impression.

Mrs. Hayne lived in a wide brick house on Mount Vernon Street, which had belonged to her parents and grandparents, and from which she had never thought of moving. Thither, on the evening of their arrival in Boston, the Corbetts were driven from the Providence Station. Mrs. Hayne had written to her niece that Cyrus would meet them with a "hack;" Cyrus was a sable factotum designated in Mrs. Hayne's vocabulary as a "chore-man." When the train entered the station he was, in fact, conspicuous on the platform, his smile shining like an open piano, while he proclaimed with abundant gesture the proximity of "de hack," and Delia, descending from the train into his dusky embrace, found herself guiltily wishing that he could have been omitted from the function of their arrival. She could not help wondering what her husband's valet would think of him. The valet was to be lodged at a hotel: Corbett himself had suggested that his presence might disturb the routine of Mrs. Hayne's household, a view in which Delia had eagerly acquiesced. There was, however, no possibility of dissembling Cyrus, and under the valet's depreciatory eye the Corbetts suffered him to precede them to the livery-stable landau, with blue shades and a confidentially disposed driver, which awaited them outside the station.

During the drive to Mount Vernon Street Delia was silent; but as they approached her aunt's swell-fronted domicile she said, hurriedly, "You won't like the house."

Corbett laughed. "It's the inmate I've come to see," he commented.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of her," Delia almost too confidently rejoined.

The parlor-maid who admitted them to the hall (a discouraging hall, with a large-patterned oil-cloth and buff walls stencilled with a Greek border) informed them that Mrs. Hayne was above; and ascending to the next floor they found her genial figure, supported on crutches, awaiting them at the drawing-room door. Mrs. Hayne was a tall, stoutish woman, whose bland expanse of feature was accentuated by a pair of gray eyes of such surpassing penetration that Delia often accused her of answering people's thoughts before they had finished thinking them. These eyes, through the close fold of Delia's embrace, pierced instantly to Corbett, and never had that accomplished gentleman been more conscious of being called upon to present his credentials. But there was no reservation in the uncritical warmth of Mrs. Hayne's welcome, and it was obvious that she was unaffectedly happy in their coming.

She led them into the drawing-room, still clinging to Delia, and Corbett, as he followed, understood why his wife had said that he would not like the house. One saw at a glance that Mrs. Hayne had never had time to think of her house or her dress. Both were scrupulously neat, but her gown might have been an unaltered one of her mother's, and her drawing-room wore the same appearance of contented archaism. There was a sufficient number of arm-chairs, and the tables (mostly marble-topped) were redeemed from monotony by their freight of books;

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but it had not occurred to Mrs. Hayne to substitute logs for hard coal in her fireplace, nor to replace by more personal works of art the smoky expanses of canvas "after" Raphael and Murillo which lurched heavily forward from the walls. She had even preserved the knotty antimacassars on her high-backed armchairs, and Corbett, who was growing bald, resignedly reflected that during his stay in Mount Vernon Street he should not be able to indulge in any lounging.

III

Delia held back for three days the question which burned her lip; then, following her husband upstairs after an evening during which Mrs. Hayne had proved herself especially comprehensive (even questioning Corbett upon the tendencies of modern French art), she let escape the imminent "Well?"

"She's charming," Corbett returned, with the fine smile which always seemed like a delicate criticism.

"Really?"

"Really, Delia. Do you think me so narrow that I can't value such a character as your aunt's simply because it's cast in different lines from mine? I once told you that she must be a bundle of pedantries, and you prophesied that my first sight of her would correct that impression. You were right; she's a bundle of extraordinary vitalities. I never saw a woman more thoroughly alive; and that's the great secret of living—to be thoroughly alive."

"I knew it; I knew it!" his wife exclaimed. "Two such people couldn't help liking each other."

"Oh, I should think she might very well help liking me."

"She doesn't; she admires you immensely; but why?"

"Well, I don't precisely fit into any of her ideals, and the worst part of having ideals is that the people who don't fit into them have to be discarded."

"Aunt Mary doesn't discard anybody," Delia interpolated.

"Her heart may not, but I fancy her judgment does."

"But she doesn't exactly fit into any of your ideals, and yet you like her," his wife persisted.

"I haven't any ideals," Corbett lightly responded. "*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve;* and I find a great deal in your Aunt Mary."

Delia did not ask Mrs. Hayne what she thought of her husband; she was sure that, in due time, her aunt would deliver her verdict; it was impossible for her to leave any one unclassified. Perhaps, too, there was a latent cowardice in Delia's reticence; an unacknowledged dread lest Mrs. Hayne should range Corbett among the intermediate types.

After a day or two of mutual inspection and adjustment the three lives under Mrs. Hayne's roof lapsed into their separate routines. Mrs. Hayne once more set in motion the complicated machinery of her own existence (rendered more intricate by the accident of her lameness), and Corbett and his wife began to dine out and return the visits of their friends. There were, however, some hours which Corbett devoted to the club or to the frequentation of the public libraries, and these Delia gave to her aunt, driving with Mrs. Hayne from one committee meeting to another, writing business letters at her dictation, or reading aloud to her the reports of the various philanthropic, educational, or political institutions in which she was interested. She had been conscious on her arrival of a certain aloofness from her aunt's militant activities; but within a week she was swept back into the strong current of Mrs. Hayne's existence. It was like stepping from a gondola to an ocean steamer; at first she was dazed by the throb of the screw and the rush of the parting waters, but gradually she felt herself infected by the exhilaration of getting to a fixed place in the shortest possible time. She could make sufficient allowance for the versatility of her moods to know that, a few weeks after her return to Paris, all that seemed most strenuous in Mrs. Hayne's occupations would fade to unreality; but that did not defend her from the strong spell of the moment. In its light her own life seemed vacuous, her husband's aims trivial as the subtleties

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of Chinese ivory carving; and she wondered if he walked in the same revealing flash.

Some three weeks after the arrival of the Corbetts in Mount Vernon Street it became manifest that Mrs. Hayne had overtaxed her strength and must return for an undetermined period to her lounge. The life of restricted activity to which this necessity condemned her left her an occasional hour of leisure when there seemed no more letters to be dictated, no more reports to be read; and Corbett, always sure to do the right thing, was at hand to speed such unoccupied moments with the ready charm of his talk.

One day when, after sitting with her for some time, he departed to the club, Mrs. Hayne, turning to Delia, who came in to replace him, said, emphatically, "My dear, he's delightful."

"Oh, Aunt Mary, so are you!" burst gratefully from Mrs. Corbett.

Mrs. Hayne smiled. "Have you suspended your judgment of me until now?" she asked.

"No; but your liking each other seems to complete you both."

"Really, Delia, your husband couldn't have put that more gracefully. But sit down and tell me about him."

"Tell you about him?" repeated Delia, thinking of the voluminous letters in which she had enumerated to Mrs. Hayne the sum of her husband's merits.

"Yes," Mrs. Hayne continued, cutting, as she talked, the pages of a report on state lunatic asylums; "for instance, you've never told me why so charming an American has condemned America to the hard fate of being obliged to get on without him."

"You and he will never agree on that point, Aunt Mary," said Mrs. Corbett, coloring.

"Never mind; I rather like listening to reasons that I know beforehand I'm bound to disagree with; it saves so much mental effort. And besides, how can you tell? I'm very uncertain."

"You are very broad-minded, but you'll never understand his just having drifted into it. Any definite reason would seem to you better than that."

"Ah—he drifted into it?"

"Well, yes. You know his sister, who married the Comte de Vitrey and went to live in Paris, was very unhappy after her marriage; and when Laurence's mother died there was no one left to look after her; and so Laurence went abroad in order to be near her. After a few years Monsieur de Vitrey died too; but by that time Laurence didn't care to come back."

"Well," said Mrs. Hayne, "I see nothing so shocking in that. Your husband can gratify his tastes much more easily in Europe than in America; and, after all, that is what we're all secretly striving to do. I'm sure if there were more lunatic asylums and poor-houses and hospitals in Europe than there are here I should be very much inclined to go and live there myself."

Delia laughed. "I knew you would like Laurence," she said, with a wisdom bred of the event.

"Of course I like him; he's a liberal education. It's very interesting to study the determining motives in such a man's career. How old is your husband, Delia?"

"Laurence is fifty-two."

"And when did he go abroad to look after his sister?"

"Let me see—when he was about twenty-eight; it was in 1867, I think."

"And before that he had lived in America?"

"Yes, the greater part of the time."

"Then of course he was in the war?" Mrs. Hayne continued, laying down her pamphlet. "You've never told me about that. Did he see any active service?"

As she spoke Delia grew pale; for a moment she sat looking blankly at her aunt.

"I don't think he was in the war at all," she said at length, in a low tone.

Mrs. Hayne stared at her. "Oh, you must be mistaken," she said, decidedly. "Why shouldn't he have been in the war? What else could he have been doing?"

Mrs. Corbett was silent. All the men of her family, all the men of her friends' families, had fought in the war; Mrs. Hayne's husband had been killed at Bull Run, and one of Delia's cousins at Gettysburg. Ever since she could re-

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member it had been regarded as a matter of course by those about her that every man of her husband's generation who was neither lame, halt, nor blind should have fought in the war. Husbands had left their wives, fathers their children, young men their sweethearts, in answer to that summons ; and those who had been deaf to it she had never heard designated by any name but one.

But all that had happened long ago ; for years it had ceased to be a part of her consciousness. She had forgotten about the war ; about her uncle who fell at Bull Run, and her cousin who was killed at Gettysburg. Now, of a sudden, it all came back to her, and she asked herself the question which her aunt had just put to her—why had her husband not been in the war? What else could he have been doing?

But the very word, as she repeated it, struck her as incongruous ; Corbett was a man who never did anything. His elaborate intellectual processes bore no flower of result ; he simply *was*—but had she not hitherto found that sufficient? She rose from her seat, turning away from Mrs. Hayne.

"I really don't know," she said, coldly. "I never asked him."

IV

Two weeks later the Corbetts returned to Europe. Corbett had really been charmed with his visit, and had in fact shown a marked inclination to outstay the date originally fixed for their departure. But Delia was firm ; she did not wish to remain in Boston. She acknowledged that she was sorry to leave her Aunt Mary ; but she wanted to get home.

"You turncoat!" Corbett said, laughing. "Two months ago you reserved that sacred designation for Boston."

"One can't tell where it is until one tries," she answered, vaguely.

"You mean that you don't want to come back and live in Boston?"

"Oh, no—no!"

"Very well. But pray take note of the fact that I'm very sorry to leave. Under your Aunt Mary's tutelage I'm becoming a passionate patriot."

Delia turned away in silence. She was counting the moments which led to their departure. She longed with an unreasoning intensity to get away from it all ; from the dreary house in Mount Vernon Street, with its stencilled hall and hideous drawing-room, its monotonous food served in unappetizing profusion ; from the rarefied atmosphere of philanthropy and reform which she had once found so invigorating ; and most of all from the reproval of her aunt's altruistic activities. The recollection of her husband's delightful house in Paris, so framed for a noble leisure, seemed to mock the æsthetic barrenness of Mrs. Hayne's environment. Delia thought tenderly of the mellow bindings, the deep-piled rugs, the pictures, bronzes, and tapestries ; of the "first nights" at the Français, the eagerly discussed *conférences* on art or literature, the dreaming hours in galleries and museums, and all the delicate enjoyments of the life to which she was returning. It would be like passing from a hospital-ward to a flower-filled drawing-room ; how could her husband linger on the threshold?

Corbett, who observed her attentively, noticed that a change had come over her during the last two weeks of their stay in Mount Vernon Street. He wondered uneasily if she were capricious ; a man who has formed his own habits upon principles of the finest selection does not care to think that he has married a capricious woman. Then he reflected that the love of Paris is an insidious disease, breaking out when its victim least looks for it, and concluded that Delia was suffering from some such unexpected attack.

Delia certainly was suffering. Ever since Mrs. Hayne had asked her that innocent question—"Why shouldn't your husband have been in the war?"—she had been repeating it to herself day and night with the monotonous iteration of a monomaniac. Whenever Corbett came into the room, with that air of giving the simplest act its due value which made episodes of his entrances she was tempted to cry out to him—"Why weren't you in the war?" When she heard him, at a dinner, point one of his polished epigrams, or smilingly demolish the syllogism of an an-

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tagonist, her pride in his achievement was chilled by the question—"Why wasn't he in the war?" When she saw him, in the street, give a coin to a crossing-sweeper, or lift his hat ceremoniously to one of Mrs. Hayne's maid-servants (he was always considerate of poor people and servants) her approval winced under the reminder—"Why wasn't he in the war?" And when they were alone together, all through the spell of his talk and the exquisite pervasion of his presence ran the embittering undercurrent, "Why wasn't he in the war?"

At times she hated herself for the thought; it seemed a disloyalty to life's best gift. After all, what did it matter now? The war was over and forgotten; it was what the newspapers call "a dead issue." And why should any act of her husband's youth affect their present happiness together? Whatever he might once have been, he was perfect now; admirable in every relation of life; kind, generous, upright; a loyal friend, an accomplished gentleman, and, above all, the man she loved. Yes—but why had he not been in the war? And so began again the reiterant torment of the question. It rose up and lay down with her; it watched with her through sleepless nights, and followed her into the street; it mocked her from the eyes of strangers, and she dreaded lest her husband should read it in her own. In her saner moments she told herself that she was under the influence of a passing mood, which would vanish at the contact of her wonted life in Paris. She had become over-strung in the high air of Mrs. Hayne's moral enthusiasms; all she needed was to descend again to regions of more temperate virtue. This thought increased her impatience to be gone; and the days seemed interminable which divided her from departure.

The return to Paris, however, did not yield the hoped-for alleviation. The question was still with her, clamoring for a reply, and reinforced, with separation, by the increasing fear of her aunt's unspoken verdict. That shrewd woman had never again alluded to the subject of her brief colloquy with Delia; up to the moment of his farewell she had been unreservedly cordial to Corbett; but she was not the woman to palter with her convictions.

Delia knew what she must think; she knew what name, in the old days, Corbett would have gone by in her aunt's uncompromising circle.

Then came a flash of resistance—the heart's instinct of self-preservation. After all, what did she herself know of her husband's reasons for not being in the war? What right had she to set down to cowardice a course which might have been enforced by necessity, or dictated by unimpeachable motives? Why should she not put to him the question which she was perpetually asking herself? And not having done so, how dared she condemn him unheard?

A month or more passed in this torturing indecision. Corbett had returned with fresh zest to his accustomed way of life, weaned, by his first glimpse of the Champs Élysées, from his factitious enthusiasm for Boston. He and his wife entertained their friends delightfully, and frequented all the "first nights" and "private views" of the season, and Corbett continued to bring back knowing "bits" from the Hôtel Drouot, and rare books from the quays; never had he appeared more cultivated, more decorative and enviable; people agreed that Delia Benson had been uncommonly clever to catch him.

One afternoon he returned later than usual from the club, and, finding his wife alone in the drawing-room, begged her for a cup of tea. Delia reflected, in complying, that she had never seen him look better; his fifty-two years sat upon him like a finish which made youth appear crude, and his voice, as he recounted his afternoon's doings, had the intimate inflections reserved for her ear.

"By the way," he said presently, as he set down his tea-cup, "I had almost forgotten that I've brought you a present—something I picked up in a little shop in the Rue Bonaparte. Oh, don't look too expectant; it's not a *chef-d'œuvre;* on the contrary, it's about as bad as it can be. But you'll see presently why I bought it."

As he spoke he drew a small, flat parcel from the breast-pocket of his impec-

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cable frock-coat and handed it to his wife.

Delia, loosening the paper which wrapped it, discovered within an oval frame studded with pearls and containing the crudely executed miniature of an unknown young man in the uniform of a United States cavalry officer. She glanced inquiringly at Corbett.

"Turn it over," he said.

She did so, and on the back, beneath two unfamiliar initials, read the brief inscription:

"Fell at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863."

The blood rushed to her face as she stood gazing at the words.

"You see now why I bought it?" Corbett continued. "All the pieties of one's youth seemed to protest against leaving it in the clutches of a Jew pawnbroker in the Rue Bonaparte. It's awfully bad, isn't it?—but some poor soul might be glad to think that it had passed again into the possession of fellow-countrymen." He took it back from her, bending to examine it critically. "What a daub!" he murmured. "I wonder who he was? Do you suppose that by taking a little trouble one might find out and restore it to his people?"

"I don't know—I dare say," she murmured, absently.

He looked up at the sound of her voice. "What's the matter, Delia? Don't you feel well?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I was only thinking"—— she took the miniature from his hand. "It was kind of you, Laurence, to buy this—it was like you."

"Thanks for the latter clause," he returned, smiling.

Delia stood staring at the vivid flesh-tints of the young man who had fallen at Chancellorsville.

"You weren't very strong at his age, were you, Laurence? Weren't you often ill?" she asked.

Corbett gave her a surprised glance. "Not that I'm aware of," he said; "I had the measles at twelve, but since then I've been unromantically robust."

"And you—you were in America until you came abroad to be with your sister?"

"Yes—barring a trip of a few weeks in Europe."

Delia looked again at the miniature; then she fixed her eyes upon her husband's.

"Then why weren't you in the war?" she said.

Corbett answered her gaze for a moment; then his lids dropped, and he shifted his position slightly.

"Really," he said, with a smile, "I don't think I know."

They were the very words which she had used in answering her aunt.

"You don't know?" she repeated, the question leaping out like an electric shock. "What do you mean when you say that you don't know?"

"Well—it all happened some time ago," he answered, still smiling, "and the truth is that I've completely forgotten the excellent reasons that I doubtless had at the time for remaining at home."

"Reasons for remaining at home? But there were none; every man of your age went to the war; no one stayed at home who wasn't lame, or blind, or deaf, or ill, or——" Her face blazed, her voice broke passionately.

Corbett looked at her with rising amazement.

"Or——?" he said.

"Or a coward," she flashed out. The miniature dropped from her hands, falling loudly on the polished floor.

The two confronted each other in silence; Corbett was very pale.

"I've told you," he said, at length, "that I was neither lame, deaf, blind, nor ill. Your classification is so simple that it will be easy for you to draw your own conclusion."

And very quietly, with that admirable air which always put him in the right, he walked out of the room. Delia, left alone, bent down and picked up the miniature; its protecting crystal had been broken by the fall. She pressed it close to her and burst into tears.

An hour later, of course, she went to ask her husband's forgiveness. As a woman of sense she could do no less; and her conduct had been so absurd that it was the more obviously pardonable. Corbett, as he kissed her hand, assured her that he had known it was only nervousness; and after dinner, during which he made himself excep-

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tionally agreeable, he proposed their ending the evening at the Palais Royal, where a new play was being given.

Delia had undoubtedly behaved like a fool, and was prepared to do meet penance for her folly by submitting to the gentle sarcasm of her husband's pardon; but when the episode was over, and she realized that she had asked her question and received her answer, she knew that she had passed a milestone in her existence. Corbett was perfectly charming; it was inevitable that he should go on being charming to the end of the chapter. It was equally inevitable that she should go on being in love with him; but her love had undergone a modification which the years were not to efface.

Formerly he had been to her like an unexplored country, full of bewitching surprises and recurrent revelations of wonder and beauty; now she had measured and mapped him, and knew beforehand the direction of every path she trod. His answer to her question had given her the clue to the labyrinth; knowing what he had once done, it seemed quite simple to forecast his future conduct. For that long-past action was still a part of his actual being; he had not outlived or disowned it; he had not even seen that it needed defending.

Her ideal of him was shivered like the crystal above the miniature of the warrior of Chancellorsville. She had the crystal replaced by a piece of clear glass which (as the jeweller pointed out to her) cost much less and looked equally well; and for the passionate worship which she had paid her husband she substituted a tolerant affection which possessed precisely the same advantages.

SUMMER'S WILL

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson

THESE are the clauses of Summer's will—
To Autumn—a languorous haze, to fill
Valley and mountain with vague regret
For her, whose beauty they cannot forget.
To Mortals—maples whose colors dare
Till scarlet Flamingoes seem nesting there,
Also a river woven in gold
Where willows murmur their stories old—
Treasures of golden-rod, troops of corn
And sumach torches out-heralding dawn.
To Heaven—lest day despair too soon
The silvery horn of her harvest moon.
To wondering Cattle—meadows green,
Rivaling May in their fleeting sheen;
All her black crows to the lonely pines,
To straggling fences her mad-cap vines;
But to the Ocean—only her tears—
Tempests of parting, and desolate fears;
Signed in witch-hazel, filed in frost,
To the witnessing winds 'twas all but tossed
When she smiled a Gentian codocil,
"My love to the road-side under the hill."

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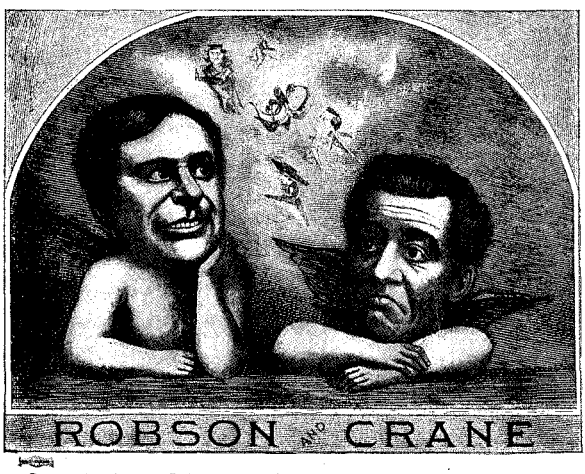
AMERICAN POSTERS, PAST AND PRESENT

By H. C. Bunner

IN America — at least, in the United States — the poster enjoys an absolutely unique distinction. In other countries it has been prized and admired, cherished in costly collections, and honored with the most serious artistic study and criticism. But in the United States the poster has been—and in some parts of the land it is yet—not only admired, but loved.

The craving to look at pictures, or even decorative lettering or pure decoration itself, seems to be natural to all types and classes of Americans. Any kind of picture attracts the untutored taste; but of course the preference is generally given to such as, according to the code of the art for art's sake people, should be consigned to eternal perdition as "distinctly literary." But in default of the picture that tells its own direct and indirect comprehensible story, the untaught native taste will accept pretty nearly anything in the general line of graphic art. It is the same in country and in town. The indifference of the New York street crowds to strange sights, odd people, fantastic costumes, and the like has often been noted. Yet the hurrying workers who will not give a second glance to an Oriental garbed in dazzling gorgeousness, or even to a dime-museum giant off duty, will stop short at the sight of a sign-painter, and, putting all business or occupation aside, will gaze on him in seemingly helpless fascination while he letters "Eisenstein, Einstein, Ehrenstein, Johnstone & Co." And if by chance he illuminates his handiwork with a design of the garment known as "pants," and bearing a distant and painful resemblance to trousers, the crowd will stay faithfully by him till the last stroke of

Drawn by Matt Morgan for the Strobridge Lithograph Company in 1881.



Drawn by Joseph Baker for the Forbes Lithograph Company in 1877.

Types of Early Lithographic Posters.

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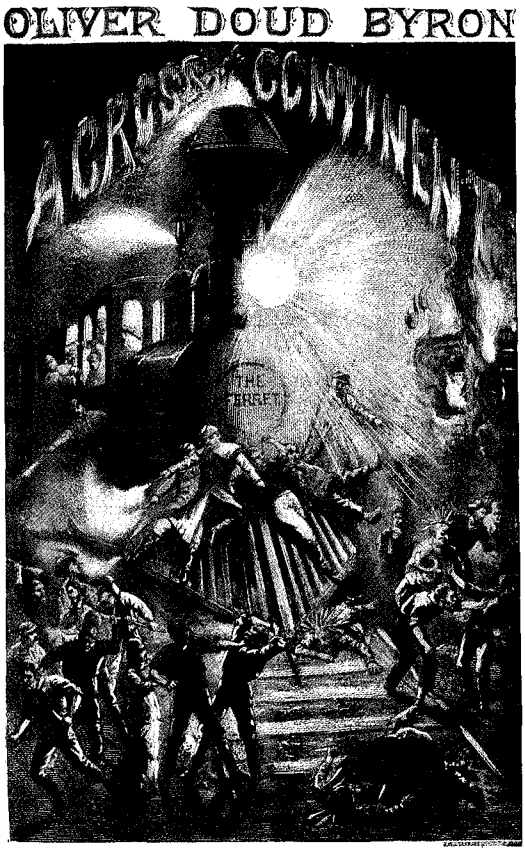
his brush—silent, eager, intent—looking upon him as upon one who performs a miracle.

It is, of course, the process of production more than the thing produced that holds the attention of the admiring townsman; but the attraction is not at all unlike that which fills the spirit of the back-country boy with wondering rapture when he sees the swift and dexterous pioneers of the circus arrive with paste-pots and brushes and ladders and ponderous burdens of huge sheets of paper laid in thick folds like cloth, and with an almost superhuman speed transform old Squire Calkins's long board-fence into a picture-gallery that is not only an orgy in the primary colors, but a most marvellous illumination of the works of nature, and a revelation of possibilities never before dreamed of by the student of natural history or the humble observer of animated nature.

Drawn by Thomas Worth.

An Example of the Old Fashioned



Designed and printed by the Strobridge Lithograph Company.

An Example of the primitive and confused theatrical posters.

Do you wonder that he loves it? Do you wonder that his soul prostrates itself before the elephant whose ears are so big that the ends of the flaps have to be supported by two attendant Nubians? Do you wonder that he loves the dromedary with four humps? No dromedary in his "jogafy-book" has any such holiday allowance of humps. Of course he will not see these marvellous features, and, in a certain sense, he knows it. They were not visible in last year's circus; and his cynical elder brother has openly and blasphemously denied their existence. But as he watches the great pictured sheets drying out in the sun, and smells the smell of paste—always pleasant in his nostrils, because of its association with many sticky achievements in the way of malicious mischief—why, the boy sees those animals, and those assorted colored people in regal clothes, just as if they were really there—for he sees them with the eye of faith. He would be ungrateful, indeed, if he did not love the circus-poster. All mankind loves the circus, and what circus

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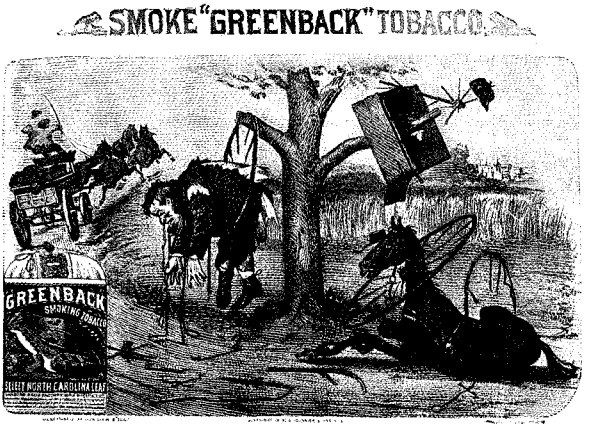


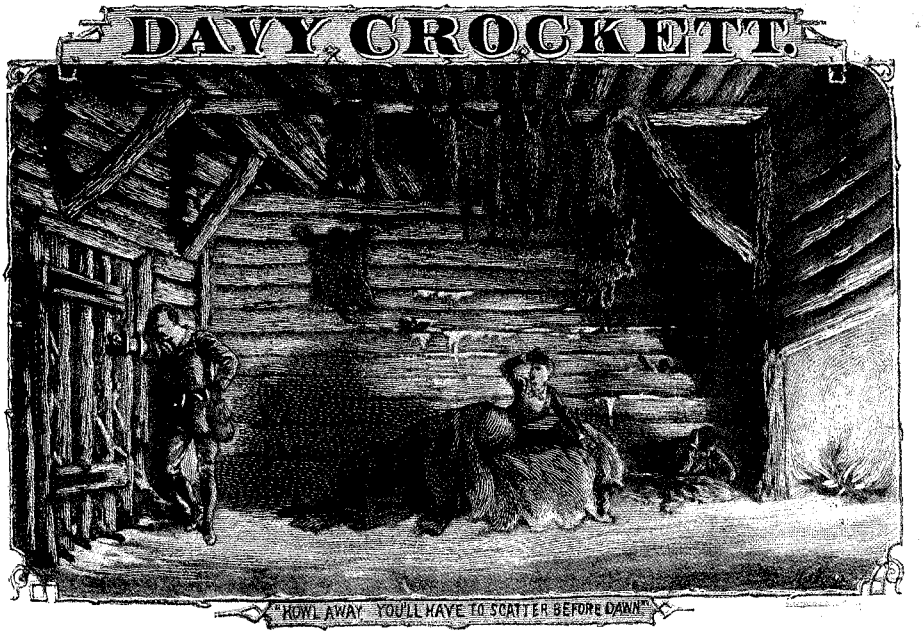
"HUNG UP" WITH THE STARCH OUT.
No. 14 Companion to No. 13.
Reproduced by permission of Currier & Ives.

"Before and After" Poster.

ever rose to the glorious promise of its posters?

But it was not only the circus-poster that took hold on the heart of the country-folk of remote regions. Although the fondness for pictures was general in man, woman, and child, it was not quite openly avowed. Certain old Puritanical traditions moved the people to look upon such home decorations as idle vanities; and even had this prejudice been less general the sources of artistic supply were meagre in the extreme. Therefore the crude and costly printed posters of the circus, the travelling juggler, the Indian herb-doctor, the horse-dealer, and, more often than the rest, the gaudy lithographs advertising agricultural implements and patent medicines, were welcome in the little towns and at the lonely cross-roads. They were not often allowed in the house; but their utilitarian character gave them a sort of right to a place on the walls of the barn; and it was here that the boys and the hired men between them would set up an art-gallery which was never quite complete until a sheet of considerable size was skilfully reft from the pictured pageant on the board fence.

There is something pitiful in this attempt to satisfy a natural appetite with the very lowest forms of pictorial artifice; and a serious mischief sprang from



Drawn by Matt Morgan for the Strobridge Lithograph Company.

A Type of an Early Class Interesting and Truthful as Pictures yet Ineffective as Posters.

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Drawn by Robert Joste. Published by the Metropolitan Print. Company.

Drawn by William H. Crane. Published by A. S. Seer.

Theatrical Posters for "Rip Van Winkle" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
(Representative specimens of the old wood-engraved "stock"* poster.)

it in the damper it put on any development or progress in the art of poster designs. It became an understood thing that the general public would not have anything better than the flashy and ill-executed prints to which they had grown accustomed; and year after year the same old pictorial horrors were scattered broadcast in city and country. This pernicious example had an influence on a class of producers who should have been above the half-superstitious folly. The theatrical managers caught the idea; and although the establishment of the lithographic art in this country gave them facilities which they had never had before, they stuck to the primitive system of printing from roughly engraved wood-blocks, superimposing one cross-hatching of color upon another; the result attained being perhaps more hideous and incoherent than anything which could be done in any other way of color-printing.

This absurd tradition practically checked all advance in poster designing until a score of years ago; and so far

*"Stock" posters are made on speculation by the manufacturers and sold as often as called for, the name of the star being inserted.

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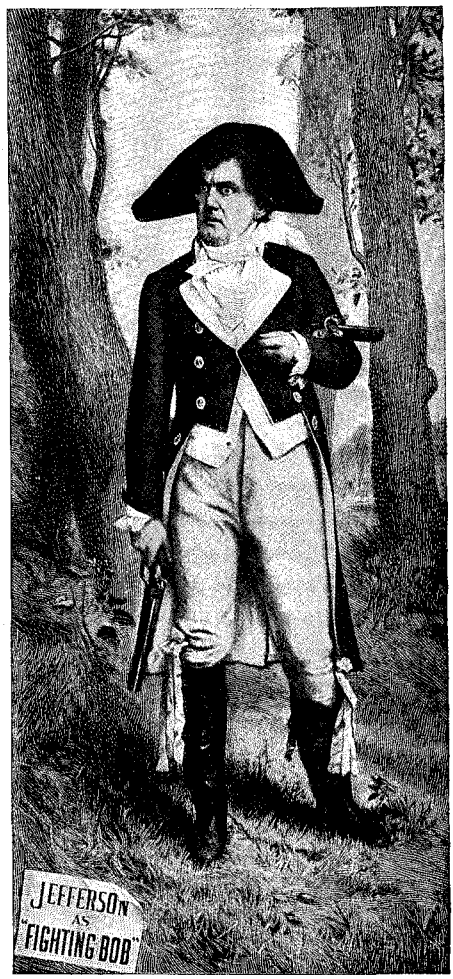
Drawn by Robert Joste for the Metropolitan Print. Company.

An Example of the Coarsest Wood-engraved Theatrical Poster.



Drawn by Joseph Baker for the Forbes Lithograph Company in 1879.

An Example of the Extremely Finished Lithographic Theatrical Poster.
(Interesting also as being the first poster ever produced representing Jefferson in character.)

as the theatrical people were concerned it is more than doubtful whether they would ever have got out of the rut they had got into, if it had not been that the commercial people crowded them out of it. I do not wish to imply that there were no exceptions to the rule of stupidity among the theatrical managers. A few self-respecting managers like Messrs. Palmer and Abbey and the late Lester Wallack made a number of brave and intelligent attempts to find graceful and dignified forms of pictorial advertising. But for the most part our actors and actresses allowed themselves to be portrayed on the bill-boards in a medium so grossly and unnecessarily offensive to good taste that the meanest mountebank might have blushed to find himself so set before the world. So dead was the poster-making art that serious dramatic and lyric artists had not even the resource of tasteful and appropriate decoration for their public announcements, but were obliged to use plain type—and type of designs of half a century old. It was at this point that the Genius of Patent Medicine came to the relief of Histrionic Art.

Up to this time the Patent Medicine

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Designed and printed by the Strobridge Lithograph Company.

Drawn by Hugo Ziegfeld for the H. C. Miner-Springer Lithograph Company.

poster had been the most pitiful of all forms of pictorial advertising. In conception it never aimed to be more than feebly instructive, and in execution it was as hideous as cheap work could make it. It was constructed upon one of a few simple formulas—simple to the point of idiocy. Of these the most in use was what was known as the "Before and After"—which was short for Before and After Taking. This involved the employment of two pictures, one of which represented a lean and haggard wretch of advanced years, destitute of teeth, and but sparsely provided with hair, who was apparently trying to present his physical disabilities to the beholder in the most unpleasant possible light. The other picture showed a sturdy, lusty person in the prime of life, with well-slicked hair and as many teeth as the artist could crowd into his mouth, which was always shown stretched open in a laugh of an impossibly large size. Those who gazed on this display were expected to believe that the miracle of transforming the aged wreck into an offensively healthy person of thirty-five had been accomplished by the use of three bottles of Old Dr. Ripley's Resurgent Reinvigorator or Imbricated Indian Tonic.

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Drawn by E. Potthast for the Strobridge Lithograph Company.

This was the favorite formula, but others pressed it hard. One that had considerable popularity showed a happy and precocious little boy with red striped stockings, yellow clothes, and, necessarily, red and yellow hair, rushing merrily into the room of his aged grandmother, and offering her a bottle of the good doctor's decoction. This little boy was among the most useful of all poster-subjects; for if the advertiser wanted to spend money, he could have two pictures, in the first of which the grandmother sat paralyzed in her arm-chair with a crutch by her side—

Composed and drawn on stone by F. M. Hutchins.

Drawn by Robert Joste for the Metropolitan Print. Company.

Selection of Modern Theatrical Posters.

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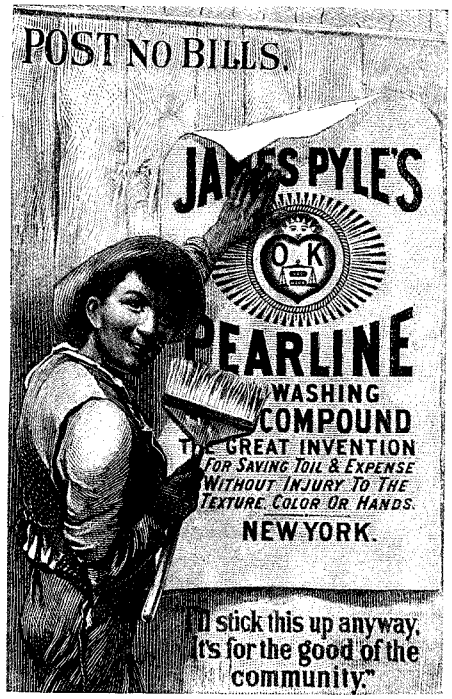
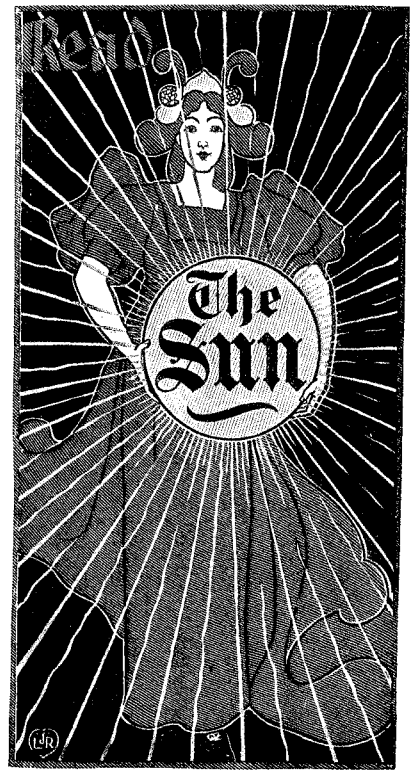


Drawn by Theodore A. Liebler.

Drawn by Joseph Baker.

Published by A. Hoen & Company



Drawn by Louis J. Rhead.

Examples of

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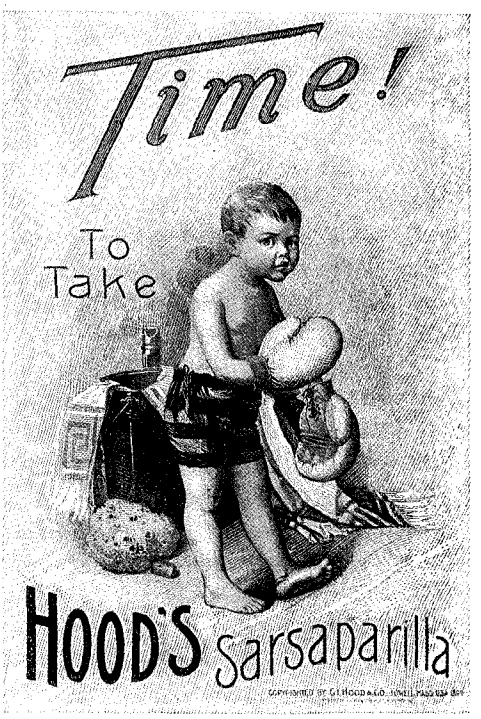
not a nice, easy crutch, but just a plain old home-made T-shaped affair—while in the second tableau the boy's rejuvenated relative accompanied him to the front door, and cast her crutch violently into the perspective. On the other hand, if the advertiser wanted to do things cheaply, one picture would suffice: wherein the old lady rose from her striped arm-chair, flinging her crutch loosely among the furniture at the mere sight of the boy and the bottle. In either case the old lady's chair was striped with the colors of the boy.

But the day came when some shrewd advertiser perceived that these pictures really had no firm claim on the popular respect. This was shown by the unfailing certainty with which, sooner or later, the lead-pencil of the public decorated the small boy with spectacles, and his grandmother with side-whiskers. This man must have reasoned as did the trustees of the Boston Public Library, when they found that the citizens were making the shabby old furniture of the library look shabbier yet with ink-marks and knife-cuts. Some officials would have turned out the offending citizens, but these trustees were wiser. They turned out the shabby old furniture, and replaced it with the handsomest that money could buy. Then the people respected those who had treated them with respect, and the defacement stopped forever. Applying the same idea to the Patent Medicine Poster business, our advertiser set to work to address himself to the public, with a decent courtesy and deference. His plan worked; perhaps he surprised himself, certainly he surprised the public. Even the worried business man, hurrying to his office, stopped when he found himself confronted with a poster that, though it bore the name of a well-known nostrum, bore also a highly attractive picture, well conceived and well executed; evidently an artist's design, and not that of an artisan; evidently made especially for the use it was put to, and evidently reproduced by the costliest skill. The subject was nothing—a sin-

Drawn by E. H. Kiefer.



Drawn by F. J. Kaber.

Recent Theatrical, Trade, and Newspaper Posters.

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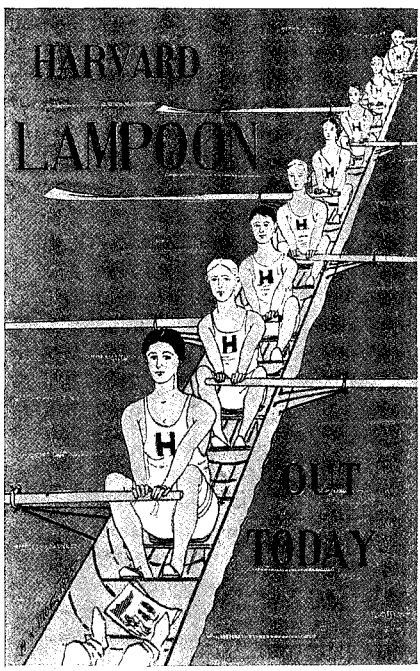
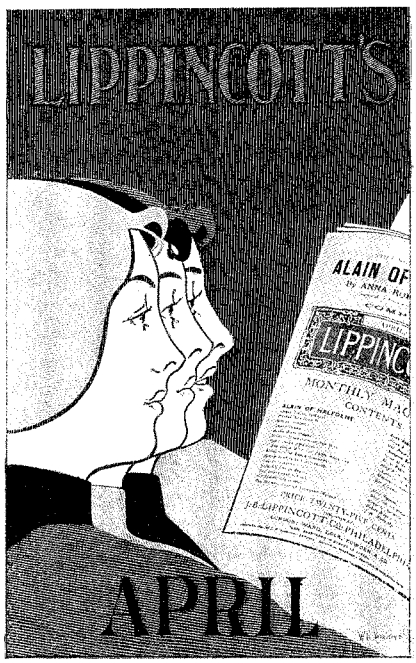
gle figure and the article to be advertised; but the latter object, while it was recognizable, was not unduly prominent; and the figure was an admirably drawn study of a type well chosen to interest observers of every class.

The success of this first appeal to the popular interest by really artistic methods was so marked and unmistakable that it found numerous imitators. Business men, who spent money largely in pictorial advertising, began to see that it was not the quantity but the quality of the printing they put forth that caught and held the popular eye; and it looked for a little while as though American ingenuity and liberality might do for the poster something approaching what natural taste and inborn inspiration had already done for it in France. The vulgar conventionalities of the past began to lose their commercial value; and the artist was called in to do what the advertising agent had done before. Still, so little did Americans, in the office or in the studio, realize that art is worthy of respect, even in its humblest manifestations, that the artists were ashamed to put their names to the good work they did for the good money of the advertiser; and the advertisers fatuously congratulated themselves on the fact that good artists came a few dol-

Drawn by Francis Day.



Drawn by A. K. Moe.



Drawn by Will Carqueville.

Modern

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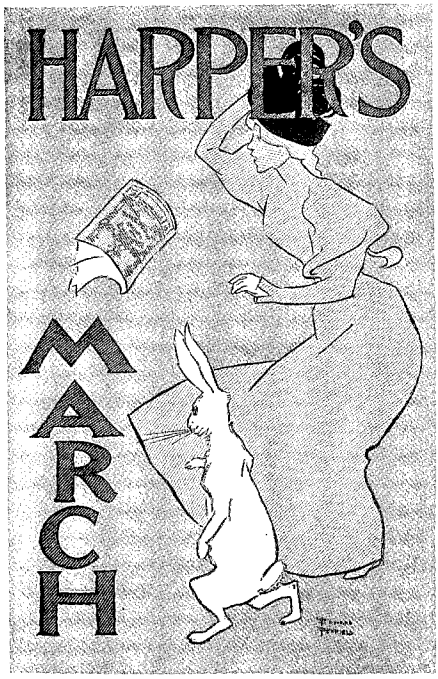
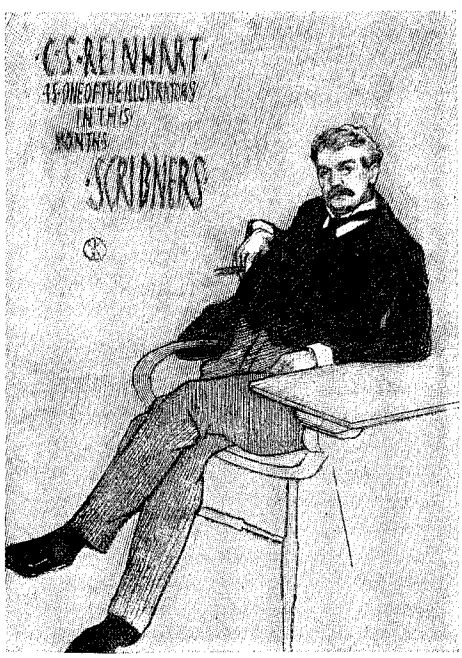


Drawn by Edward Penfield.

Drawn by George Wharton Edwards.

lars cheaper anonymously than they did when they signed their names. But any real progress in the art of poster-making in America was checked at this time by two unfavorable circumstances. The most obvious, though the least in effect, was the fact that pictorial advertising had naturally been diverted into other channels, so that it proved cheaper and more effective to employ high-priced artists in illustrating circulars, calendars, and dainty gift-books than to set them at a somewhat discredited form of work. The second was the fact that the German lithographer—that is, the artisan draughtsman who redraws the artist's picture upon the stone—is a man of an enduring force of character only to be found elsewhere in the mule and the martyr at the stake.



Drawn by William Sergeant Kendall.

Most lithographic draughtsmen in this country are either Germans or German-Americans, and they adhere with persistence to the traditions of German technique. This technique is admirable for its purpose. The color-work is done in a highly finished crayon drawing that is really a stipple or a close imitation of it. This work takes a firm hold on stone, rendering it possible to make many prints and transfers, and by its near approach to a mechanical process bringing the work within the capacity of any-

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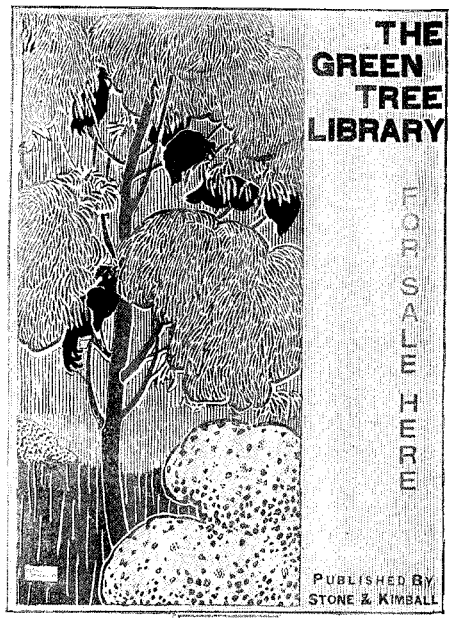
body who can learn to copy values at all.

There is no questioning the advantage of this in what is known as commercial lithography; but it makes of the lithographic workshops a very uncomfortable place for any Art that seeks a less conventional expression. The lithographic draughtsman has very little use for Art, and a profound contempt for the Artist. Set before him, at the top of his little wooden desk, the most brilliant water-color that Fortuny ever dashed off, and

Drawn by Ethel Reed.

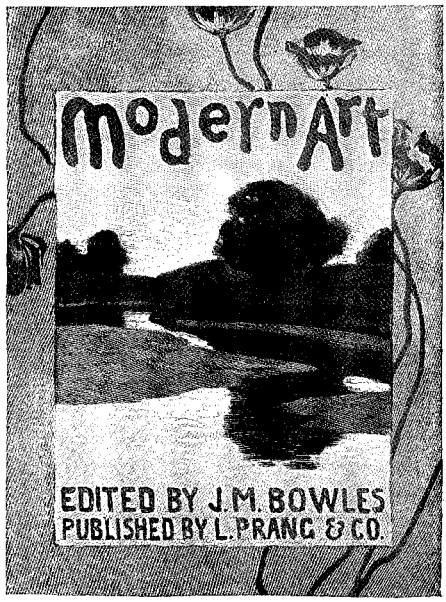
as he slowly separates its mystic tints into what he considers their component elements, and reproduces them in his even, unvarying grain, that pleases him the better the more he makes it look like machine-work, he will pity the poor devil of an unskilful artist who didn't know how to finish his work up "nice and smooth."

I should hardly have made mention of the perverse conservatism that for many years prevailed against the efforts of every artist who tried to do anything new and bold in the use of flat tints, or new forms of modelling in designing of



Drawn by Henry McCarter.

posters, if it were simply the perversity of ignorance. But there is a warning conveyed in what I have said which all who seek the reproduction of works of art by mechanical means would do well



Drawn by Arthur W. Dow.

Modern Book Posters.

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to heed—and for complement and corroboration, I refer them to Mr. Spielmann's able article on "English Posters" in the July number of this magazine.

"Carnival Time."
Drawn by Will H. Bradley, for the Chicago Sunday Tribune.

The spirit that inspired this perversity was the spirit that separates the laborer from the artist. The lithographic draughtsman resented the introduction of new methods, because, having learned the old ones, he was unwilling to learn further — because he preferred to be a human machine at a fixed rate of wages to being a self-educating human creature, accepting thankfully every opportunity to raise himself to a higher plane of achievements. It is, and it always will be, useless for the artist to struggle with this spirit. Where he is obliged to ask the assistance of manual labor, he must ask it from those only (and they are numerous enough) who respect his aims, and who in some measure aspire to his knowledge and skill.

With the acceptance of the really handsome, admiration-compelling poster, the American took his first step on a path already well beaten in France, whence it practically took its start. He had learned one important lesson in the art of poster-making; but there were others that he had to go to Paris to learn.

Let us suppose him there, seeking for light, under intelligent guidance. Let us personify him and his conductor as the American Mentor and Telemachus, Mr. Halliday and Rollo. Thus might run an instructive bit of street dialogue:

Rollo.—Father, what is that extraordinary picture on the circular billboard over yonder. I am speaking particularly of the yellow lady kicking the silk hat off the blue moon.

Mr. Halliday.—That, my son, is an advertisement of a patent specific for the cure of ingrowing eyebrows. The lady, having been relieved of this painful and disfiguring malady, is expressing her gratitude, and celebrating her return to a natural vivacity of spirits.

Rollo.—Thank you, father. I was about to ask you how you obtained this information, but I am glad now that I refrained from speaking hastily; for I perceive that the name is printed inconspicuously in an obscure corner of the placard.

Mr. Halliday.—Yes, my son; and as I perceive that you are at a loss to know why the announcement is thus modestly made, I will explain to you that it is placed obscurely for a very simple purpose.

Rollo.—Oh! yes, I see, papa. It is made to make the people wonder what on earth the picture is intended to advertise, so that they will look at it a long time in order to find out what it is.

Mr. Halliday.—Your supposition is entirely correct, Rollo. This is, indeed, the purpose for which the whole picture is made. By looking carefully, you will observe other points that are carefully calculated to attract the comments of the curious. It has, you see, accomplished its purpose in having attracted our attention, and held it for a sufficient length of time to impress upon our minds the name of the article it advertises. It is this purpose which the proprietor wishes to effect, and it is for this reason that he has directed his artist to introduce into the costume of the lady—which is not, you will observe,

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anything of a complicated or extensive character — such a startling combination of colors as shrimp pink, electric blue, yellow green, and two conflicting shades of reddish purple.

ROLLO.—Thank you, father. And if on our return to Beechnutville, in our dear old State of New Hampshire, I should meet any ladies who exhibit the same symptons, I shall certainly recommend them to try "Tur-lu-tu-tu" to eradicate ingrowing eyebrows.

How quickly and how thoroughly these lessons were learned by some Americans the illustrations to this article will show. Starting from a lower plane than French art ever knew, our designers have reached a level of artistic equality with all except the acknowledged masters in this curious line of work in France or elsewhere; and there are evidences of the natural, healthy, unaffected growth of certain tendencies that must lead to the formation of a distinctively American school. These evidences may seem too clear to my friendly and optimistic eyes; but I shall present some of them to the readers of this paper, and leave them to judge what ground I have for my faith in my own forecast.

But first let me take passing note of the productions of the American poster-makers of the present day as we see them represented in these illustrations. It needs but a glance at the reproductions of the work of to-day that are given in these pages to show that boldness of design and variety and novelty in technical execution have taken the place of the timorous crudity of earlier years. Unquestionably, the fact that most of our artists are still at school is quite apparent. We can forgive this when we see the American artist, consciously or unconsciously, trying to get rid of the little touch of cynical vulgarity that deforms too much of what is otherwise worthy in French art, and to keep for himself the lucid clearness and unsought force and directness of its inspiration. But imitation is not so readily forgiven when it takes the form of even a conscientious Americanization of a brutal English parody on the eccentricities of mediæval Florentine art; and it is pleasant to see that the artist who on our side of the water has most conspicuously shown cleverness in this readaptation is growing away from his British model and developing his own characteristic powers, which point him as naturally to lines of beauty as the qualities of the foreigner urge him to a morbid delight in the contortions of ugliness. How much this means anyone may judge who will set side by side the illustration on page 47 of SCRIBNER'S for July, 1895, and the one on page 441 of this number, and will reflect that it is hardly more than two or three years since these two artists, one after the other (in both senses of the preposition), started out to do the same sort of work. Development of this sort is to be credited partly to the artist, but in no slight measure to the public that accepts or rejects his work.

It is pleasant to reflect that while all England, from the hopelessly vulgar "middle class" who read Mr. Phil May's publications to the "upper class" who write art criticisms, have accepted, and still accept Mr. Aubrey Beardsley in all his offensiveness, the American public has so far kept pace with the progress of American art that once in awhile its foot may even be in the lead.

Mr. Bradley's best work has been done for publishing houses; and it may be stated as a general proposition that art in poster-making has in this country found its best inspiration, in most cases, from literature. This is natural enough; for this partnership is a far worthier one than certain people would have us believe, and it has possibilities of production which were undreamed of a few years ago, before the periodical publications of America began to develop the illustrator into a responsible and respectable artist. But if Literature can boast of the largest exhibit of thoroughly good poster work, let it not be forgotten that the American stage has within the last two or three years made a record for itself that is almost unique. It has long been considered by European commentators on the stage an accepted and established fact that the theatre is the last of all the agencies of art to get hold of an innovation of any sort and put it to practi-

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cal use. New inventions, popular crazes, fresh "sensations" of all sorts and varieties, become threadbare topics in the newspapers, at the music-halls, on the streets, and even on the lecture platform, before the unobservant dramatist and the timorous manager undertake to utilize them. The powers of steam and electricity got into the churches before they got into the theatres; and the statistical student of the stage has somewhere recorded the exact number of months (or it may have been years) that it took for the most enterprising of Parisian play-houses to become aware of the existence of the phonograph, and of the possibilities of comedy lurking within it. But those who wish to see how the American theatrical manager "caught onto" the possibilities of the New Poster has only to compare with the best example in this collection the exquisitely clever and amusing design made last year for Mr. Palmer's theatre (page 435).

As we look back to the rough woodcuts shown on earlier pages of this article, mark the persistence of an ignorant and pusillanimous tradition in the misuse of lithography (of which a specimen is given on page 433), and realize how far behind the theatrical profession had fallen at a time when even the dullest business man had discovered the advertising value of the artist, it does not seem invidious to pick out this poster and make special mention of its excellence. It is a poster that would take the Blue Ribbon, if it were to be judged on the "points" of artistic poster-making. Let us set down a few of these points—but with no serious attempt to indicate their relative importance by their position in the list.

It is sufficiently striking to catch the eye.

It is sufficiently attractive to hold the gaze and to invite further inspection.

It conveys its advertisement directly, literally, and pictorially.

It pleases by its humor and ingenuity, and makes the man who sees it talk about it to the next man.

The design is well thought out, and therefore makes people who see it think of it.

It is well drawn.

It is well colored.

It is well printed.

These are some of the points by which every poster should be judged; and they are set down here that the impartial reader may apply the test to the examples of recent American art here reproduced, without suffering any diminution of the admiration which they compel at first glance.

The names attached to the illustrations of this article—I speak, of course, of those of the present day—are principally those of young artists. They represent few bearers of high academic honors. Even where, at starting out, they have availed themselves of foreign sources of inspiration, they have had to strike out for themselves—either to surpass their originals, or to be original for themselves. They have had no help from local tradition or example. Their work as it is shown everywhere to-day does not need to seek a single excuse for itself out of this list of drawbacks.

The posters of France and the posters of England have been well described and amply illustrated in this series and in many books and magazine articles. In pursuance of a proposition made to the reader a few pages behind this, I will ask him to look over the little group of magazine posters reprinted here, and to ask himself if it would be possible to refer any one of them to a French or English origin. If I choose, for example, Mr. Penfield's work to rest my case on, and show what I believe to be the growth of a distinctly American idea in this oddest form of art, it is only because the merry conceit of the absurdly mad March Hare gives it the unusual advantage of a touch of humor. In the lightness, freshness, and purity of that humor; in the composition, free without license, and unconventional without extravagance; in the striking yet inoffensive use of color; in the frankness and unaffected innocence and happy simplicity of the whole thing, I find a quality which, I am grateful to think, comes to the American artist—whatever else he may have to learn for himself or earn for himself — as his natural and honest birthright.

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THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XXXVII

BETWEEN CARINTHIA AND HER LORD

THE Earl's easy grace of manner was a ceremonial mantle on him as he grasped the situation in a look. He bent with deferential familiarity to his Countess, exactly toning the degree of difference which befitted a salute to the two gentlemen, amiable or hostile.

"There and back?" he said, and conveyed a compliment to Carinthia's pedestrian vigor in the very smile which can be recalled for a snub.

She replied: "We have walked the distance, my lord."

Her smile was the braced one of an untired stepper.

"A cold wind for you."

"We walked fast."

She compelled him to take her in the plural, though he addressed her separately, but her tones had their music.

"Your brother, Captain Kirby-Levellier, I believe?"

"My brother is not of the army now, my lord."

She waved hand for Madge to conduct donkey and baby to the house. He noticed. He was unruffled.

The form of amenity expected from her, in relation to her brother, was not exhibited. She might perhaps be feeling herself awkward at introductions, and had to be excused.

"I beg," he said, and motioned to Chillon the way of welcome into the park, saw the fixed figure, and passed over the unspoken refusal, with a remark to Mr. Wythan: "At Barlings, I presume?"

"My tent is pitched there," was the answer.

"Good-by, my brother," said Carinthia.

Chillon folded his arms around her. "God bless you, dear love. Let me see you soon." He murmured: "You can protect yourself."

"Fear nothing for me, dearest."

She kissed her brother's cheek. The strain of her spread fingers on his shoulders signified no dread at her being left behind.

Strangers observing their embrace would have vowed that the pair were brother and sister, and of a notable stock.

"I will walk with you to Croridge again when you send word you are willing to go; and so, good-by, Owain," she said.

She gave her hand; frankly she pressed the Welshman's, he not a whit behind her in frankness.

Fleetwood had a skimming sense of a drop upon a funny whirly world. He kept from giddiness, though the whirl had been lasting since he beheld the form of a wild forest girl dancing, as it struck him now, over an abyss, on the plumed shoot of a stumpy tree.

Ay, and she danced at the ducal schloss—she mounted his coach like a witch of the Alps up crags—she was beside him pelting to the vale under a leaden southwester—she sat solitary by the fireside in the room of the inn.

Veil it. He consented to the veil he could not lift. He had not even power to try, and his heart thumped.

"Pleasant to see you established here, if you find the place agreeable," he said.

She was kissing her hand to her brother, all her eyes for him—or for the couple; and they were hidden by the park-lodge before she replied: "It is an admired, beautiful place."

"I came," said he, "to have your assurance that it suits you."

"I thank you, my lord."

"'My lord' would like a short rest, Carinthia."

She seemed placidly acquiescing. "You have seen the boy?"

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"Twice to-day. We were having a conversation just now."

"We think him very intelligent."

"Lady Arpington tells me you do the honors here excellently."

"She is good to me."

"Praises the mother's management of the young one. John Edward: Edward for call-name. Madge boasts his power of sleeping."

"He gives little trouble."

"And babes repay us. We learn from small things. Out of the mouth of babes wisdom! Well, their habits show the wisdom of the mother. A good mother: there's no higher title. A lady of my acquaintance bids fair to win it, they say."

Carinthia looked in simplicity, saw herself, and said: "If a mother may rear her boy till he must go to school, she is rewarded for all she does."

"Ah," said he, nodding over her mania of the perpetual suspicion. "Leddings, Queeney, the servants here, run smoothly?"

"They do: they are happy in serving."

"You see, we English are not such bad fellows when we're known. The climate, to-day, for example, is rather trying."

"I miss colors most in England," said Carinthia. "I like the winds. Now and then we have a day to remember."

Madge and the miracle infant awaited them on the terrace. For so foreign did the mother make herself to him, that the appearance of the child, their own child, here between them, was next to miraculous; and the mother, who might well have been the most astonished, had transparently not an idea beyond the verified palpable lump of young life she lifted in her arms out of the arms of Madge, maternally at home with its presence on earth.

Demonstrably a fine specimen, a promising youngster. The father was allowed to inspect him. This was his heir; a little fellow of smiles, features, puckered brows of inquiry; seeming a thing made already, and active on his own account.

"Do people see likenesses?" he asked.

"Some do," said the mother.

"You?"

She was constrained to give answer.

"There is a likeness to my father, I have thought."

There's a dotage of idolatrous daughters, he could have retorted; and his gaze was a polite offer to humdrum reconcilement, if it pleased her.

She sent the child up the steps.

"Do you come in, my lord?"

"The house is yours, my lady."

"I cannot feel it mine."

"You are the mistress to invite or exclude."

"I am ready to go in a few hours, for a small income of money, for my child and me."

"Our child."

"Yes."

"It is our child."

"It is."

"Any sum you choose to name. But where would you live?"

"Near my brother I would live."

"Three thousand a year for pin-money, or more, are at your disposal. Stay here, I beg. You have only to notify your wants. And we'll talk familiarly now, as we're together. Can I be of aid to your brother? Tell me, pray. I am disposed in every way to subscribe to your wishes. Pray, speak, speak out."

So the Earl said. He had to force his familiar tone against the rebuke of her grandeur of stature; and he was for inducing her to deliver her mind, that the mountain girl's feebleness in speech might reinstate him.

She rejoined, unhesitatingly: "My brother would not accept aid from you, my lord. I will take no money more than for my needs."

"You spoke of certain sums, down in Wales."

"I did then." Her voice was dead.

"Ah! You must be feeling the cold north wind here."

"I do not. You may feel the cold, my lord. Will you enter the house?"

"Do you invite me?"

"The house is your own."

"Will the mistress of the house honor me so far?"

"I am not the mistress of the house, my lord."

"You refuse, Carinthia?"

"I would keep from using those words. I have no right to refuse the entry of the house to you."

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"If I come in?"

"I guard my rooms."

She had been awake, then, to the thrusting and parrying behind masked language.

"Good. You are quite decided, I may suppose."

"I will leave them when I have a little money, or when I know of how I may earn some."

"The Countess of Fleetwood earning a little money?"

"I can put aside your title, my lord."

"No, you can't put it aside while the man with the title lives, not even if you're running off in earnest under a dozen Welsh names. Why should you desire to do it? The title entitles you to the command of half my possessions. As to the house, don't be alarmed; you will not have to guard your rooms. The extraordinary wild animal you—the impression may have been produced; I see, I see. If I were in the house, I should not be raging at your doors; and it is not my intention to enter the house. That is, not by right of ownership. You have my word."

He bowed to her, and walked to the stables.

She had the art of extracting his word from him. The word given, she went off with it, disengaged mistress of Esslemont. And she might have the place for residence, but a decent courtesy required that she should remain at the portico until he was out of sight. She was the first out of sight, rather insolently.

As he whipped along the drive and left that glassy stare of Esslemont behind him, there came a slap of a reflection: Here, on the box of this coach, the bride just bursting her sheath sat, and was like warm wax to take impressions. She was like hard stone to retain them, pretty evidently. Like women the world over, she thinks only of her side of the case. Men disdain to plead theirs. Now money is offered her, she declines it. Formerly she made it the principal subject of her conversation.

Turn the mind to something brighter. Fleetwood strung himself to do so, and became agitated by the question whether the bride sat to left or to right of him when the southwester blew—a wind altogether preferable to the chill northeast. Women, when they are no longer warm, are colder than the deadliest catarrh wind scything across these islands. Of course she sat to left of him. In the line of the main road, he remembered a look he dropped on her, a look over his left shoulder.

She never had a wooing; she wanted it, had a kind of right to it, or the show of it. How to begin? But was she worth an effort? Turn to something brighter. Religion is the one refuge from women, Feltre says: his Roman Catholic recipe. The old shoemaker, Mr. Woodseer, hauls women into his religion, and purifies them by the process—fancies he does. He gets them to wear an air. Old Gower, too, has his Religion of Nature, with free admission for women, whom he worships in similes, running away from them, leering sheepishly. No, Feltre's rigid monastic system is the sole haven. And what a world, where we have no safety, except in renouncing it! The two sexes created to devour one another must abjure their sex before they gain "the peace," as Feltre says, impressively, if absurdly. He will end a monk, if he has the courage of his logic. A queer spectacle—an English nobleman a shaven monk!

Fleetwood shuddered. We are twisted face-about to discover our being saved by women from that horror—the joining the ranks of the nasal friars. By what women? Bacchante, clearly, if the wife we have is a northeaster to wither us, blood, bone, and soul.

He was hungry; he waxed furious with the woman who had flung him out upon the roads. He was thirsty as well. The brighter something to refresh his thoughts grew and glowed in the form of a shiny table, bearing tasty dishes, old wines; at an inn, or anywhere. But, out of London, an English inn to furnish the dishes and the wines for a civilized and self-respecting man is hard to seek, as difficult to find as a perfect skeleton of an extinct species. The Earl's breast howled derision of his pursuit when he drew up at the sign of the Royal Sovereign, in the dusky hour, and handed himself desperately to Mrs. Rundles's mercy.

He could not wait for a dinner, so his eating was cold meat. Warned by a

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sip that his drinking, if he drank, was to be an excursion in chemical acids, the virtues of an abstainer served for his consolation. Tolerant of tobacco, although he did not smoke, he fronted the fire, envying Gower Woodseer the contemplative pipe, which for half a dozen puffs wafted him to bracing deserts, or primeval forests, or old highways with the swallow thoughts above him, down the Past, into the Future. A pipe is pleasant dreams at command. A pipe is the concrete form of philosophy. Why, then, a pipe is the alternative of a friar's frock for an escape from women. But if one does not smoke? . . . Here and there a man is visibly in the eyes of all men cursed; let him be blest by Fortune; let him be handsome, healthy, wealthy, courted, he is cursed.

Fleetwood lay that night beneath the roof of the Royal Sovereign. Sleep is life's legitimate mate. It will treat us at times as the faithless wife, who becomes a harrying beast, behaves to her lord. He had no sleep. Having put out his candle, an idea took hold of him, and he jumped up to light it again and verify the idea, that this room . . . He left the bed and strode round it, going in the guise of an urgent somnambulist, or ghost bearing burden of an imperfectly remembered mission. This was the room.

Reason and cold together overcame his illogical scruples to lie down on that bed soliciting the sleep desired. He lay and groaned, lay and rolled. All night the Naval Monarch with the loose cheeks and jelly smile of the swinging sign-board creaked. Flaws of the northeaster swung and banged him. He creaked high in complaint, low on some partial contentment. There was piping of his boatswain, shrill piping, shrieks of the whistle. How many nights had that most ill-fated of brides lain listening to the idiotic uproar! It excused a touch of craziness. But how many? Not one, not two, ten, twenty: count, count to the exact number of nights the unhappy girl must have heard those mad colloquies of the hurricane boatswain and the chirpy king. By heaven! Whitechapel after one night of it beckons as a haven of grace.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE RED WARNING FROM A SON OF VAPOR

The night Lord Fleetwood had passed cured him of the wound Carinthia dealt, with her blunt defensive phrase and her Welshman. Seated on his coach-box, he turned for a look the back way leading to Esslemont, and saw rosed crag and mountain forest rather than the soft undulations of parkland pushing green meadows or brown copse up the slopes under his eye. She had never been courted; she deserved a siege. She was a daughter of the racy highlands. And she, who could say to her husband, "I guard my rooms," without sign of the stage-face of scorn or defiance or flinging of the glove, she would have to be captured by siege, it was clear. She wore an aspect of the confident fortress, which neither challenges nor cries to treat, but commands respect. How did she accomplish this miracle of commanding respect after such a string of somersaults before the London world?

He had to drive northwestward; his word was pledged to one of his donkey Ixionides; Abrane, he recollected; to be a witness at some contemptible exhibition of the fellow's muscular skill; a match to punt against a Thames waterman this time.

And first he had to grant a deferred audience at home to various tradesmen, absurdly fussy about having the house of his leased estate of Calesford furnished complete and habitable on the very day stipulated by his peremptory orders that the place should be both habitable and hospitable. They were right, they were excused.; grand entertainments of London had been projected, and he fell into the weariful business with them, thinking of Henrietta's insatiable appetite for the pleasures. He had taken the lease of this burdensome Calesford, at an eight miles drive from the northwest of town, to gratify the devouring woman's taste: which was, to have all the luxuries of the town in a framework of country scenery.

Gower Woodseer and he were dining together in the evening. The circum-

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stance was just endurable, but Gower would play the secretary, and doggedly subjected him to hear a statement of the woful plight of Countess Livia's affairs. Gower, commissioned to examine them, remarked: "If we have all the figures!"

"If we could stop the bleeding!" Fleetwood replied. "Come to the Opera to-night; I promised. I promised Abrane for to-morrow. There's no end to it. This gambling mania's a flux. Not one of them except your old enemy, Corby, keeps clear of it; and they're at him for subsidies, as they are at me, and would be at you or any passenger on the road suspected of a purse. Corby shines among them."

That was heavy judgment enough, Gower thought. No allusion to Esslemont ensued. The Earl ate sparely, and silently for the most part.

He was warmed a little at the Opera by hearing Henrietta's honest raptures over her Columelli in the *Pirata*. But Lord Brailstone sat behind her, and their exchange of ecstasies upon the tattered pathos of

"*E il mio tradito amor*"

was not moderately offensive.

His countenance in Henrietta's presence had to be studied and interpreted by Livia. Why did it darken? The demurest of fuliginous intriguers argued that Brailstone was but doing the spiriting required of him, and would have to pay the penalty unrewarded, let him Italianize as much as he pleased. Not many months longer, and there would be the bit of an outburst, the whiff of scandal, perhaps a shot, and the rupture of an improvident alliance, followed by Henrietta's free hand to the moody young Earl, who would then have possession of the only woman he could ever love; and at no cost. Jealousy of a man like Brailstone, however infatuated the man, was too foolish. He must perceive how matters were tending? The die-away and eyeballs-at-the-circling of a pair of fanatics *per la musica* might irritate a husband, but the lover should read and know. Giddy as the beautiful creature, deprived of her natural aliment, seems in her excusable hunger for it, she has learnt her lesson, she is not a reeling libertine.

Brailstone peered through his eyelashes at the same shadow of a frown where no frown sat on his friend's brow. Displeasure was manifest, and why? Fleetwood had given him the dispossessing shrug of the man out of the run, and the hint of the tip for winning, with the aid of operatic arias; and though he was in Fleetwood's books ever since the prize-fight, neither Fleetwood nor the husband, nor any skittishness of a timorous wife could stop the pursuer bent to capture the fairest and most inflaming woman of her day.

"I prefer your stage Columelli," Fleetwood said.

"I come from exile!" said Henrietta, and her plea in excuse of ecstatics wrote her down as confessedly treasonable to the place quitted.

Ambrose Mallard entered the box, beholding only his goddess Livia. Their eyebrows and inaudible lips conversed eloquently. He retired like a trumped card on the appearance of M. de St. Ombre. The courtly Frenchman won the ladies to join him in whipping the cream of the world for five minutes, and passed out before his flavor was exhausted. Brailstone took his lesson and departed, to spy at them from other boxes and heave an inflated shirt-front. Young Cressett, the bottle of effervescence, dashed in, and for him Livia's face was motherly. He rattled a tale of the highway robbery of Sir Meeson Corby on one of his Yorkshire moors. The picture of the little baronet arose upon the narration, and it amused. Chumley Potts came to "confirm every item," as he said. "Plucked Corby clean. Pistol at his head. Quite old style. Time ten P.M. Suspects Great Britain, King, Lord and Commons, and buttons twenty times tighter. Brosey Mallard down on him for a few fighting men. Perfect answer to Brosey."

"Mr. Mallard did not mention the robbery," Henrietta remarked.

"Feared to shock: Corby such a favored swain," Potts accounted for the omission.

"Brosey spilling last night?" Fleetwood asked.

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"At the palazzo. We were," said Potts. "Luck pretty fair first off. Brosey did his trick, and away and away and away went he! More old Brosey wins, the wiser he gets. I stayed." He swung to Gower: "Don't drink dry Sillery after two A.M. You read me?"

"Egyptian, but decipherable," said Gower.

The rising of the curtain drew his habitual groan from Potts, and he fled to collogue with the goodly number of honest fellows in the house of music who detested "squallery." Most of these afflicted pilgrims to the London Conservatory were engaged upon the business of the Goddess richly inspiring the Heliconian choir, but rendering the fountain-waters heady. Here they had to be, if they would enjoy the spectacle of London's biggest and choicest bouquet: and in them, too, there was an unattached air during Potts's cooling discourse of Turf and Tables, except when he tossed them a morsel of tragedy, or the latest joke, not yet past the full gallop on its course. Their sparkle was transient; woman had them fast. Compelled to think of them as not serious members of our group, he assisted at the crush-room exit, and the happy riddance of the beautiful cousins dedicated to the merry London midnight's further pastures.

Fleetwood's word was extracted, that he would visit the "palazzo" within a couple of hours.

Potts exclaimed: "Good! you promise. Hang me, if I don't think it's the only certain thing a man can depend upon in this world."

He left the Earl and Gower Woodseer to their lunatic talk. He still had his ideas about the association of the pair. "Hard-headed player of his own game, that Woodseer, spite of his Mumbo-Jumbo-oracle kind of talk."

Mallard's turn of luck downward to the deadly drop had come under Potts's first inspection of the table. Admiring his friend's audacity, deploring his rashness, reproving his persistency, Potts allowed his verdict to go by results; for it was clear that Mallard and Fortune were in opposition. Something like real awe of the tremendous encounter kept him from a plunge or a bet.

Mallard had got the vertigo, he reported the gambler's launch on dementedness to the Earl. Gower's less experienced optics perceived it. The plainly doomed duellist with the insensible Black Goddess offered her all the advantages of the Immortals challenged by flesh. His effort to smile was a line cut awry in wood; his big eyes were those of a cat for sociability; he looked cursed, and still he wore the smile. In this condition the gambler runs to emptiness of everything he was, his money, his heart, his brains, like a coal-truck on the incline of the rails to a collier.

Mallard applied to the Earl for a loan of fifty guineas. He had them and lost them, and he came, not begging, blustering for a second supply; quite in the wrong tone, Potts knew. Fleetwood said: "Back it with pistols, Brosey;" and, as Potts related subsequently, "Old Brosey had the look of a staked horse."

Fortune and he having now closed the struggle, perforce of his total disarmament, he regained the wits we forfeit when we engage her. He said to his friend Chummy: "Abrane to-morrow? Ah, yes, punts a Thames waterman. Start of—how many yards? Sunbury-Walton: good reach. Course of two miles: Braney in good training. Straight business? I mayn't be there. But you, Chummy, you mind, old Chums, all cases of the kind, safest back the professional. Unless — you understand?"

Fleetwood could not persuade Gower to join the party. The philosopher's pretext of much occupation masked a bashfully sentimental dislike of the flooding of quiet country places by the city's hordes. "You're right, right," said Fleetwood, in sympathy, resigned to the prospect of despising his associates without a handy helper. He named Esslemont once, shot up a look at the sky, and glanced it eastward.

Three coaches were bound for Sunbury from a common starting-point at nine of the morning. Lord Fleetwood, Lord Brailstone, and Lord Simon Pitscrew were the whips. Two hours in advance of them, the Earl's famous purveyors of picnic feasts bowled along to pitch the riverside tent and spread the

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tables. Our upper and lower London world reported the Earl as out on another of his expeditions; and say what we will, we must think kindly of a wealthy nobleman ever to the front to enliven the town's dusty eyes and increase Old England's reputation for pre-eminence in the sports. He is the husband of the Whitechapel Countess—got himself into that mess; but whatever he does, he puts the stamp of style on it. He and the thing he sets his hand to, they're neat, they're finished, they're fitted to trot together, and they're a shining polish, natural, like a lily of the fields; or say, nature and art, like the coat of a thoroughbred led into the paddock by his groom, if you're of that mind.

Present at the start in Piccadilly, Gower took note of Lord Fleetwood's military promptitude to do the work he had no taste for, and envied the self-compression which could assume so pleasant an air. He heard here and there crisp comments on his lordship's coach and horses and personal smartness; the word "style," which reflects handsomely on the connoisseur conferring it, and the question whether one of the ladies up there was the Countess. His task of unearthing and disentangling the monetary affairs of "one of the ladies" compelled the wish to belong to the party soon to be towering out of the grasp of bricks, and delightfully gay, spirited, quick for fun. A fellow, he thought, may brood upon Nature, but the real children of Nature—or she loves them best—are those who have the careless chatter, the ready laugh, bright welcome for a holiday. In catching the hour we are surely the bloom of the hour? Why, yes, and no need to lose the rosy wisdom of the children when we wrap ourselves in the patched old cloak of the man's.

On he went to his conclusions; but the Dame will have none of them, though here was a creature bent on masonry-work in his act of thinking, to build a travellers'-rest for thinkers behind him; while the volatile were simply breaking their bubbles.

He was discontented all day, both with himself and the sentences he coined. A small street-boy, at his run along the pavement nowhither, distanced him altogether in the race for the great secret; precipitating the thought that the conscious are too heavily handicapped. The unburdened unconscious win the goal. Ay, but they leave no legacy. So we must fret and stew, and look into ourselves, and seize the brute and scourge him, just to make one serviceable step forward; that is, utter a single sentence worth the pondering for guidance.

Gower imagined the fun upon middle Thames; the vulcan face of Captain Abrane; the cries of his backers, the smiles of the ladies, Lord Fleetwood's happy style in the teeth of tattle—an Aurora's chariot for overriding it. One might hope, might almost see, that he was coming to his better senses on a certain subject. As for style overriding the worst of indignities, has not Scotia given her poet to the slack dependent of the gallows-tree, who so rantingly played his jig and wheeled it round in the shadow of that institution? Style was his, he hit on the right style to top the situation, and perpetually will he slip his head out of the noose to dance the poet's verse.

In fact, style is the mantle of greatness; and say that the greatness is beyond our reach, we may at least pray to have the mantle.

Strangest of fancies, most unphilosophically Gower conceived a woman's love as that which would bestow the gift upon a man so bare of it as he. Where was the woman? He embraced the idea of the sex, and found it resolving to a form of one. He stood humbly before the one, and she waned into swarms of her sisters. So did she charge him with the loving of her sex, not her. And could it be denied, if he wanted a woman's love just to give him a style? No, not that, but to make him feel proud of himself. That was the heart's way of telling him a secret in owning to a weakness. Within it the one he had thought of forthwith obtained her lodgement. He discovered this truth, in this roundabout way, and knew it a truth by the warm fireside glow the contemplation of her cast over him.

Dining alone, as he usually had to do, he was astonished to see the Earl enter his room.

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"Ah, you always make the right choice!" Fleetwood said, and requested him to come to the library when he had done eating.

Gower imagined an accident. A metallic ring was in the Earl's voice.

One further mouthful finished dinner, for Gower was anxious concerning the ladies. He joined the Earl and asked.

"Safe? Oh, yes. We managed to keep it from them," said Fleetwood. "Nothing particular, perhaps you'll think. Poor devil of a fellow! Father and mother alive too! He did it out of hearing, that's one merit. Mallard: Ambrose Mallard. He has blown his brains out."

Seated plunged in the arm-chair, with stretched legs and eyes at the black fire-grate, Fleetwood told of the gathering under the tent, and Mallard seen, seen drinking champagne; Mallard no longer seen, not missed.

"He killed himself three fields off. He must have been careful to deaden the sound. Small pocket-pistol hardly big enough to—but anything serves. Couple of brats came running up to Chummy Potts: — 'Gentleman's body bloody in a ditch.' Chummy came to me, and we went. Clean dead: in the mouth, pointed up; hole through the top of the skull. We're crockery! crockery! I had to keep Chummy standing. I couldn't bring him back to our party. We got help at a farm; the body lies there. And that's not the worst. We found a letter to me in his pocket pencilled—his last five minutes. I don't see what he could have done except to go. I can't tell you more. I had to keep my face, rowing and driving back. 'But where is Mr. Potts? Where can Mr. Mallard be?' Queer sensation, to hear the ladies ask! Give me your hand."

The Earl squeezed Gower's hand an instant; and it was an act unknown for him to touch or bear a touch; it said a great deal.

Late at night he mounted to Gower's room. The funeral of the day's impressions had not been shaken off. He kicked at it and sank under it as his talk rambled. "Add five thousand," he commented on the spread of Livia's papers over the table. "I've been having an hour with her. Two thousand more, she says. Better multiply by two and a half for a woman's confession. We have to trust to her for some of the debts of honor. See her in the morning. No one masters her but you. Mind, the first to be clear of must be St. Ombre. I like the fellow; but these Frenchmen—they don't spare women. Ambrose," the Earl's eyelids quivered, "jealousy fired that shot. Quite groundless. She's cool as a marble Venus, as you said. Go straight from her house to Esslemont. I don't plead a case. Make the best account you can of it. Say . . . you may say my eyes are opened. I respect her. If you think that says little, say more. It can't mean more. Whatever the Countess of Fleetwood may think due to her, let her name it. Say, my view of life, way of life, everything in me, has changed. I shall follow you. I don't expect to march over the ground. She has a heap to forgive. Her father owns or boasts, in that book of his Rose Mackrell lent me, he never forgave an injury."

Gower helped the quotation, rubbing his hands over it, for cover of his glee at the words he had been hearing. "Never forgave an injury without a return blow for it. The blow forgives. Good for the enemy to get it. He called his hearty old Pagan custom, 'action of the lungs' with him. And it's not in nature for injuries to digest in us. They poison the blood, if we try. But, then, there's a manner of hitting back. It is not to go an inch beyond the exact measure, Captain Kirby warns us."

Fleetwood sighed down to a low groan.

"Lord Feltre would have an answer for you. She's a wife; and a wife hitting back is not a pleasant—well, petticoats make the difference. If she's for amends, she shall exact them; and she may be hard to satisfy, she shall have her full revenge. Call it by any other term you like. I did her a wrong. I don't defend myself; it's not yet in the law-courts. I beg to wipe it out, rectify it—choose your phrase: to the very fullest. I look for the alliance with her to . . ."

He sprang up and traversed the

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room: "We're all guilty of mistakes at starting: I speak of men. Women are protected; and if they're not, there's the convent for them, Feltre says. But a man has to live it on before the world; and this life, with these poor flies of fellows . . . I fell into it in some way. Absolutely like the first bird I shot as a youngster, and stood over the battered head and bloody feathers, wondering! There was Ambrose Mallard—the same splintered bones—blood—come to his end; and for a woman; that woman the lady bearing the title of half-mother to me. God help me! what are my sins? She feels nothing, or about as much as the mortuary paragraph of the newspapers, for the dead man; and I have Ambrose Mallard's look at her and St. Ombre talking together, before he left the tent to cross the fields. Borrow, beg, or steal for money to play for her! and not a glimpse of the winning-post. St. Ombre's a cool player: that's at the bottom of the story. He's cool because Play doesn't bite him, as it did Ambrose. I should say the other passion has never bitten him. And he's alive and presentable; Ambrose under a sheet with Chummy Potts to watch. Chummy cried like a brat in the street for his lost mammy. I left him crying and sobbing. They have their feelings, these 'children of vapors,' as you call them. But how did I fall into the line with a set I despised? She had my opinion of her gamblers, and retorted, that young Cressett's turn for the fling is my doing: I can't swear it's not. There's one of my sins. What's to wipe them out? She has a tender feeling for the boy; confessed she wanted governing. Why, she's young, in a way. She has that particular vice of Play. She might be managed. Here's a lesson for her! Don't you think she might? the right man? the man she can respect, fancy incorruptible. He must let her see he has an eye for Tricks. She's not responsible for—his mad passion was the cause, cause of everything he did. The kind of woman to send the shaft. You call her 'Diana Seated.' You said, 'She doesn't hunt, she sits and lets fly her arrow.' Well, she showed feeling for young Cressett, and her hit at me was an answer. It struck me on the mouth. But she's an eternal anxiety. A man she respects! A man to govern her!"

Fleetwood hurried his paces. "I couldn't have allowed poor Ambrose. Besides, he had not a chance—never had in anything. It wants a head; wants the man who can say no to her. 'The Reveller's Aurora,' you called her. She has her beauty, yes. She respects you. I should be relieved—a load off me! Tell her, all debts paid; fifty thousand invested, in her name and her husband's. Tell her, speak it, there's my consent—if only the man to govern her! She has it from me, but repeat it, *as from me*. That sum and her portion would make a fair income for the two. Relieved? by heaven, what a relief! Go early. Coach to Esslemont at eleven. Do my work there. I haven't to repeat my directions. I shall present myself two days after. I wish Lady Fleetwood to do the part of hostess at Calesford. Tell her I depute you to kiss my son for me. Now I leave you. Good-night. I sha'n't sleep. I remember your saying, 'Bad visions come *under* the eyelids.' I shall keep mine open, and read. Her father's book of the Maxims—I generally find two or three at a dip to stimulate. No wonder she venerates him. That sort of progenitor is your 'permanent aristocracy!' Hard enemy. She must have some of her mother in her, too. Abuse me to her, admit the justice of reproaches, but say, reason, good feeling, I needn't grind at it. Say, I respect her. Advise her to swallow the injury—not intended for insult. I don't believe anything higher than respect can be offered to a woman. No defence of me to her, but I'll tell *you*, that when I undertook to keep my word with her, I plainly said—never mind; good-night. If we meet in the morning let this business rest until it's done. I must drive to help poor Chums and see about the inquest."

Fleetwood nodded from the doorway. Gower was left with humming ears.

CHAPTER XXXIX

A RECORD OF MINOR INCIDENTS

THEY went to their beds doomed to lie and roam as the solitaries of a sleepless night. They met next day like a

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couple emerging from sirocco deserts, indisposed for conversation or even short companionship, much of the night's dry turmoil in their heads. Each would have preferred the sight of an enemy; and it was hardly concealed by them, for they inclined to regard one another as the author of their infernal passage through the drear night's wilderness.

Fleetwood was the civiller; his immediate prospective duties being clear, however abhorrent. But he had inflicted a monstrous disturbance on the man he meant, in his rash, decisive way, to elevate, if not benefit. Gower's imagination, foreign to his desires and his projects, was playing juggler's tricks with him, dramatizing upon hypotheses, which mounted in stages and could pretend to be soberly conceivable, assuming that the Earl's wild hints overnight were a credible basis. He transported himself to his first view of the Countess Livia, the fountain of similes born of his prostrate adoration, close upon the invasion and capture of him by the combined liqueurs in the giddy Baden lights; and joining the Arabian magic in his breast at the time with the more than magical reality now proposed as a sequel to it, he entered the land where dreams confess they are outstripped by revelations.

Yet it startled him to hear the Earl say: "You'll get audience at ten; I've arranged; make the most of the situation to her. I refuse help. I foresee it's the only way of solving this precious puzzle. You do me and every one of us a service past paying. Not a man of her set worth. She—but you'll stop it; no one else can. Of course, you've had your breakfast. Off, and walk yourself into a talkative mood, as you tell me you do."

"One of the things I do when I've nobody to hear," said Gower, speculating whether the black sprite in this young nobleman was for sending him as a rod to scourge the lady: an ingenious device that smelt of mediæval courts, and tickled his humor.

"Will she listen?" he said, gravely.

"She will listen; she has not to learn you admire. You admit she has helped to trim and polish, and the rest. She declares you're incorruptible. There's the ground open. I fling no single sovereign more into that quicksand, and I want not one word further on the subject. I follow you to Esslemont. Pray, go."

Fleetwood pushed into the hall. A footman was ordered to pack and deposit Mr. Woodseer's portmanteau at the coach office.

"The principal point is to make sure we have all the obligations," Gower said.

"You know the principal point," said the Earl. "Relieve me."

He faced to the opening street-door. Lord Feltre stood in the framing of it; a welcome sight. The "monastic man of fashion," of Gower's phrase for him, entered crooning condolences, with a stretched waxen hand for his friend, a partial nod for Nature's worshipper—inefficient at any serious issue of our human affairs, as the Earl would now discover.

Gower left the two young noblemen to their greetings. Happily for him, philosophy, in the present instance, after a round of profundities, turned her lantern upon the comic aspect of his errand. Considering the Countess Livia, and himself, and the tyrant, who benevolently and providently, or sardonically, hurled them to their interview, the situation was comic, certainly, in the sense of its being an illumination of this life's odd developments. For thus had things come about, that, if it were possible even to think of the lady's condescending, he, thanks to the fair one he would see before evening, was armed and proof against his old infatuation or any renewal of it. And he had been taught to read through the beautiful twilighted woman, as if she were burnt paper held at the fire consuming her. His hopes hung elsewhere. Nevertheless, an intellectual demon-imp, very lively, in his head, urged him to speculate on such a contest between them, and weigh the engaging forces. Difficulties were perceived, the scornful laughter on her side was plainly heard; but his feeling of savage mastery, far from beaten down, swelled so as to become irritable for the trial; and when he was near her house, he held a review of every personal disadvantage he could summon, incited by

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an array of limping deficiencies that flattered their arrogant leader with ideas of the power he had in spite of them.

The Dame will have naught of an interview and colloquy not found mentioned in her collection of ballads, concerning a person quite secondary in Dr. Glossop's voluminous papers. She as vehemently prohibits a narrative of Gower Woodseer's proposal some hours later, for the hand of the Countess of Fleetwood's transfixed maid Madge, because of the insignificance of the couple; and though it was a quaint idyll of an affection slowly formed, rationally based while seeming preposterous, tending to bluntly funny utterances on both sides. The girl was a creature of the enthusiasms, and had lifted that passion of her constitution into higher than the worship of sheer physical bravery. She had pitied Mr. Gower Woodseer for his apparently extreme, albeit reverential, devotion to her mistress. The plainly worded terms of his asking a young woman of her position, and her reputation, to marry him, came on her like an intrusion of dazzling day upon the dosed eyelids of the night, requiring time and her mistress's consent, and his father's expressed approval, before she could yield him an answer that might appear as forgetfulness of her station, her ignorance, her damaged character. Gower protested himself, with truth, a spotted pard, an ignoramus, and an outcast of all established classes, as the worshipper of Nature cannot well avoid being.

"But what is it you like me for, Mr. Gower?" Madge longed to know, that she might see a way in the strange land where he had planted her after a whirl; and he replied: "I've thought of you till I can say I love you because you have naturally everything I shoot at."

The vastness of the compliment drove her to think herself empty of anything.

He named courage, and its offspring, honesty, and devotedness, constancy. Her bosom rose at the word.

"Yes, constancy," he repeated; "and growing girls have to 'turn corners,' as you told me once."

"I did?" said she, reddening under a memory, and abashed by his recollection of a moment she knew to have been weak with her, or noisy of herself.

Madge went straightway to her mistress and related her great event, in the tone of a confession of crime. Her mistress's approbation was timidly suggested (rather than besought).

It came on a flood. Carinthia's eyes filled; she exclaimed: "Oh, that good man! He chooses my Madge for wife. She said it; Rebecca said it. Mrs. Wythan saw and said Mr. Woodseer loved my Madge. I hear her saying it. Then, yes, and yes, from me for both your sakes, dear girl. He will have the faithfullest, he will have the kindest. Oh! and I shall know there can be a happy marriage in England."

She summoned Gower; she clasped his hand, to thank him for appreciating her servant and sister, and for the happiness she had in hearing it; and she gazed at him and the laden brows of her Madge alternately, encouraging him to repeat his recital of his pecuniary means for the poetry of the fact it verified, feasting on the sketch of a four-roomed cottage and an agricultural laborer's widow for cook and housemaid; Madge to listen to his compositions of the day in the evening; Madge to praise him, Madge to correct his vanity.

Love was out of the count, but Carinthia's leaping sympathy decorated the baldness of the sketch and spied his features through the daubed mask he chose to wear as a member of the order of husbands, without taking it for his fun. Dry material statements presented the reality she doted to think of. Moreover, the marriage of these two renewed her belief in true marriage, and their intention to unite was evidence of love.

"My journey to England was worth all troubles for the meeting Madge," she said. "I can look with pleasure to that day of my meeting her first—the day: it was then."

She stopped. Madge felt the quivering upward of a whimper to a sob in her breast. She slipped away.

"It's a day that has come round to be repaired, Lady Fleetwood," said Gower. "If you will. Will you not? He has had a blow—the death of a friend, violent death. It has broken him. He wants a month or so in your mountains. I have thought him hard

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to deal with; he is humane. His enormous wealth has been his tempter. Madge and I will owe him our means of livelihood, enough for cottagers, until I carve my way. His feelings are much more independent of his rank than those of most noblemen. He will repeat your kind words to Madge and me; I am sure of it. He has had heavy burdens; he is young, hardly formed yet. He needs a helper; I mean, one allied to him. You forgive me? I left him with a Catholic lord for comforter, who regards my prescript of the study of Nature, when we're in grief, as about the same as an offer of a dish of cold boiled greens. Silver and ivory images are more consoling. Neither he nor I can offer the right thing for Lord Fleetwood. It will be found here. And then your mountains. More than I, nearly as much as you, he has a poet's ardor for mountain-land. He and Mr. Wythan would soon learn to understand one another on that head, if not as to management of mines."

The pleading was crafty, and it was penetrative in its avoidance of stress. Carinthia shook herself to feel moved. The endeavor chilled her to a notion that she was but half alive. She let the question approach her, whether Chillon could pardon Lord Fleetwood. She, with no idea of benignness, might speak pardon's word to him, on a late autumn evening years hence, perhaps, or to his friends to-morrow, if he could considerately keep distant. She was upheld by the thought of her brother's more honorable likeness to their father, in the certainty of his refusal to speak pardon's empty word or touch an offending hand, without their father's warrant for the injury wiped out; and as she had no wish for that to be done, she could anticipate his withholding of the word.

For her brother at wrestle with his fallen fortunes was now the beating heart of Carinthia's mind. Her husband was a shadow there. He did obscure it, and he might annoy, he was unable to see it in motion. He sat there somewhat like Youth's apprehension of Death; the dark spot seen mistily at times through people's tears, or visioned as in an ambush beyond the hills; occasionally challenged to stimulate recklessness; oftener overlooked, acknowledged for the undesired remote of life's conditions, life's evil, fatal, ill-assorted yoke-fellow; and if it was in his power to burst out of his corner and be terrible to her, she could bring up a force unnamed and unmeasured, that being the blood of her father in her veins. Having done her utmost to guard her babe, she said her prayers, she stood for peace or the struggle.

"Does Lord Fleetwood speak of coming here?" she said.

"To-morrow."

"I go to Croridge to-morrow."

"Your ladyship returns?"

"Yes, I return. Mr. Gower, you have fifty minutes before you dress for dinner."

He thought only of the exceeding charity of the intimation; and he may be excused for his not seeing the feminine full answer it was, in an implied, unmeditated contrast. He went gladly to find his new comrade, his flower among grass-blades, the wonderful creature astonishing him and surcharging his world by setting her face at him, opening her breast to him, breathing a young man's word of words from a woman's mouth. His flower among grass-blades for a head looking studiously down, she was his fountain of wisdom as well, in the assurance she gave him of the wisdom of his choice.

But Madge had put up the "prize-fighter's lass," by way of dolly defence, to cover her amazed confusion when the proposal of this well-liked gentleman to a girl such as she sounded Churchy. He knocked it over easily; it left, however, a bee at his ear and an itch to transfer the buzzer's attentions and tease his darling; for she had betrayed herself as right good game. Nor is there happier promise of life-long domestic enlivenment for a prescient man of letters than he has in the contemplation of a pretty face showing the sensitiveness to the sting, which is not allowed to poison her temper, and is short of fetching tears. The dear innocent girl gave this pleasing promise; moreover, she could be twisted to laugh at herself, just a little. Now, the young woman who can do that has already jumped the hedge into the high-

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road of philosophy, and may become a philosopher's mate in its byways, where the minute discoveries are the notable treasures.

They had their ramble, agreeable to both, despite the admonitory dose administered to one of them. They might have been espied at a point or two from across the park-palings ; their laughter would have caught an outside pedestrian's hearing. Whatever the case, Owain Wythan, riding down off Croridge, big with news of her brother for the Countess, dined at her table, and walking up the lane to the Esslemont Arms on a moonless night, to mount his horse, pitched against an active, and as it was deemed by Gower's observation of his eyes, a scientific fist. The design to black them finely was attributable to the dyeing accuracy of the stroke. A single blow had done it. Mr. Wythan's watch and purse were untouched ; and a second look at the swollen blind peepers led Gower to surmise that they were, in the calculation of the striker, his own.

He walked next day to the Royal Sovereign Inn. There he came upon the Earl driving his phaeton. Fleetwood jumped down, and Gower told of the mysterious incident, as the chief thing he had to tell, not rendering it so mysterious in his narrative style. He had the art of indicating darkly.

"Ines, you mean?" Fleetwood cried, and he appeared as nauseated and perplexed as he felt. Why should Ines assault Mr. Wythan? It happened that the pugilist's patron had, within the last fifteen minutes, driven past a certain thirty-acre meadow, sight of which on his way to Carinthia had stirred him. He had even then an idea of his old deeds dogging him to bind him, every one of them, the smallest.

"But you've nothing to go by," he said. "Why guess at this rascal more than another?"

Gower quoted Mrs. Rundles and the ostler for witnesses to Kit's visit yesterday to the Royal Sovereign, though Kit shunned the bar of the Esslemont Arms.

"I guess pretty clearly, because I suspect he was hanging about and saw me and Madge together."

"Consolations for failures in town?—by the way you are complimented, and I don't think you deserved it. However, there was just the chance to stop a run to perdition. But, Madge? Madge? I'd swear to the girl!"

"Not so hard as I," said Gower, and spoke of the oath to come between the girl and him.

Fleetwood's dive into the girl's eyes drew her before him. He checked a spirt of exclamations.

"You fancy the brute had a crack for revenge and mistook his man?"

"That's what I want her ladyship to know," said Gower.

"How could you have let her hear of it?"

"Nothing can be concealed from her."

The Earl was impressionable to the remark, in his disgust at the incident. It added a touch of a new kind of power to her image.

"She's aware of my coming?"

"To-day or to-morrow."

They scaled the phaeton and drove.

"You undervalue Lord Feltre. You avoid your adversaries," Fleetwood now rebuked his hearer. "It's an easy way to have the pull of them in your own mind. You might learn from him. He's willing for controversy. Nature-worship or 'aboriginal genuflexion,' he calls it ; Anglicanism, Methodism ; he stands to engage them. It can't be doubted that in days of trouble he has a Faith 'stout as a rock, with an oracle in it,' as he says ; and he's right—'men who go into battle require a rock to back them or staff to lean on.' You have your 'secret,' you think ; as far as I can see, it's to keep you from going into any form of battle."

The new influence at work on the young nobleman was evident, if only in the language used.

Gower answered mildly : "That can hardly be said of a man who's going to marry."

"Perhaps not. Lady Fleetwood is aware?"

"Lady Fleetwood does me the honor to approve my choice."

"You mean, you're dead on to it with this girl?"

"For a year and more."

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"Fond of her?"

"All my heart."

"In love?"

"Yes, in love. The proof of it is, I've asked her now I can support her as a cottager leaning on the Three Per Cents."

"Well, it helps you to a human kind of talk. It carries out your theories. I never disbelieved in your honesty. The wisdom's another matter. Did you ever tell anyone that there's not an act of a man's life lies dead behind him but it is blessing or cursing him every step he takes?"

"By that," rejoined Gower, "I can say Lord Feltre proves there's wisdom in the truisms of devoutness."

He thought the Catholic lord had gone a step or two to catch an eel.

Fleetwood was looking on the backward of his days, beholding a melancholy sunset, with a grimace in it.

"Lord Feltre might show you the 'leanness of Philosophy;'—you would learn from hearing him:—'an old gnawed bone for the dog that chooses to be no better than a dog.'"

"The vertiginous roast haunch is recommended," Gower said.

"See a higher than your own head, good sir. But, hang the man! he manages to hit on the thing he wants." Fleetwood set his face at Gower with cutting heartiness. "In love, you say: and Madge: and mean it to be the holy business! Well, poor old Chummy always gave you credit for knowing how to play your game. She has given proof she's a good girl. I don't see why it shouldn't end well. That attack on the Welshman's the bad look-out. Explained, if you like, but women's impressions won't get explained away. We must down on our knees or they. Her ladyship attentive at all to affairs of the house?"

"Every day with Queeney; at intervals with Leddings."

"Excellent! You speak like a fellow recording the devout observances of a great dame with her minor and superior ecclesiastical comforters. Regular at church?"

"Her ladyship goes."

"A woman without religion, Gower Woodseer, is a weed on the water, or she's hard as nails. We shall see. Generally, Madge and the youngster parade the park at this hour. I drive round to the stables. Go in and offer your version of that rascally dog's trick. It seems the nearest we can come at. He's a sot, and drunken dogs 'll do anything. I've had him on my hands, and I've got the stain of him."

They trotted through Esslemont park-gates. "I've got that place, Calesford, on my hands, too," the Earl said, suddenly moved to a liking for his Kentish home.

He and Gower were struck by a common thought of the extraordinary burdens his indulgence in impulses drew upon him. Present circumstances pictured to Gower the opposing weighed and matured good reason for his choosing Madge, and he complimented himself in his pity for the Earl. But Fleetwood, as he reviewed a body of acquaintances perfectly free from the wretched run in harness, though they had their fits and their whims, was pushed to the conclusion that fatalism marked his particular course through life.

He could not hint at such an idea to the unsympathetic fellow, or rather, the burly antagonist to anything of the sort, beside him. Lord Feltre would have understood and appreciated it instantly. Where is aid to be had if we have the Fates against us? Feltre knew the Power, he said; was an example of "the efficacy of supplications;" he had been "fatally driven to find the Power, and had found it—on the road to Rome, of course; not a delectable road for an English nobleman, except that the noise of another convert in pilgrimage on it would deal our English world a lively smack, the very stroke that heavy body wants. But the figure of a "monastic man of fashion" was antipathetic to the Earl, and he flouted an English Protestant mass merely because of his being highly individual, and therefore revolutionary for the minority.

He cast his bitter cud aside. "My man should have arrived. Lady Fleetwood at home?"

Gower spoke of her having gone to Croridge in the morning.

"Has she taken the child?"

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"She has, yes, for the air of the heights."

"For greater security. Lady Arpington praises the thoughtful mother. I rather expected to see the child."

"They can't be much later," Gower supposed.

"You don't feel your long separation from 'the object'?"

Letting him have his cushion for pins, Gower said: "It needs all my philosophy."

He was pricked and probed for the next five minutes; not bad rallying, the Earl could be smart when he smarted. Then they descended the terrace to meet Lady Fleetwood driving her pony-trap. She gave a brief single nod to the salute of her lord, quite in the town-lady's manner, surprisingly.

(To be continued.)

MR. STEVENSON'S HOME LIFE AT VAILIMA

By Lloyd Osbourne

THREE miles behind Apia, on a rising plateau that stands some seven hundred feet above the ocean level, lie the house and grounds of Vailima. "I have chosen the land to be my land, the people to be my people, to live and die with," said Mr. Stevenson, in his speech to the Samoan chiefs, and his great lonely house beneath Vaea Mountain, the fruit of so much love, thought, and patient labor, will never lose the world's interest, nor fail to be a spot of pious pilgrimage, so long as his books endure and his exile be unforgotten. For Stevenson was an exile; he knew he would never see his native land again when the steamer carried him down the Thames; he knew he had turned his back forever on the Old World, which had come to mean no more to him than shattered health, shattered hopes, a life of gray invalidism, tragic to recall. Whatever the future held in store for him, he knew it could be no worse than what he was leaving, that living death of the sick-room, the horror of which he never dared put to paper. I can remember the few minutes allowed him each day in the open air when the thin sunshine of South England permitted; his despairing face, the bitterness of the soul too big for words when this little liberty was perforce refused him. I recall him saying: "I do not ask for health, but I will go anywhere, live anywhere I can enjoy the ordinary existence of a human being." I used to remind him of that when at times his Samoan exile lay heavy upon him, and his eyes turned longingly to home and to those friends he would never see again.

I will say nothing of the voyaging, of the long, dim winter in the Adirondack wilderness, of the various chain of events that carried him into the southern seas and a new life. His health began to return at once; at the end of the second cruise in the schooner Equator, he even dared to think of returning home, and went to the length of engaging cabins in the mail steamer. But even the mild and pleasant climate of New South Wales, so like that of Italy or southern California, proved too harsh for his new-born strength, and a severe illness overwhelmed him on the eve of his departure. The vessel sailed without him, and he was no sooner able to walk than he returned to the islands in the private trading steamer of one of his friends. He grew well immediately, and began to recognize the hopelessness of quitting the only spot that offered him a degree of health; and when the cruise was done and the vessel paid off in Sydney, he returned to Samoa in order to make his home.

Unbroken forest covered Vailima when first we saw it; not the forest of the temperate zone with its varied glades and open spaces, but the thick tangle of the tropics, dense, dark, and cold in even the hottest day, where one must walk cutlass in hand to slash the lianas and the red-edged stinging leaves of a certain tree that continually

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bar one's path. The murmur of streams and cascades fell sometimes upon our ears as we wandered in the deep shade, and mingled with the cooing of wild doves and the mysterious, haunting sound of a native woodpecker at work. Our Chinaman, who was with us on this first survey, busied himself with taking samples of the soil, and grew almost incoherent with the richness of what he called the "dirty." We, for our part, were no less enchanted with what we saw, and could realize, as we forced our way through the thickets and skirted the deep ravines, what a noble labor lay before our axes, what exquisite views and glorious gardens could be carved out of the broken mountain-side and the sullen forest.

The land was bought, a half square mile of forest-clad plateau, ravine, and mountain. Years passed in health-resorts and crowded cities made Mr. Stevenson greedy of land-owning when the opportunity came to him; no row of villas in the uncertain future should mar his vistas of the sea nor press their back gardens into his plantation. In this, it must be confessed, he saw far ahead, for poor, distracted, war-worn Samoa has not encouraged the villa-resident as yet, and the primeval forest that stretches from Vailima across the island to the shores beyond knows nothing of the ringing axe or the thunder of falling trees.

A rough shanty was built, a pony bought, a German in decayed circumstances engaged as cook, and Mr. Stevenson took up his quarters in the first clearing and began pioneer life with an undaunted heart. For months he lived in a most distracting fashion, and threw himself with ardor into the work of felling, clearing, and opening up his acres to cultivation. Gangs of Samoans were busy the whole day long, and the rough, overgrown path from town flattened beneath the tread of many feet. Planks and scantling lined it for upward of a mile, representing the various stages of his industry and the various misfortunes that had overtaken the noble savage in its labors. The little leisure of the planter was spent in studying the language, in teaching his overseer English, decimals, and history, after the harassing hours of the day, and in acquainting himself first hand with the amazing inconsistencies that make up the Samoan character.

The new house was built; I arrived from England with the furniture, the library, and other effects of our old home; the phase of hard work and short commons passed gradually away, and a form of hollow comfort dawned upon us. I say hollow comfort, for though we began to accumulate cows, horses, and the general apparatus of civilized life, the question of service became a vexing one. An expensive German cooked our meals and quarrelled with the white housemaid; the white overseer said "that manual labor was the one thing that never agreed with him," and that it was an unwholesome thing for a man to be awakened in the early morning, "for one ought to wake up natural-like," he explained. The white carter "couldn't bear with niggers," and though he did his work well and faithfully, he helped to demoralize the place and loosen discipline. Everything was at sixes and sevens, when, on the occasion of Mrs. Stevenson's going to Fiji for a few months' rest, my sister and I took charge of affairs. The expensive German was bidden to depart; Mr. Stevenson discharged the carter; the white overseer (who was tied to us by contract) was bought off in cold coin, to sleep out his "natural sleep" under a kindlier star and to engage himself (presumably) in intellectual labors elsewhere. There are two sides to "white slavery"—that cherished expression of the labor agitator—and with the departure of our tyrants we began again to raise our diminished heads. My sister and I threw ourselves into the kitchen, and took up the labor of cooking with zeal and determination; the domestic boundaries proved too narrow for our new-found energies, and we overflowed into the province of entertainment, with decorated menus, silver-plate and finger-bowls! The aristocracy of Apia was pressed to lunch with us, to commend our independence and — to eat our biscuits. It was a French Revolution in miniature; we danced the carmignole in the kitchen

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and were prepared to conquer the Samoan social world. One morning, before the ardor and zest of it all had time to be dulled by custom, I happened to discover a young and very handsome Samoan on our back veranda. He was quite a dandified youngster, with a red flower behind his ear and his hair limed in the latest fashion. I liked his open, attractive face and his unembarrassed manner, and inquired what propitious fate had brought him to sit upon our ice-chest and radiate good nature on our back porch. It seemed that Simele, the overseer, owed him two Chile dollars, and that he was here, bland, friendly, but insistent, to collect the debt in person. That Simele would not be back for hours in no way daunted him, and he seemed prepared to swing his brown legs and show his white teeth for a whole eternity.

"Chief," I said, a sudden thought striking me, "you are he that I have been looking for so long. You are going to stay in Vailima and be our cook!"

"But I don't know how to cook," he replied.

"That is no matter," I said. "Two months ago I was as you; to-day I am a splendid cook. I will teach you my skill."

"But I don't want to learn," he said, and brought back the conversation to Chile dollars.

"There is no good making excuses," I said. "This is a psychological moment in the history of Vailima. You are the Man of Destiny."

"But I haven't my box," he expostulated.

"I will send for it," I returned. "I would not lose you for twenty boxes. If you need clothes, why there stands my own chest; flowers grow in profusion and the oil-bottle rests never empty beside my humble bed; and in the hot hours of the afternoon there is the beautifullest pool where one can bathe and wash one's lovely hair. Moreover, so generous are the regulations of Tusitala's government that his children receive weekly large sums of money, and they are allowed on Sundays to call their friends to this elegant house and entertain them with salt beef and biscuit."

Thus was Taalolo introduced into the Vailima kitchen, never to leave it for four years save when the war-drum called him to the front with a six-shooter and a "death-tooth"—the Samoan war-cutlass or head-knife. He became in time not only an admirable chef, but the nucleus of the whole native establishment and the loyalest of all our Samoan family. His coming was the turning-point in the history of the house; we had achieved independence of our white masters, and their discontented white faces had disappeared one by one. Honest brown ones now took their places, and we gained more than good servants by the change.

Samoans live in a loose, patriarchal fashion. With them, as with most barbarians, the family is everything, and the immediate head of it the unit of the country. Moreover, the easy system of adoption that prevails throughout, and the bounty of Nature that makes food-getting more of a pastime than a labor, allows the Samoan to pass from one family to another practically at will. There is a single word in the dictionary that contains a world of meaning—a man that works hard for a short time and then grows lazy—"as applied to a stranger entering a new family."

Naturally it came to pass in Vailima that a new family was started, with Mr. Stevenson for its house-chief, and the tradition of devotion and service transferred bodily from Samoan life into our own. None knew better than Mr. Stevenson, a Celt and a Scotchman, how to foster and encourage this innovation, and our family soon began to acquire a status in the land. The Stuart tartan kilt, our uniform on high days and holidays, became a thing of pride to the wearer and the badge of his high connection, and the "mamalu" or prestige of Vailima was to be supported and upheld by every son of the house. Truth suffered occasionally at the hands of the more zealous, and I can trace many misstatements and exaggerations that have crept into print to the misguided though laudable ardor of our clansmen. A friend aptly described Vailima as "an Irish castle of 1820 minus the dirt." It

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must be remembered that the better class of Samoans are gentlefolk, and are undistinguishable, so far as good manners, good breeding and tact are concerned, from the ordinary man of the world of our own country. No Spaniard is more punctilious in matters of etiquette, no German prouder of his long pedigree, than these handsome and stalwart barbarians ; and their language is even enriched by a whole vocabulary of courtesy with which every chief must be familiar. In fact, the rudeness, boorishness, and pretentiousness of many whites is often sharply criticised and condemned.

In number the Vailima family varied from thirteen to twenty-one, a picked lot of young men that for physique, good manners, obedience, and manliness it would be hard to match in any country. It must be said that Mr. Stevenson's methods of discipline had much to do with this favorable result. Unquestioning and absolute obedience was insisted upon ; no order once given was ever altered or modified, and the singular and unforeseen partiality of Samoans (the most casual of mankind) for system, for an ordered and regulated existence, for a harness of daily routine, was taken advantage of to the fullest degree. Every man had his work outlined for him in advance, and several even possessed type-written lists of their various duties. Little proclamations and notices were often posted up in order to correct petty irregularities, and to define the responsibility and authority of each member of the household. For breaches of discipline, untruthfulness, absence without leave, etc., money fines were imposed with rigorous impartiality, and for more serious offences a regular court martial was held. No one was ever fined without his first assenting to the justice of the punishment, and the culprit was always given the option of receiving his money in full, and being dismissed the place. A leaf, too, was taken with advantage from the old Naval Regulations, and no man was ever punished the same day of the offence. The fines themselves went into the coffers of the rival missionary societies, Protestant or Roman Catholic, according to the creed of the involuntary donor. A lecture often fell to the lot of the wrong-doer that he relished even less than the penalty of his offence, and the summing up of an important "suega" or trial was always listened to in breathless silence by the members of the household. It ran usually to something of this sort :

"Fiaali'i, you have confessed that you stole the cooked pigs, the taro, the palusamis, the breadfruit, and fish that fell to Vailima's portion at the great feast. Your wish to eat was greater than your wish to be a gentleman. You have shown a bad heart and your sin is a great one, not alone for the pigs which count as naught, but because you have been false to your family. Even a German black-boy that knows not God and whom you despise, would not have done what you have done. It is easy to say that you are sorry, that you wish you were dead : but that is no answer. We have lost far more than a few dozen baskets of food ; we have lost our trust in you, which used to be so great, our confidence in your loyalty and high-chiefness. See how many bad things have resulted from your sin ! First, you have told many lies and have tried to screen your wickedness by a trick, saying that five baskets was all the feast apportioned to us, thus bringing shame on the gentleman who gave it. Secondly, you persuaded T'i'a, Tulafono, and Satupaiala to join in your conspiracy, which they did not wish to do at first, they being like Eve in the garden and you the serpent. You have hurt all our hearts here, not because of the pigs, but because we are ashamed and mortified before the world. If this thing gets spoken of and carried from house to house, we shall be ashamed to walk along the road, for people will mock at us, and the name of Vailima will not be fragrant. Then if it reaches the ears of the great chiefs that treated us so handsomely, are we to say : "Be not angry, gentlemen, four of our family are thieves ; their respect and love for me is great, but their wish to eat pig is greater still !" There are great sins that are easily forgiven : there are others that are hard to pardon. It is better to obey a strong and angry heart than to obey

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the belly. *I* am not your father; *I* am not your chief. The belly is *your* chief! But God has not given all my children bad hearts. Look at Leupolu. He was not like T'i'a, Tulafono, and Satupaiala; he was a brave man, though he was only one and you so many. He said you were doing a wicked thing; he would not surrender his burden of food, nor did the fear of ghosts prevent him coming home in the dark. For if a man is brave in uprightness he is brave in all other ways. But Leupolu loved his family more than his belly. And when he came home he did not make a great cry, nor did he tell the story of your wickedness. He went about with a sad face and said nothing, for he was like myself, angry but sorrowful. He will be rewarded for his love with a new kilt and a suitable jacket. Ti'a, Tulafono, and Satupaiala are each fined two dollars. Fiaali'i, you are fined thirty dollars to be paid in weekly instalments. When the whole thirty-six dollars is ready it will be handed you, and you will make us a great feast here in Vailima by way of atonement, and for every pig there shall be two pigs, and for every taro, two taro, and so on and more also. You shall be the host, but you shall call none of your friends to the feast, nor Ti'a, Tulafono, nor Satupaiala, but the others shall invite *their* friends. Then you will be forgiven and this thing forgotten. We live only by the high-chief-will of God, nor must we be cruel to one another when the High-Chief-Son of God is so good to us all. One word must still be said. Let the story of this wicked business be buried in your hearts, lest strangers talk of it. Fiaali'i and the others have been tried and punished, and their penalties must not be increased by mockery or reproaches. Think of your own sins and hold your peace. This trial is finished. Sosimo, Mitaele, and Pulu will make 'ava for us all, and it will be called on the front veranda."

But Mr. Stevenson was not only the judge in the household, the meter out of punishments and rewards; he was the real "matai" or head of the family, and was always ready, no matter how busy he might be, or how much immersed in literary work, to turn a friendly ear to the plaints of his people. He was consulted on every imaginable subject, and all manner of petty persecutions and petty injustices were put right by his strong arm. Government chiefs and rebels consulted him with regard to policy; political letters were brought to him to read and criticise; his native following was so widely divided in party that he was often kept better informed on current events than any one person in the country. Old gentlemen would arrive in stately procession with squealing pigs for the "chief-house of wisdom," and would beg advice on the capitation-tax or some such subject of the hour; an armed party would come from across the island with gifts, and a request that Tusitala would take charge of the funds of the village and buy the roof-iron for a proposed church. Parties would come to hear the latest news of the proposed disarming of the country, or to arrange a private audience with one of the officials; and poor, war-worn chieftains, whose only anxiety was to join the winning side, and who wished to consult with Tusitala as to which that might be. Mr. Stevenson would sigh sometimes as he saw these stately folk crossing the lawn in single file, their attendants following behind with presents and baskets, but he never failed to meet or hear them.

It has often been asked what gave Mr. Stevenson his standing in Samoa; what it was that made this English man of letters such a power in the land of his adoption. It must be remembered that to the Samoan mind he was inordinately rich, and many of them believe in the bottom of their hearts that the story of the bottle-imp was no fiction, but a tangible fact. Mr. Stevenson was a resident, a considerable land-owner, a man like themselves, with taro-swamps, banana plantations, and a Samoan "aiga" or family. He was no official with a hired house, here to-day with specious good-will on his lips, and empty promises, but off to-morrow in the mail steamer to that vague region called "papa lagi" "or the white country." He knew Samoan etiquette, and was familiar with the baser as well as the better side of the native character;

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he was cautiously generous after the fashion of the country, and neither excited covetousness by undue prodigality nor failed to respond in a befitting way for favors received. Moreover, he was a consistent partisan of Mataafa, the ill-fated rebel king, a man of high and noble character, who though beaten and crushed by the government forces was nevertheless looked up to and covertly admired by all Samoa. The divinity that doth hedge a king, even a defeated and fallen one, cast a glamour over his close friend, Mr. Stevenson. And when the British man-of-war brought the unfortunate ex-king to Apia with many of his chiefs, it was Mr. Stevenson that first boarded the ship with sympathy and assistance; it was Mr. Stevenson that lighted the great ovens and brought down his men weighted with food-baskets when all were afraid and stood aloof; it was Mr. Stevenson that attended to the political prisoners in the noisome jail after they had been flogged through the streets and foully mishandled under the very guns of the men-of-war; it was Mr. Stevenson that brought and paid the doctor, that had the stinking prison cleansed, that fed the starving wretches from his own pocket until officialdom was shamed and terrified into action. These things made a deep impression at the time, and will never be altogether forgotten. No wonder the government chiefs said to one another: "Behold, this is indeed a friend; would our white officials have done the same had the day gone against us?" And the expression, "Once Tusitala's friend, always Tusitala's friend," went about the countryside like a proverb.

Mr. Stevenson's relations with the missionary bodies, the two Protestant and the Roman Catholic, were particularly happy. He stood very high in the esteem and love of all three, for though a candid critic, he was in the keenest sympathy with their work and their way of doing it, and was ever outspoken in his admiration of their high-mindedness, unsectarianism, and honest endeavor to improve the people. His friendship and regard was no less generously returned; and they opened their hearts to him, freely and frankly, on many a delicate matter undivulged to the general world; for together they stood on the common ground of regard for Samoa and devotion to its welfare. Would that I could say the same of our officials, or characterize Mr. Stevenson's relations with the most of them in the same strain; but it must be confessed that to them he was the *bête noir* of the country, or, a better simile, the Samoan Jove, whose thunderbolts carried consternation far and wide. In vain they attempted to deport him from the island, to close his mouth by regulation, to post spies about his house and involve him in the illicit importation of arms and fixed ammunition. The natives looked on in wonder, and when the officials vanished and the undaunted Tusitala remained behind, they drew their own conclusions.

But of the many causes that went to make Mr. Stevenson a considerable figure in his adopted country, his own personality after all was the chiefest. If his ardent, sympathetic individuality shines so convincingly through the text of his books that it makes friends of those who but dimly understand his work, how much more was it the case in far Samoa, where no printed page intervened between the man and his fellows, where his voice reached first hand and swayed—not literary coteries in the heart of civilization, but war-scarred chiefs with guns in their hands and bitter wrongs to right. He would have been loved and followed anywhere, but how much more in poor, misgoverned, war-distracted Samoa, so remote, so inarticulate; for he was one of the Great-hearts of this world both in pen and deed, and many were those he led through sorrow and tribulation to the gates of the City Beautiful.

The current of life ran very placidly in Vailima, in spite of the little agitations and bitternesses of the tiny world at our feet. The conch-shell awakened the household at daybreak, and the routine of existence went forward unchanged, for all that the cannon might boom from the men-of-war, and the mellow trumpets proclaim the march of armed men. At times a war-party would halt at our front veranda, discuss a bowl of 'ava with the head of

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the house, and melt picturesquely away again in the forest, with perhaps a *feu de joie* in honor of their host—a compliment that he would gladly have dispensed with. Meals were served in the great hall of Vailima, a noble room over fifty feet long and proportionately broad, of which Mr. Stevenson was pardonably proud. At half past two the clapping of hands announced that 'ava was prepared—that peculiar beverage of the South Pacific—and when everyone was assembled it was called and distributed in the Samoan manner, Mr. Stevenson receiving the first cup according to the dictates of etiquette. There were always visitors living in the house, and the cool of the afternoon often brought callers from the "beach," officers from the men-of-war, missionaries, officials, blue-jackets, local residents, priests, Mormon elders, passing tourists—all the flotsam and jetsam, in fact, of a petty port lying on one of the great thoroughfares of the world. It is hard for an outsider to realize the life and animation there is in Samoa. The American conjures up a picture of a frontier post; the Englishman harks to Kipling and station life in India; and both are wrong. Samoa is very cosmopolitan for all its insignificance on the map, and its white population of four hundred souls; balls, picnics, parties, are of common occurrence; there is a constant flow of news, rumor, and island gossip; and four steamers a month link the group to the outside world and bring an endless procession of strange faces across our little stage.

Mr. Stevenson was fond of amusement and hospitality, and apart from a constant succession of more formal luncheon parties and dinners, there was always room at his mahogany for the unexpected guests that the chef had orders to bear in mind. The first cotillon ever given in Samoa took place at Vailima; the first pony paper-chase was got up under Mr. Stevenson's direction; he was always eager to bear his part in any scheme for the public entertainment and his support and subscription could always be reckoned on in advance. Nor was he less backward with regard to the natives, whom he often feasted in the Samoan way with great pomp and a rigorous regard to etiquette and custom. His birthday party was a veritable gathering of the clans, beginning at dawn and continuing uninterruptedly till dusk, with a huge feast and troops of dancers to entertain the people. A Christmas-tree rejoiced the household every year, and was the occasion of breathless anticipation and excitement; and the little fiesta was not unenhanced by the good-humored raillery with which the presents were distributed.

Mr. Stevenson could not be seen to better advantage than at the head of his faultless table, sharing and leading the conversation of the guests that various strange fates had brought together beneath his roof. He loved the contrast of evening dress and the half-naked attendants; the rough track that led the visitor through forest and jungle to this glowing house under Vaea, the juxtaposition of original Hogarths, Peranesis's, pictures by Sargent, Lemon, and Will H. Low, the sculptured work of Rodin and Augustus St. Gaudens, with rifle-racks, revolvers, and trophies of savage weapons. And the conversation was to match: English literature and copra; Paul Bourget's new book and the rebel loss at Tifitifi; European politics and the best methods of suppressing head-taking!

When he was detained in town at night or by some mischance was late of returning to Vailima, it was his pleasure that the house should be lit throughout, so that he might see it shining through the forest on his home-coming. As I must now be drawing to an end, where better could I stop than at this picture: the tired man drawing rein in the "Road of the Loving Heart," and gazing up at the lights of home?

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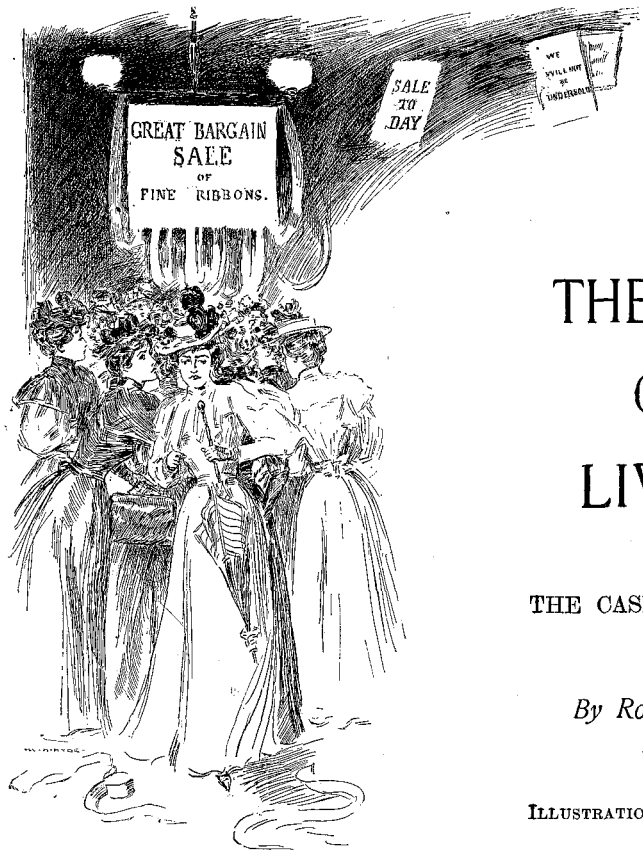

THE ART OF LIVING

THE CASE OF WOMAN

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. HYDE

I

A GREAT many men, who are sane and reasonable in other matters, allow themselves, on the slightest provocation, to be worked up into a fever over the aspirations of woman. They decline to listen to argument, grow red in the face, and saw the air with their hands, if they do not pound on the table, to express their views on the subject—which, by the way, are as out of date and old-fashioned as a pine-tree shilling. They remind one of the ostrich in that they seem to imagine, because they have buried their heads in the sand, nothing has happened or is happening around them. They confront the problem of woman's emancipation as though it were only just being broached instead of in the throes of delivery.

For instance, my friend, Mr. Julius Cæsar, who though a conservative, cautious man by nature, is agreeably and commendably liberal in other matters, seems to be able to see only one side of this question. And one side seems to be all he wishes to see. "Take my wife," he said to me the other day; "as women go she is a very clever and sensible woman. She was given the best advantages in the way of school-training open to young ladies of her day; she has accomplishments, domestic virtues, and fine religious instincts, and I adore her. But what does she know of politics? She couldn't tell you the difference between a senator and an alderman, and her mind is practically a blank on the tariff or the silver question. I tell you, my dear fellow, that if woman is allowed to leave the domestic hearth and play ducks and drakes with the right of suffrage, every political caucus will become a retail drygoods store. If there is one thing which makes a philosopher despair of the future of

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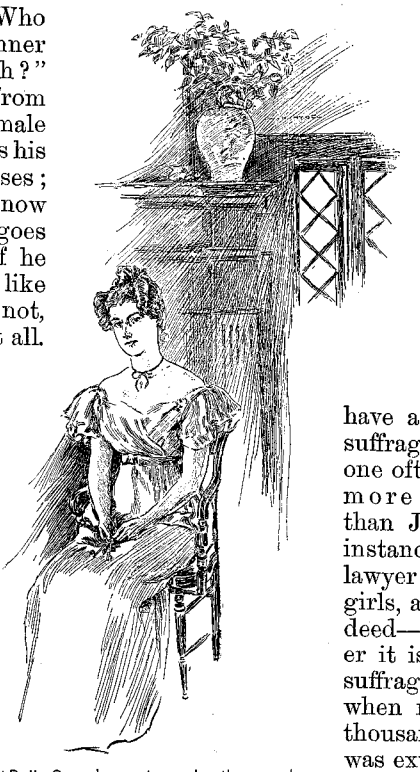
the race, it is to stand in a crowded drygoods store and watch the jam of women perk and push and sidle and grab and covet and go well-nigh crazy over things to wear. The average woman knows about clothes, the next world, children, and her domestic duties. Let her stick to her sphere. A woman at a caucus? Who would see that my dinner was properly cooked, eh?"

One would suppose from these remarks that the male American citizen spends his days chiefly at caucuses; whereas, as we all know when we reflect, he goes perhaps twice a year, if he be a punctilious patriot like Julius Cæsar, and if not, probably does not go at all. If the consciousness that his wife could vote at a caucus would act as a spur to the masculine political conscience, the male American citizen could well afford to dine at a restaurant on election-days, or to cook his own food now and then.



"Dolly Cæsar's great-grandmother may have been a radiant beauty."

Of course, even a man with views like Julius Cæsar would be sorry to have his wife the slavish, doll-ish, or unenlightened individual which she was apt to be before so-called women's rights were heard of. As he himself has proclaimed, he adores his wife, and he is, moreover, secretly proud of her æsthetic presentability. Without being an advanced woman, Dolly Cæsar has the interests of the day and hour at her fingers' ends, can talk intelligently on any subject, whether she knows anything about it or not, and is decidedly in the van, though she is not a leader. Julius does not take into account, when he anathematizes the sex because of its ambitions, the difference between her and her great-grandmother. He believes his wife to be a very charming specimen of what a woman ought to be, and that, barring a few differences of costume and hair arrangement, she is practically her great-grandmother over again. Fatuous Julius! There is where he is desperately in error. Dolly Cæsar's great-grandmother may have been a radiant beauty and a famous housekeeper, but her brain never harbored one-tenth of the ideas and opinions which make her descendant so attractive.

Those who argue on this matter like Julius Cæsar fail to take into account the gradual, silent results of time; and this is true of the results to come as well as those which have accrued. When the suffrage question is mooted one often hears sober men, more dispassionate men than Julius — Perkins, for instance, the thin, nervous lawyer and father of four girls, and a sober man indeed—ask judicially whether it is possible for female suffrage to be a success when not one woman in a thousand would know what was expected of her, or how to vote. "I tell you," says Perkins, "they are utterly unfitted for it by training and education. Four-fifths of them wouldn't vote if they were allowed to, and everyone knows that ninety-nine women out of every hundred are profoundly ignorant of the matters in regard to which they would cast their ballots. Take my daughters; fine girls, talented, intelligent women—one of them a student of history; but what do they know of parties, and platforms, and political issues in general?"

Perkins is less violently prejudiced than Julius Cæsar. He neither saws the air nor pounds on the table. Indeed, I have no doubt he believes that he entertains liberal, unbiassed views on the subject. I wonder, then, why it

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never occurs to him that everything which is new is adopted gradually, and that the world has to get accustomed to all novel situations. I happened to see Mr. Perkins the first time he rode a bicycle on the road, and his performance certainly justified the prediction that he would look like a guy to the end of his days, and yet he glides past me now with the ease and nonchalance of a possible "scorcher." Similarly, if women were given universal suffrage, there would be a deal of fluttering in the dove-cotes for the first generation or so. Doubtless four-fifths of womankind would refuse or neglect to vote at all, and at least a quarter of those who went to the polls would cast their ballots as tools or blindly. But just so soon as it was understood that it was no less a woman's duty to vote than it was to attend to her back hair, she would be educated from that point of view, and her present crass ignorance of political matters would be changed into at least a form of enlightenment. Man prides himself on his logic, but there is nothing logical in the argument that because a woman knows nothing about anything now, she can never be taught. If we have been content to have her remain ignorant for so many centuries, does it not savor both of despotism and lack of reasonableness to cast her ignorance in her teeth and to beat her about the head with it now that she is eager to rise? Decidedly it is high time for the man who orates tempestuously or argues dogmatically in the name of conservatism against the cause of woman on such flimsy pleas as these, to cease his gesticulations and wise saws. The modern woman is a potential reality, who is bound to develop and improve, in another generation or two, as far beyond the present interesting type as Mrs. Julius Cæsar is an advance on her great-grandmother.

On the other hand, why do those who have woman's cause at heart lay such formal stress on the right of the ballot as a factor in her development? There can be no doubt that, if the majority of women wish to vote on questions involving property or political interests, they will be enabled to do so sooner or later. It is chiefly now the conviction in the minds of legislatures that a large number of the intelligent women of their communities do not desire to exercise the right of suffrage which keeps the bars down. Doubtless these bodies will yield one after another to the clamor of even a few, and the experiment will be tried. It may not come this year or the next, but many busy people are so certain that its coming is merely a question of time that they do not allow themselves to be drawn into the fury of the fray. When it comes, however, it will come as a universal privilege, and not with a social or property qualification. I mention this simply for the enlightenment of those amiable members of the sex to be enfranchised who go about sighing and simpering in the interest of drawing the line. That question was settled a century ago. The action taken may have been an error on the part of those who

"The first time he rode a bicycle."

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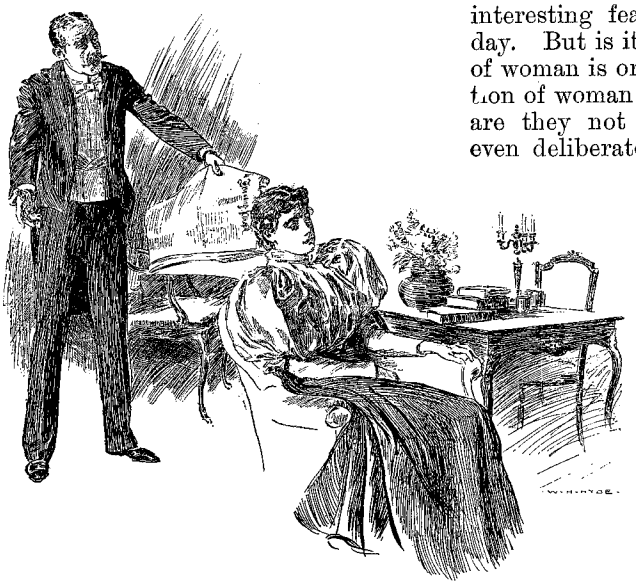
framed the laws, but it has been settled forever. There would be no more chance of the passage by the legislature of one of the United States of a statute giving the right of suffrage to a limited class of women than there would be of one prescribing that only the good-looking members of that sex should be allowed to marry.

Many people, who believe that woman should be denied no privilege enjoyed



"To cast her ignorance in her teeth."

by man which she really desires to exercise, find much difficulty in regarding the right of suffrage as the vital end which it assumes in the minds of its advocates. One would suppose, by the clamor on the subject, that the ballot would enable her to change her spots in a twinkling, and to become an absolutely different creation. Lively imaginations do not hesitate to compare the proposed act of emancipation with the release of the colored race from bondage. We are appealed to by glowing rhetoric which celebrates the equity of the case and the moral significance of the impending victory. But the orators and triumphants stop short at the passage of the law and fail to tell us what is to come after. We are assured, indeed, that it will be all right, and that woman's course after the Rubicon is crossed will be one grand march of progress to the music of the spheres; but, barring a pæan of this sort, we are given no light as to what she intends to do and become. She has stretched out her hand for the rattle and is determined to have it, but she does not appear to entertain any very definite ideas as to what she is going to do with it after she has it.

Unquestionably, the development of the modern woman is one of the most interesting features of civilization today. But is it not true that the cause of woman is one concern, and the question of woman suffrage another? And are they not too often confounded, even deliberately confounded, by those who are willing to have them appear to be identical? Supposing that to-morrow the trumpet should sound and the walls of Jericho fall, and every woman be free to cast her individual ballot without let or hindrance from one confine of the civilized world to another, what would it amount to after all by way of elucidating the question of her future evolution? For it must be remembered that, apart from the question of her development in general, those who are clamoring for the ballot have been superbly vague so far as to the precise part which the gentle sex is to play in the political arena after she gets her rattle. They put their sisters off with the general assertion that things in the world, politically speaking, will be better, but neither their sisters nor their brothers are able to get a distinct notion of the platform on which woman means to stand after she becomes a voter. Is she going to enter into competition with men for the prizes and offices, to argue, manipulate, hustle, and do generally the things which have to be done in the name of political zeal and activity? Is it within the vista of her ambition to become a member of, and seek to control, legislative bodies, to be a police commissioner or a member of Congress?

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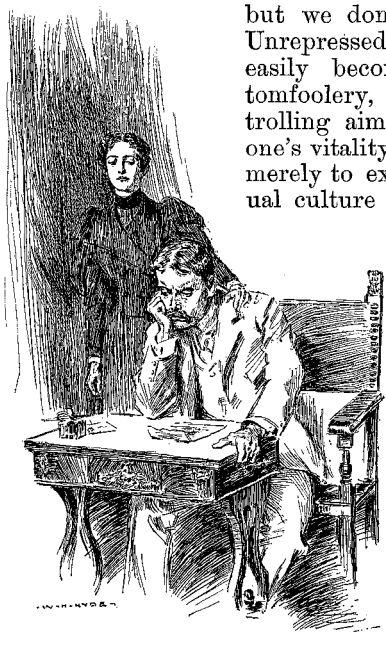
"Complete and ideal marital happiness."

Those in the van decline to answer, or at least they do not answer. It may be, to be sure, the wisdom of the serpent which keeps them non-committal, for they stand, as it were, between the devil and the deep sea in that, though they and their supporters would perhaps like to declare boldly in favor of competition, or at least participation, in the duties and honors, they stand in wholesome awe of the hoarse murmur from the ranks of their sisters, "We don't wish to be like men, and we have no intention of competing with them on their own lines." Accordingly, the leaders seek refuge in the safe but indefinite assertion that of course women will never become men, but they have thus far neglected to tell us what they are to become.



"An ever-watchful guardian angel at the shoulder of man."

It really seems as though it were time for woman, in general congress of the women's clubs assembled, to make a reasonably full and clear statement of her aims and principles—a declaration of faith which shall give her own sex and men the opportunity to know precisely what she is driving at. Her progress for the last hundred years has been gratifying to the world, with the exception of pig-headed or narrow-minded men, and civilization has been inestimably benefited by the broadening of her intelligence and her interests. But she has now reached a point where there is a parting of the ways, and the world would very much like to know which she intends to take. The atmosphere of the women's clubs is mysterious but unsuggestive, and consequently many of us feel inclined to murmur with the poet, "it is clever, but we don't know what it means." Unrepressed nervous mental activity easily becomes social affectation or tomfoolery, in the absence of a controlling aim or purpose. To exhaust one's vitality in papers or literary teas, merely to express or simulate individual culture or freedom, may not land one in an insane asylum, but it is about as valuable to society, as an educating force, as the revolutions of the handle of a freezer, when the crank is off, are valuable to the production of ice-cream.

For the benefit of such a congress, if haply it should be called together later, it will not be out of place to offer a few suggestions as to her future evolution. In this connection it seems to me imperative to go back to the original poetic

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conception of woman as the wife and mother, the domestic helpmate and loving, self-abnegating companion of man. Unedifying as this formula of description may seem to the active-minded modern woman, it is obvious that under existing physiological conditions she must remain the wife and mother, even though she declines to continue domestic, loving, and self-abnegating. And side by side with physiological conditions stands the intangible, ineffable force of sexual love, the poetic, entrancing ecstasy which no scientist has yet been able to reduce to a myth or to explode. Schopenhauer, to be sure, would have us believe that it is merely a delusion by which nature seeks to reproduce herself, but even on this material basis the women's clubs find themselves face to face with an enemy more determined than any Amazon. A maid deluded becomes the sorriest of club members.

"Teacher."

"Nurse."

What vision of life is nobler and more exquisite than that of complete and ideal marital happiness? To find it complete and ideal the modern woman, with all her charms and abilities, must figure in it, I grant; the mere domestic drudge; the tame, amiable house-cat; the doting doll, are no longer pleasing parties of the second part. To admit so much as this may seem to offer room for the argument that the modern woman of a hundred years hence will make her of the poet's dream of to-day appear no less pitiable; but there we men are ready to take issue. We admit our past tyranny, we cry "Peccavi," yet we claim at the same time that, having taken her to our bosoms as our veritable, loving companion and helpmate, there is no room left, or very little room left, for more progress in that particular direction. Her next steps, if taken, will be on new lines, not by way of making herself an equal. And therefore it is that we suggest the vision of perfect modern marital happiness as the leading consideration to be taken into account in dealing with this question. Even in the past, when woman was made a drudge and encouraged to remain a fool, the poetry and joy and stimulus of life for her, as well as for her despot mate, lay in the mystery of love, its joys and responsibilities. Even then, if her life were robbed of the opportunity to love and be loved, its savor was gone, however free she might be from masculine tyranny and coercion. Similarly, after making due allowance for the hyperbole as to the influence which woman has on man when he has made up his mind to act to the contrary, there is no power which works for righteousness upon him comparable to the influence of woman. There is always the possibility that the woman a man loves may not be consciously working for righteousness, but the fact that he believes

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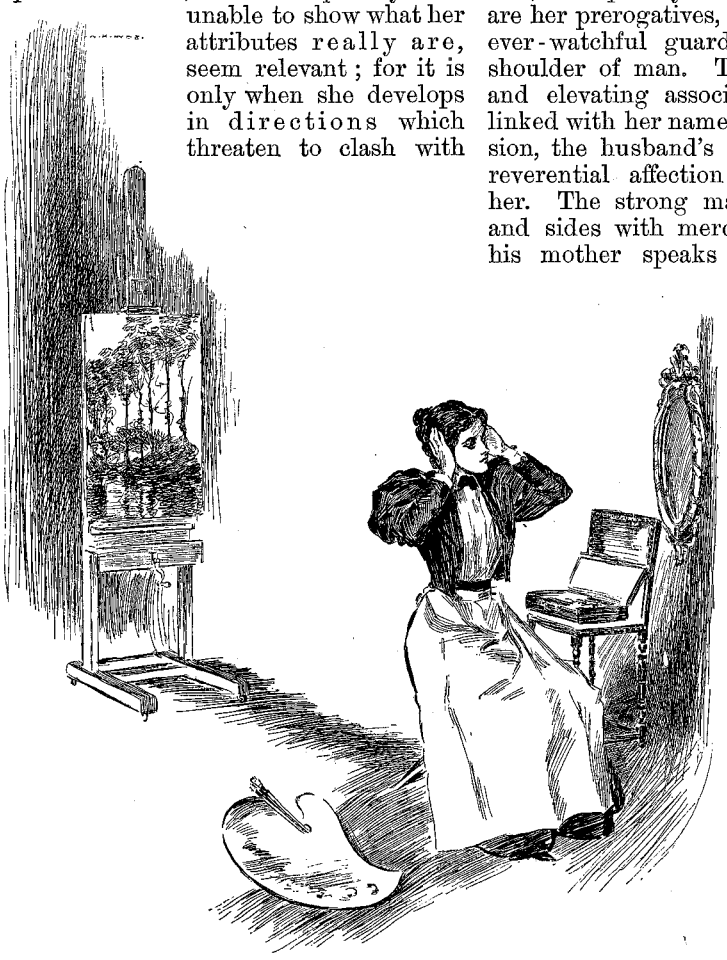
so is the essential truth, even though he be the victim of self-delusion. This element of the case is pertinent to the question whether woman would really try to reform the world, if she had the chance, rather than to this particular consideration. The point of the argument is that the dependence of each sex on the other, and the loving sympathy between them, which is born of dissimilarity, is the salt of human life. The eternal feminine is what we prize in woman, and wherever she deflects from this there does her power wane and her usefulness become impaired. And conversely, the more and the higher she advances along the lines of her own nature, the better for the world. Nor does the claim that she has been hampered hitherto, and consequently been unable to show what her attributes really are, seem relevant; for it is only when she develops in directions which threaten to clash with the eternal feminine that she encounters opposition or serious criticism. And here even the excitability and unreasonableness of such men as our friend Julius Cæsar find a certain justification. Their fumes and fury, however unintelligent, proceed from an instinctive repugnance to the departure or deviation from nature which they find, or fear to find, in the modern woman. Once let them realize that there was no danger of anything of the kind, and they would become gentle as doves, if not all smiles and approval.



"Artist."

There is no more beautiful and refining influence in the world than that of an attractive and noble woman. Unselfishness, tenderness, aspiring sentiment, long-suffering devotion, grace, tact, and quickly divining intelligence are her prerogatives, and she stands an ever-watchful guardian angel at the shoulder of man. The leading poetic and elevating associations of life are linked with her name. The lover's passion, the husband's worship, the son's reverential affection are inspired by her. The strong man stays his hand and sides with mercy or honor when his mother speaks within him. In homelier language, she is the keeper of the hearth and home, the protector and trainer of her children, the adviser, consoler, and companion of her husband, father, son, brother, or other masculine associates.

Now, the modern woman, up to this point, has been disposed, on the whole, to regard this as the part which she is to play in the drama of life. At least she has not materially deviated from it. Her progress has been simply in the

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way of enabling her to play that part more intelligently and worthily, and not toward usurpation, excepting that she claims the right to earn her daily bread. Higher education in its various branches has been the most signal fruit of her struggle for enlightenment and liberty, and this is certainly in entire keeping with the eternal feminine, and to-day seems indispensable to her suitable development. By means of education similar to that lavished upon man she has been enabled, it is true, to obtain employment of various kinds hitherto withheld from her, but the positions of professor, teacher, nurse, artist, and clerk, are amplifications of her natural aptitudes rather than encroachments. She has, however, finally reached the stage where she will soon have to decide whether the hearth and the home or down-town is to be the principal theatre of her activity and influence. Is she or is she not to participate with man in the tangible, obvious management of the affairs of the world?

II

The mystic oracles of the women's clubs do not give a straightforward answer to this question. Yet there are mutterings, mouthings, and signs from them which tend to arouse masculine suspicions. To use a colloquialism, woman fancies herself very much at present, and she spends considerable time in studying the set of her mind in the looking-glass. And her serenity is justified. In spite of ridicule, baiting, and delay for several generations, she has demonstrated her ability and fitness to do a number of things which we had adjudged her incapable of doing. She can almost take care of herself in the street after dark. She has become a most valuable member of committees to ameliorate the condition of the poor, the sick, and the insane. She has become the president and professors of colleges founded in her behalf. The noble and numerous army of teachers, typewriters, salesladies, nurses, and women doctors (including Christian Scientists), stands as ample proof of her intention and capacity to strike out for herself. No wonder, perhaps, that she is a little delirious and mounted in the head, and that she is tempted to exclaim, "Go to, I will do more than this. Why should I not practise law, and sell stocks, wheat, corn, and exchange, control the money markets of the world, administer trusts, manage corporations, sit in Congress, and be President of the United States?"

"Clerk."

The only things now done by man which the modern woman has not yet begun to cast sheep's eyes at are labor requiring much physical strength and endurance, and military service. She is prepared to admit that she can never expect to be so muscular and powerful in body as man. But this has become rather a solace than a source of perplexity to her. Indeed, the women's clubs are beginning to whisper under their breath, "Man is fitted to build and hew and cut and lift, and to do everything which demands brute force. We are not. We should like to think, plan, and execute. Let him do the heavy work. If he wishes to fight he may. Wars are wicked, and we shall vote against them and refuse to take part in them."

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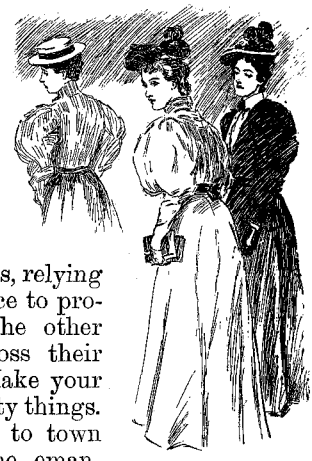
If woman is going in for this sort of thing, of course she needs the ballot. If she intends to manage corporations and do business generally, she ought to have a voice in the framing of the laws which manifest the policy of the state. But to earn one's living as a college professor, nurse, typewriter, saleslady, or clerk, or to sit on boards of charity, education, or hygiene, is a far remove from becoming bank presidents, merchants, judges, bankers, or members of Congress. The one affords the means by which single women can earn a decent and independent livelihood, or devote their energies to work useful to society; the other would necessitate an absolute revolution in the habits, tastes, interests, proclivities, and nature of woman. The noble army of teachers, typewriters, nurses, and salesladies are in the heels of their boots hoping to be married some day or other. They have merely thrown an anchor to windward and taken up a calling which will enable them to live reasonably happy if the right man does not appear, or passes by on the other side. Those who sit on boards, and who are more apt to be middle-aged, are but interpreting and fulfilling the true mission of the modern woman, which is to supplement and modify the point of view of man, and to extend the kind of influence which she exercises at home to the conduct of public interests of a certain class.

Now, some one must keep house. Some one must cook, wash, dust, sweep, darn, look after the children, and in general grease the wheels of domestic activity. If women are to become merchants, and manage corporations, who will bring up our families and manage the home? The majority of the noble army referred to are not able to escape from making their own beds and cooking their own breakfasts. If they occupied other than comparatively subordinate positions, they would have to call Chinatown to the rescue; for the men would decline with thanks, relying on their brute force to protect them, and the other women would toss their heads and say "Make your own beds, you nasty things. We prefer to go to town too." In fact the emancipation of women, so far as it relates to usurpation of the work of man, does not mean much in actual practice yet, in spite of the brave show and bustle of the noble army. The salesladies get their meals somehow, and the domestic hearth is still presided over by the mistress of the house and her daughters. But this cannot continue to be the case if women are going to do everything which men do except lift weights and fight. For we all know that our mothers, wives, and sisters, according to their own affidavits, have all they can do already to fulfil the requirements of modern life as mothers, wives, and sisters in the conventional yet modern sense. Many of them tell us that they would not have time to vote, to say nothing of qualifying themselves to vote. Indisputably they cannot become men and yet remain women in the matter of their daily occupations, unless they discover some new panacea against nervous prostration. The professions are open; the laws will allow them to establish banks and control corporate interests; but what is to become of the eternal feminine in the pow-wow, bustle, and materializing rush and competition of active business life? Whatever a few individuals may do, there seems to be no immediate or probably eventual prospect of a throwing off by woman of domestic ties and duties. Her physical and moral nature alike are formidable barriers in the way.



"In the heels of their boots hoping to be married some day or other."

Why, then, if women are not going to

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"Those who sit on boards are more apt to be middle-aged."

usurp or share to any great extent the occupations of men, and become familiar with the practical workings of professional, business, and public affairs, are they ever likely to be able to judge so intelligently as men as to the needs of the state? To hear many people discuss the subject, one would suppose that all the laws passed by legislative bodies were limited to questions of ethics and morality. If all political action were reduced to debates and ballots on the use of liquor, the social evil, and other moral or humanitarian topics, the claim that women ought to be allowed and encouraged to vote would be much stronger—that is, assuming that she herself preferred to use her influence directly instead of indirectly. But the advocates of female suffrage seem to forget that three-fifths of the laws passed relate to matters remotely if at all bearing upon ethics, and involve considerations of public policy from the point of view of what is best for the interests of the state and the various classes of individuals which compose it. We do not always remember in this age of afternoon teas and literary papers that the state is after all an artificial body, a form of compact under which human beings agree to live together for mutual benefit and protection. Before culture, æstheticism, or even ethics can be maintained there must be a readiness and ability to fight, if the necessity arises, and a capacity to do heavy work. Moreover, there must be ploughed fields and ship-yards and grain elevators and engines and manufactories, and all the diverse forms and phases of industrial and commercial endeavor and enterprise by which men earn their daily bread. If woman is going to participate in the material activities of the community she will be fit to deal with the questions which relate thereto, but otherwise she must necessarily remain unable to form a satisfactory judgment as to the merits of more than one-half the measures upon which she would be obliged to vote. Nor is it an argument in point that a large body of men is in the same predicament. Two evils do not make a benefit. There is a sufficient number of men conversant with every separate practical question which arises to insure an intelligent examination of it. The essential consideration is, what would the state gain, if woman suffrage were adopted, except an enlarged constituency of voters? What would woman, by means of the ballot, add to the better or smoother development of the social system under which we live?

Unless the eternal feminine is to be sacrificed or to suffer, it seems to me that her sole influence would be an ethical or moral one. There are certainly strong grounds for the assumption that she would point the way to, or at least champion, the cause of reforms which man has perpetually dilly-dallied with and failed to do battle for. To be sure, many of her most virtuous endeavors would be likely to be focussed on matters where indulgences and weaknesses chiefly masculine were concerned,—such as the liquor problem; but an alliance between her vote and that of the minority of men would probably be a blessing to the world, even though she showed herself somewhat a tyrant or a fanatic. Her advocacy of measures calculated to relieve society of abuses and curses, which have continued to afflict it because men have been only moderately in earnest for a change, could scarcely fail to produce valuable results. Perhaps this is enough in itself to outweigh the ignorance which she would bring to bear on

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matters which did not involve ethical or humanitarian principles; and it is indisputably the most legitimate argument in favor of woman suffrage. The notion that women ought to vote simply because men do is childish and born of vanity. On the other hand, if the state is to be a gainer by her participation in the perplexities of voting, the case takes on a very different aspect.

I have been assuming that the influence of woman would be in behalf of ethics, but my wife Barbara assures me that I am thereby begging the question.

"The ball-room."

She informs me that I have too exalted an idea of woman and her aims. She has confided to me that, though there is a number of noble and forceful women in every community, the general average, though prolific of moral and religious advice to men by way of fulfilling a sort of traditional feminine duty, is at heart rather flighty and less deeply interested in social progress than my sex. This testimony, taken in connection with the reference of Julius Cæsar to the disillusioning effect of a crowd of women in a drygoods store, introduces a new element into the discussion. Frankly, my estimate of women has always been high, and possibly unduly exalted. It may be I have been deceived by the moral and religious advice offered into believing that women are more serious than they really are. Reflection certainly does cause one to recollect that comparatively few women like to dwell on or to discuss for more than a few minutes any serious subject which requires earnest thought. They prefer to skim from one thing to another like swallows and to avoid dry depths. Those in the van will doubtless answer that this is due to the unfortunate training which woman has been subjected to for so many generations. True, in a measure; but ought she not, before she is allowed to vote, on the plea of bringing benefit to the state as an ethical adviser, to demonstrate by more than words her ethical superiority?

We all know that women drink less intoxicating liquor than men, and are less addicted to fleshly excesses. Yet the whole mental temper and make-up of each sex ought to be taken into account in comparing them together; and with all the predisposition of a gallant and susceptible man to say the complimentary thing, I find myself asking the question whether the average woman does not prefer to jog along on a worsted-work- domestic- trusting- religious-advice-giving basis, rather than to grapple in a serious way with the formidable problems of living. At any rate I, for one, before the right of suffrage is bestowed upon her, would like to be convinced that she as a sex is really earnest-minded. If one stops to think, it is not easy to show that, excepting where liquor, other women, and rigid attendance at church are concerned, she has been wont to show any

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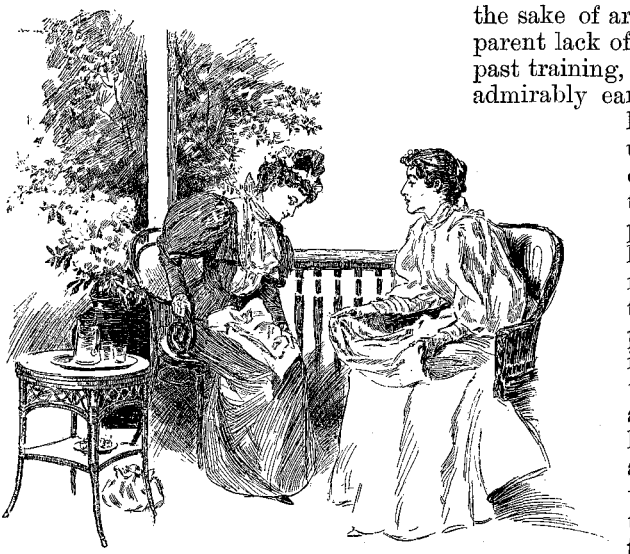
very decided bent for, or interest in, the great reforms of civilization—that is, nothing to distinguish her from a well-equipped and thoughtful man. It is significant, too, that where women in this country have been given the power to vote in local affairs, they have in several instances shown themselves to be more solicitous for the triumph of a religious creed or faction than to promote the public welfare.



"The fancy-work pattern."

It is extremely probable, if not certain, that the laws of all civilized states will eventually be amended so as to give women the same voice in the affairs of government as men. But taking all the factors of the case into consideration, there seems to be no pressing haste for action. Even admitting for the sake of argument that woman's apparent lack of seriousness is due to her past training, and that she is really the admirably earnest spirit which one is lured into believing her until he reflects, there can assuredly be no question that the temper and proclivities of the very large mass of women are not calculated at present to convict man of a lack of purpose by virtue of shining superiority in persevering mental and moral aggressiveness. Not merely the drygoods counter and the milliner's store with their engaging seductions, but the ball-room, the fancy-work pattern, the sensational novel, nervous prostration, the schoolgirl's giggle, the teapot without food, and a host of other tell-tale symptoms, suggest that there is a good deal of the old Eve left in the woman of to-day. And bless her sweet heart, Adam is in no haste to have it otherwise. Indeed, the eternal feminine seems to have staying qualities which bid fair to outlast the ages.

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A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

HOME AGITATIONS AND FOREIGN PROBLEMS

PRESIDENT ARTHUR
THE LAW OF SUCCESSION
MAHONEISM
KEARNEY AND THE SAND LOTTERS
"THE CHINESE MUST GO"
THE JAMES BOYS
THE YORKTOWN CELEBRATION
STANLEY AND THE CONGO
ENGLAND AND THE ISTHMUS
THE MONROE DOCTRINE AGAIN

DURING Garfield's illness Mr. Arthur's predicament had been most delicate. The second article of the Constitution provides that "in case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President." What is here meant by a President's "inability," and how or by whom such inability is in any case to be ascertained, had never been determined. Was the question of "inability" to be decided by the President himself, by the Vice-President, or by Congress? Could the Vice-President take up Presidential duties temporarily, giving way again to the President in case the latter recovered, or must he, having begun, serve through the remainder of the four years, the once disabled President being permanently out of office? These problems doubtless weighed heavily upon Mr. Arthur's mind while his chief lay languishing. They were everywhere discussed daily. A popular view was advocated by General Butler, to the effect that the Vice-President himself was charged with the duty of deciding when to take up the higher functions. As Garfield's was a clear case of "inability to discharge the powers and duties of the Presidency," Mr. Arthur may actually have felt it, from a technically legal point of view, incumbent upon him to assume these "powers and duties." In a cabinet meeting Mr. Blaine suggested that Mr. Arthur be summoned to do this, intimating that the chief direction

Chester A. Arthur.

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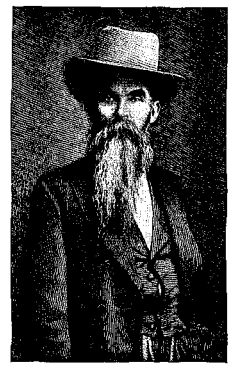
should certainly be devolved on Arthur should an extraordinary emergency in administration arise. It was fortunate that no such emergency occurred, and that Mr. Arthur did not feel, for any reason, called upon to grasp the reins of government.



William Mahone.

Hardly had Garfield breathed his last, when, the same night, in the small morning hours of September 20, 1881, Mr. Arthur took oath as President. This occurred in his house in New York City, Judge Brady, of the New York State Supreme Court, officiating. The next day but one, the oath was again administered by Chief Justice Waite in the Senate Chamber at Washington. On this occasion Mr. Arthur delivered a brief inaugural address. He said: "The memory of the murdered President, his protracted sufferings, his unyielding fortitude, the example and achievements of his life and the pathos of his death, will forever illuminate the pages of our history. Men may die, but the fabrics of our free institutions remain unshaken. No higher or more assuring proof could exist of the strength and power of popular government than the fact that, though the chosen of the people be struck down, his constitutional successor is peacefully installed without shock or strain."

Responsibility brought out the new President's best qualities. He had little special preparation for his exalted office. Save among the New York Republicans, he was almost unknown till his nomination as Vice-President, and when he succeeded Garfield there was much misgiving. Yet his administration was distinguished as few have been for ability, fairness, elevation of tone, and freedom from mean partisanship. He was extremely diligent, circumspect, considerate, and firm. That he had nerve men saw when, in 1882, he resolutely vetoed a portentously large River and Harbor Bill. His public papers were in admirable spirit, thoroughly considered, and written in a style finer than those of any preceding President since John Quincy Adams.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION

The country's ordeal in connection with Garfield's death led to an important piece of legislation. Few were then or are now aware by what a slender thread the orderly government of our country hung between the shooting of Garfield in July, 1881, and the second special session of the Senate of the Forty-seventh Congress the following October. Had Mr. Arthur died at any moment during this period—and it is said that he was for a time in imminent danger of death—or had he become in any way unable to perform a President's duties, there could have been no constitutional succession to the Presidency. The law of March, 1792, declares that in case the Vice-President as well as the President dies, is removed, or is disqualified, "the President of the Senate *pro tempore*, or, if there is none, then the Speaker of the House of Representatives for the time being, shall act as President until the disability is removed or a President elected." But at the time of Garfield's assassination, neither a President *pro tempore* of the Senate nor a Speaker of the House existed. It had been customary for the Vice-President before the end of a session of the Senate to retire, and so require the appointment of a President *pro tempore* who should continue as such during the recess; but on this occasion the special session of the Senate in May had adjourned without electing any such presiding officer. On October 10th Senator Bayard was made President *pro tempore* of the Senate, followed on the 13th by Senator David Davis. Of course there could be no Speaker at this time, as the Forty-sixth Congress had ceased to exist in March, and the House of the Forty-seventh did not convene till December.

In his first annual message President Arthur commended to the "early and

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President Arthur. S. B. French. Judge Brady. D. G. Rollins. Elihu Root.

President Arthur taking the Inaugural Oath at his Lexington Avenue residence at two o'clock on the morning of September 20, 1881.

thoughtful consideration of Congress" the important questions touching the Presidential succession which had so vividly emerged in consequence of his predecessor's assassination. It had been a question whether the statute of 1792 was constitutional. The ground of the doubt was that, according to the doctrine agreed to when, in 1798, an attempt was made to impeach Senator Blount, of Tennessee, Speakers of the House and temporary Presidents of the Senate are not, technically, "officers of the United States." Hence, were either a Speaker or a temporary head of the Senate to take a President's place, Presidential duties would be devolved on an official who could not be impeached for malfeasance.

On the second day of its first regular session the Senate of the Forty-seventh Congress ordered its Judiciary Committee to consider the question of the Presidential succession, inquire whether any, and if so what, further legislation was necessary in respect to the same,

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"Unite the East and the West under an Enlightened and Progressive Civilization."

President Hayes and his Cabinet receiving Chen Lan Pin and the First Resident Chinese Embassy to the United States, September 28, 1878.

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and report by bill or otherwise. A bill to meet the case was soon introduced by Senator Garland, of Arkansas. The matter was briefly debated both then and at intervals for a number of years; but no legislation upon it occurred till January, 1886, when a law based on Garland's draft was passed. It provides that if the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency are both vacant the Presidency passes to the members of the Cabinet in the historical order of the establishment of their departments, beginning with the Secretary of State. If he dies, is impeached, or disabled, the Secretary of the Treasury becomes President, to be followed in like crisis by the Secretary of War, he by the Attorney-General, he by the Postmaster-General, he by the Secretary of the Navy, and he by the Secretary of the Interior.

We still have no legal or official criterion of a President's "inability to discharge the powers and duties of his office," nor has any tribunal been designated for the settlement of the question when it arises. We do not know whether, were another President so ill as Garfield was, it would be proper for the Cabinet to perform Presidential duties, as Garfield's did, or whether the Vice-President would be bound to assume those duties. Barring this chance for conflict, it is not easy to think of an emergency in which the chief magistracy can now fall vacant or the appropriate incumbent thereof be in doubt.

ARTHUR'S CABINET

THE only member of Garfield's Cabinet whom Arthur permanently retained was Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of War. However, the old Cabinet did not dissolve at once. Not till December 15, 1881, did Mr. Blaine, who had practically been at the head of the Government from the President's assassination till his death, give up the office of Secretary of State. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, took his place. Ex Governor Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, had been nominated and confirmed as Secretary of the Treasury, but had declined on account of ill-health. Judge Charles J. Folger took the Treasury portfolio November 15, 1881. April 17, 1882, William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, and Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, were called to the Navy and Interior Departments respectively. January 5, 1882, Timothy O. Howe, of Wisconsin, was confirmed as Postmaster-General, but he died in March, 1883. Walter Q. Gresham succeeded him. The Attorney-generalship remained vacant till Benjamin H. Brewster, of Pennsylvania, took it in January, 1882. Secretary Folger died in 1884. Gresham was then transferred to the Treasury, Assistant Postmaster-General Frank Hatton being advanced to the head of the Post-office Department. Mr. Gresham soon resigned to accept a Circuit Judgeship on the Seventh Circuit. His place as Secretary of the Treasury was filled by Hugh McCulloch, who had administered most acceptably the same office from 1865 to 1869.

John A. Kasson, the Representative of the United States at the Berlin Conference.

In addressing Congress for the first time, President Arthur was able to represent the condition of the country as excellent. Colorado had been admitted to the Union in 1876. During the decade ending in 1880 our population had grown somewhat over twenty-five per cent., that is, from thirty-eight millions to fifty millions. The net public debt, December 31, 1880, was a trifle less than $1,900,000,000, a decrease in the face of the debt of $600,000,000 in the ten years. December 31, 1881, the net debt stood at $1,765,491,717. Agricultural production was found to have advanced one hundred per cent., while, according to the ninth census, the increase from 1870 to 1880 had been but twelve per cent. The tenth census corrected certain figures relating to our national area, making the country eight hundred square miles smaller than it had been supposed to be.

Americans thought it a serious mat-

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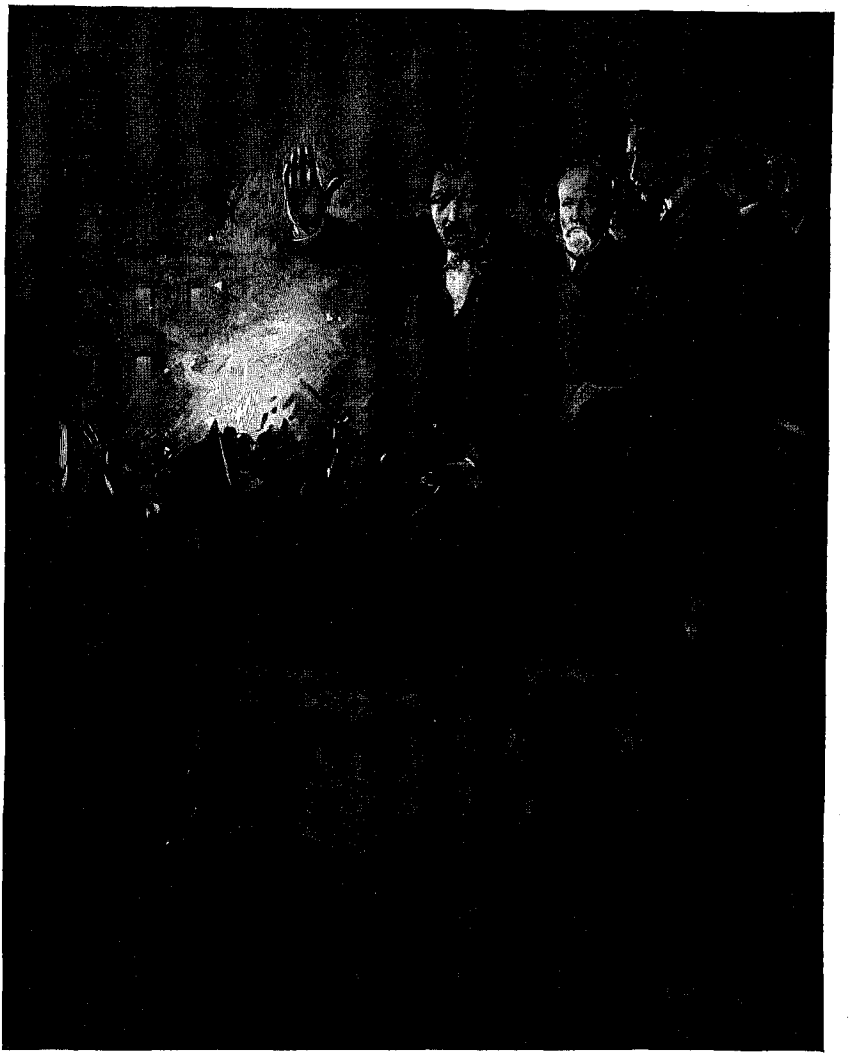

"The Chinese Must Go!"
Denis Kearney addressing the workingmen on the night of October 29, on Nob Hill, San Francisco.

ter that for the year 1879 the foreign trade of Great Britain summed up more than $3,000,000,000—two and a half times the amount of ours. It was also a source of solicitude that we were the only civilized country in the world whose ocean-carrying had absolutely decreased since 1856. In that year American ships bore seventy-five per cent. of all we exported and of all we imported. In 1878 American ships bore twenty-five per cent.; in 1882, fifteen per cent. Though foreign commerce had increased seventy per cent. in amount, the cargoes transported in American ships were $200,000,000 less valuable in 1878 than in 1857. Instead of our tonnage being, as in 1856, two and a half times as great as the foreign tonnage engaged in our commerce, the latter now amounted to four times our own. Instead of three and a half times that of Great Britain, we had less than a half.

MAHONE AND VIRGINIA

It was a significant feature of Mr. Arthur's first message that it made no allusion to the Southern question.

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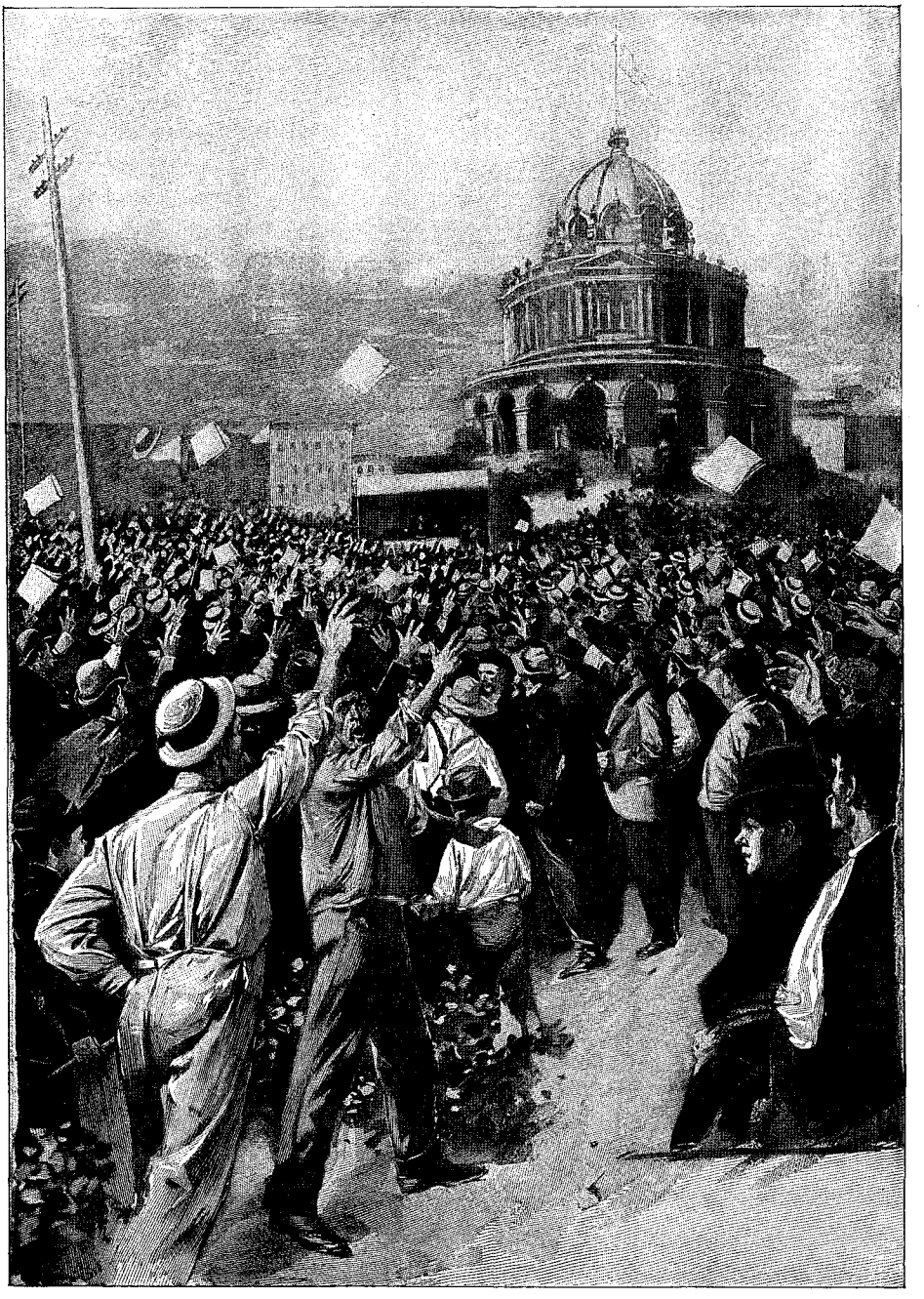

A Sand Lot Meeting in San Francisco. The Workingmen Passing a Resolution by Acclamation.
Composition of B. W. Clinedinst, with the assistance of photographs by Taber.

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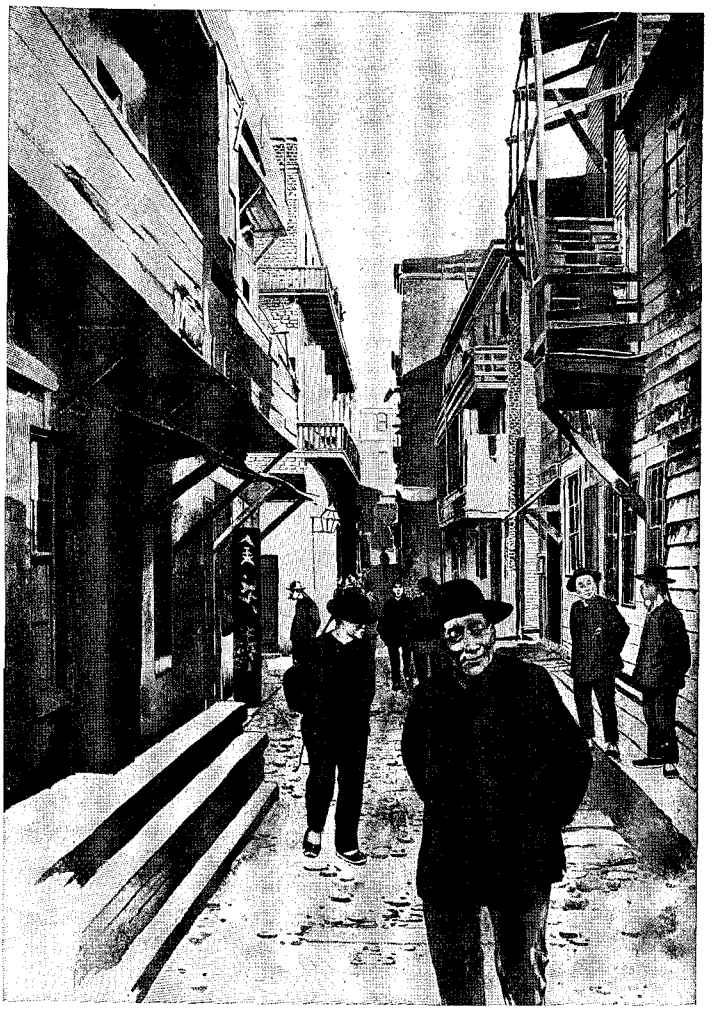
All felt, so well had Mr. Hayes's policy worked, that that section might now be safely left to itself. Meantime the "Readjuster" controversy in Virginia bade fair to be the entering wedge for a split in the solid South. The Readjusters were a Democratic faction taking name from their desire to "readjust" the State debt on a basis that meant partial repudiation. In 1879, by a fusion with the Republicans, the Readjusters controlled the State and elected their leader, William Mahone, to the United States Senate. Mahone had been a major-general in the Confederate Army, and his bravery greatly endeared him to the Southern heart. He it was who commanded the slender contingent of Confederates at Petersburg on July 30, 1864, when the mine on Burnside's front was exploded. He fought like a tiger, and made his dispositions with the utmost skill and coolness. To him almost alone was due the credit that day of keeping Petersburg from Union hands and of replacing the Confederate lines by sunset exactly where they were at sunrise. Had the Confederacy endured, he should have been one of its presidents for his meritorious services in this battle. The negro vote helped Mahone. He had always favored fair treatment for the black man. In his county the blacks had voted freely and their votes had been counted as cast. Good provision for colored schools had also been made there.



A Typical Alley in "Chinatown."
After photographs by Taber.

The Virginian's entry into the Senate in 1881 was marked by a dramatic passage at arms. His personal appearance drew attention. He had been a striking figure in battle uniform, and he was hardly less so in citizen's attire. He wore a close-bodied suit of brown broadcloth, frilled cuffs extending beyond the sleeves. He had a small head and spindle legs. His hair and beard were long, his stature diminutive. One described him as "a spry midget, full of Irish fire, who enjoyed cutting a na-

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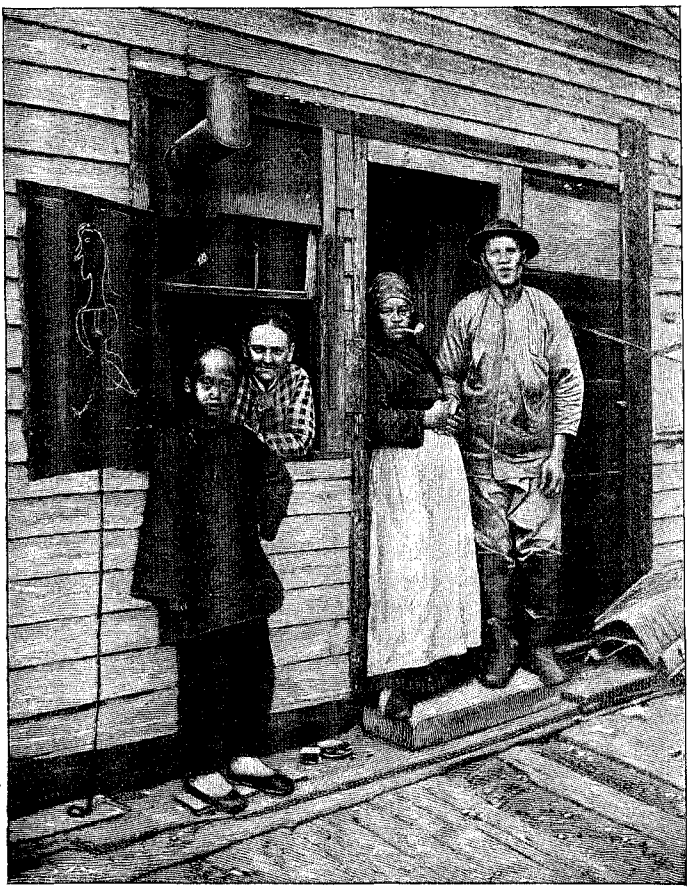

A Characteristic "Mixed Family" in the Highbinders' Quarter, "Chinatown," San Francisco.

From a photograph by Taber.

tional figure." As elected, the Senate of the Forty-seventh Congress had a small Republican majority, but Garfield's Cabinet appointments, calling away the three Republican Senators—Blaine, Kirkwood, and Windom—left the two parties in the body equally divided. When the fight for organization came on there were thirty-seven sure Republicans and thirty-seven sure Democrats, not counting David Davis or Mahone, both of whom were expected to act more or less independently of party. Davis, favoring the *status quo* and evidently expecting Mahone to vote with the Democrats in organizing, declared himself resolved "to support the organization of the Senate as it stood." It had till now been Democratic. Had Mahone sided with him, the committees as made up by the Democratic caucus would have been elected. But in spite of Democratic pleadings and denunciation, Mahone concluded to support the Republicans. This tied the Senate, even if Davis voted with the Democrats, and Vice-President Arthur could of course be counted on to turn the vote the Republican way. This he did in postponing indefinitely the motion to elect the Democratic committees and in electing the Republican list. When it came to choosing sergeant-at-arms and clerks, Davis, now favoring the new status as before he had the old, voted with the Republicans.

Mahone's course aroused great wrath, especially among the Southern Senators. "Who is that man?" cried Senator Hill, of Georgia, amid laughter from the Republican side of the Chamber: "Who is that man so ambitious to do what no man in the history of this country has ever yet done—stand up in this high presence and proclaim from this proud eminence that he disgraces the commission he holds? Such a man is not worthy to be a Democrat. Is he worthy to be a Republican?" In rejoinder Mahone, while declaring himself a Democrat in principle, denied that he was indebted to the Democratic party for his place in the Senate. He concluded: "I want that gentleman to know henceforth and forever that here is a man who dares stand and defend his right against you and your caucus."

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Senator Hill's query was forthwith answered. Mahone was welcomed by the Republicans with open arms. President Garfield sent a bouquet of flowers to his desk, and Federal patronage in Virginia was placed at his disposal.

THE CHINESE QUESTION

A STORM of indignation from the Pacific Coast fell upon President Arthur's head when, in 1882, he vetoed a bill for restricting Chinese immigration. To understand the reason of his act and of its unpopularity, a brief review is necessary.

What originally brought the Chinaman to our shores was the discovery of gold in California. At first he was not unwelcome. Said the *Alta California* of May 12, 1851: "Quite a large number of Celestials have arrived among us of late, enticed hither by the golden romance which has filled the world. Scarcely a ship arrives that does not bring an increase of this worthy integer of our population." The "worthy integer" was soon engaged in an exciting though not enviable part of the "golden romance," for the next year we read that gangs of miners were "running out" Chinese settlers. This race strife on the coast was incessant both during and after the war.

Meantime, Anson Burlingame, our Minister to China, who during an intercourse of some years had come to possess the confidence of the Chinese in an unusual degree, had been entrusted by them with a mission which at first seemed as though it might lead to new relations. On his return he bore credentials constituting him China's ambassador to the United States and to Europe. He proceeded to negotiate with this country a treaty of amity, which was signed on July 4, 1868. But anti-Chinese agitation did not cease. In 1871 occurred a riot in the streets of Los Angeles, when fifteen Chinamen were hanged and six others shot, Chinamen having murdered one police officer and wounded two others. In 1879 an anti-Chinese bill passed Congress, but was vetoed by President Hayes as repugnant to the Burlingame treaty. Rage against the Celestials, to which all forces in the Pacific States had bent, being thus baffled at Washington, grew more clamorous than ever.

On September 28, 1878, a new Chinese embassy waited upon President Hayes. The ambassador, Chen Lan Pin, wore the regulation bowl-shaped hat, adorned with the scarlet button of the second order and with a depending peacock plume, caught by jewelled fastenings. His garments were of finest silk. He had on a blouse with blue satin collar, a skirt of darker stuff, sandal-shaped shoes, and leggings of the richest kid. His letter of credence was drawn by an attendant from a cylinder of bamboo embellished with gold. In this document the Emperor expressed the hope that the embassy would "eventually unite the East and the West under an enlightened and progressive civilization." The indirect issue of this embassage was a fresh treaty, ratified in March, 1881, amending the Burlingame compact.

That compact, recognizing as inalienable the right of every man to change his abode, had permitted the free immigration of Chinamen into the United States. The new treaty of 1881 so modified this feature that immigration might be regulated, limited, or suspended by us for no specified period should it threaten to affect the interests of the United States or to endanger their good order. A bill soon followed prohibiting Chinese immigration for a period of twenty years, on the ground that the presence of the Mongolians caused disorder in certain localities. This was the bill which President Arthur vetoed as contravening the treaty, he objecting, among much else, to the system of passports and registration which the bill would impose upon resident Chinese. But the advocates of the exclusion policy were in earnest, wrought up by the growing hordes of Celestials pressing hither.

Only sixty-three thousand Chinese had been in the country in 1870; in 1880 there were one hundred and five thousand. Another bill was at once introduced, substituting ten for twenty years as the term of suspension, and it became a law in 1882. China sent a protest, which availed naught.

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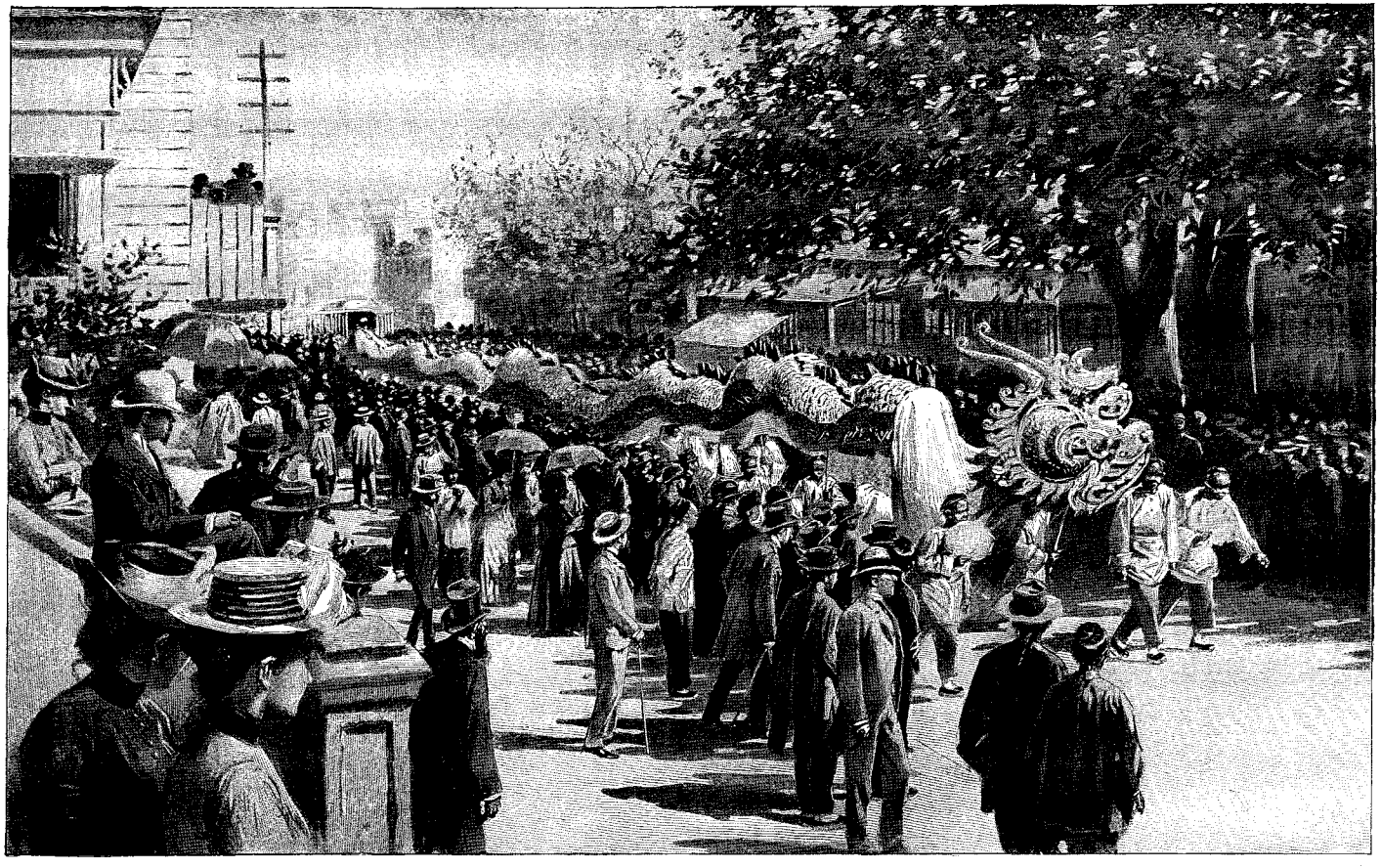

Procession Wong Fong—the Most Representative Public Celebration Customary among the Chinese in San Francisco.
Painted by Thulstrup from photographs by Taber.

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KEARNEYISM

INTERWOVEN with the Chinese agitation, as well as with nearly all the national problems of that day and this, was the movement known as Kearneyism, which took form in California in 1877 and found expression in the State Constitution of 1879. Habits of mental unrest, engendered by speculation and the gold fever, had marked California society since 1849. A tendency existed to appeal to extra-legal measures for peace and justice. The golden dream had faded. Although wages were higher in California than in most parts of the country, working people there showed much discontent. In no State had land grants been more lavish or the immense size of landed estates more injurious. Farming their vast tracts by improved machinery, the proprietors each season hired great throngs of laborers, who, when work was over, betook themselves to the cities and swelled the ranks of the unemployed. Worse yet, California was in the hands of a railroad monopoly which by threats or blandishments controlled nearly every State official. Politics was corrupt, and political factions, with their selfish and distracting quarrels, were numerous. The politician was hated next to the "Nob" who owned him.

Denis Kearney.

Isaac Kalloch, Elected Mayor of San Francisco by the Workingmen.

The immediate occasion of Kearneyism was the great railroad strike at the East in 1877. The California lines, having announced a reduction of wages, were threatened with a similar strike, but took alarm at the burning and fighting in Pittsburg and rescinded the notice. Nevertheless a mass-meeting was called to express sympathy with the Eastern strikers. It was held on July 23d. The new-rich grandees trembled. Authorities took precautions, but at the meeting no disorder occurred. During this and the two following evenings a number of Chinese wash-houses were destroyed and some Chinamen killed. The violence was naturally ascribed to the workingmen. A Committee of Public Safety was organized under William T. Coleman, president of the Vigilance Committee of 1856. The laboring men denied their alleged complicity with the lawlessness, and a number enlisted in Mr. Coleman's "pick-handle brigade," which patrolled the city for a few days. Among the pick-handle brigadiers was Denis Kearney, a man at once extreme in theories and language and singularly temperate in personal habits. Born in 1847, at Oakmount, Ireland, from eleven years of age to twenty-five he had followed the sea, but since 1872 had prospered as a drayman in San Francisco. He was short, well built, with a broad head, a light mustache, a quick but lowering blue eye, ready utterance, and a pleasant voice. He was of nervous temperament, and had the bluster and domineering way of a sailor, withal possessing remarkable shrewdness, enterprise, and initiative. For two years he had spent part of each Sunday at a lyceum for self-culture, where he had levelled denunciations at the laziness and extravagance of the working-classes, at the opponents of Chinese immigration, and at anti-capitalists in general.

For some reason, whether from a change of heart, or on account of unlucky dabbling in stocks, or because rebuffed by Senator Sargent, Kearney determined to turn about and agitate against all that he had held dear. On September 12, 1877, a company of the

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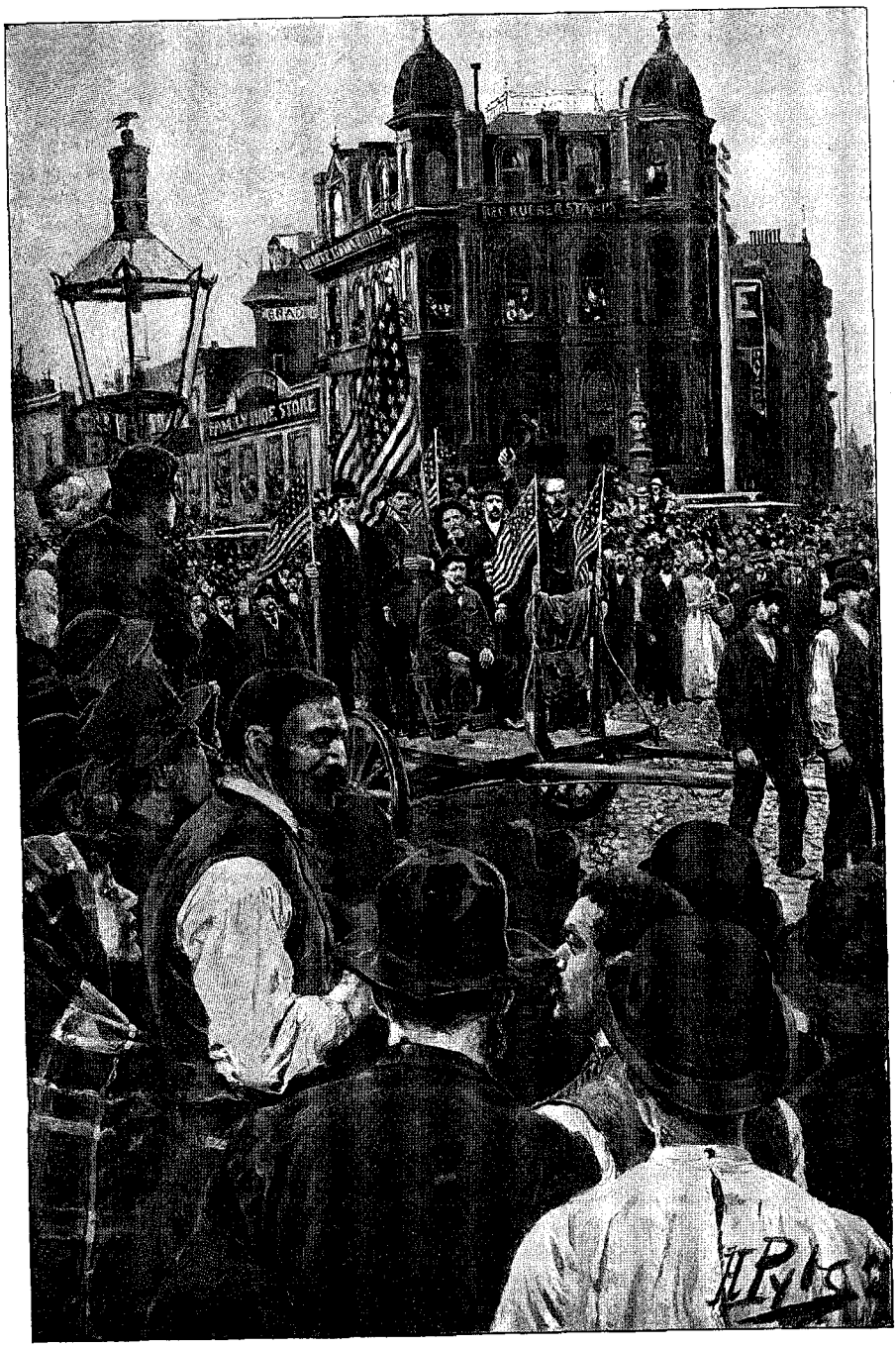

Denis Kearney being drawn through the Streets of San Francisco after his release from the House of Correction. The procession passing the Lotta Fountain in Market Street.

Painted by Howard Pyle from photographs by Taber and a description by Kearney himself.

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R. C. Winthrop.

M. Glennan, the Virginia Commissioner of the Yorktown Centennial Celebration.

unemployed in San Francisco assembled and organized "The Workingmen's Party of California." Its salient principles were the establishment of a State Bureau of Labor and Statistics and of a State Labor Commission, the legal regulation of the hours of labor, the abolition of poverty, along with all land and moneyed monopoly, and the ejection of the Chinese. Kearney, conspicuous among the extremists, was chosen president. His advanced ideas were incorporated into the party's creed, as follows:

"We propose to wrest the government from the hands of the rich and place it in those of the people. We propose to rid the country of cheap Chinese labor. We propose to destroy land monopoly in our State. We propose to destroy the great money power of the rich by a system of taxation that will make great wealth impossible. We propose to provide decently for the poor and unfortunate, the weak, the helpless, and especially the young, because the country is rich enough to do so, and religion, humanity, and patriotism demand that we should do so. We propose to elect none but competent workingmen and their friends to any office. The rich have ruled us till they have ruined us. We will now take our own affairs into our own hands. The republic must and shall be preserved, and only workingmen will do it. Our shoddy aristocrats want an emperor and a standing army to shoot down the people. When we have 10,000 members we shall have the sympathy and support of 20,000 other workingmen. The party will then wait upon all who employ Chinese and ask for their discharge, and it will mark as public enemies those who refuse to comply with their request. This party will exhaust all peaceable means of attaining its ends, but it will not be denied justice when it has power to enforce it. It will encourage no riot or outrage, but it will not volunteer to repress or put down or arrest or prosecute the hungry and impatient who manifest their hatred of the Chinamen by a crusade against John or those who employ him. Let those who raise the storm by their selfishness suppress it themselves. If they dare raise the devil, let them meet him face to face."

Soon began the memorable sand-lot meetings, made famous by the San Francisco *Chronicle*, which sent its best reporters to describe them. From his new eminence the agitator returned this favor by advising his hearers to boycott the *Morning Call* and subscribe for its rival, the *Chronicle*. His speeches were directed partly against the Chinese, but chiefly against the "thieving politicians" and "blood-sucking capitalists." At one gathering he suggested that every workingman should get a gun, and that some judicious hanging of aristocrats was needed. The sand-lot audiences were largely composed of foreigners, Irishmen being the most numerous, but even the Germans caught the infection. The orator could cater to their prejudices with effect, as he did in an address before the German Club in March, 1878: "Pixley said to me that the narrow-faced Yankees in California would clean us out, but I just wish they would try it. I would drive them into the sea or die." On the other hand, in the Kearneyites' Thanksgiving-day parade, appealing to the whole people, none but United States flags were carried and none but Union veterans carried them. The leader affected the integrity and stoicism of a Cato. As Cato concluded every oration of his with the impressive "*Carthago de-*

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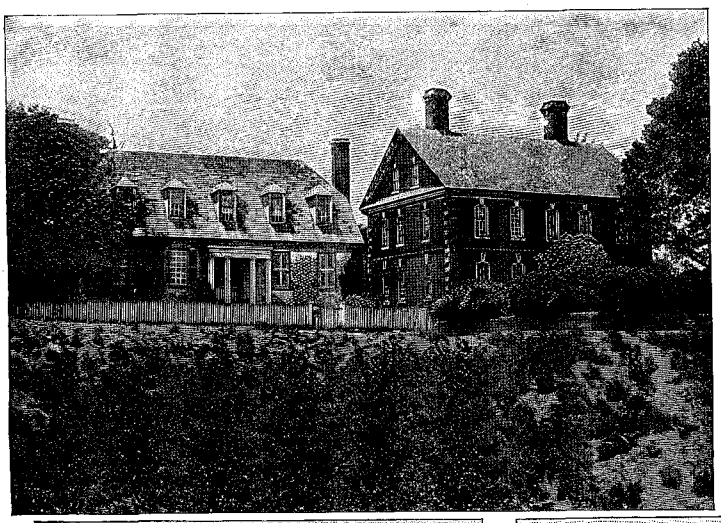
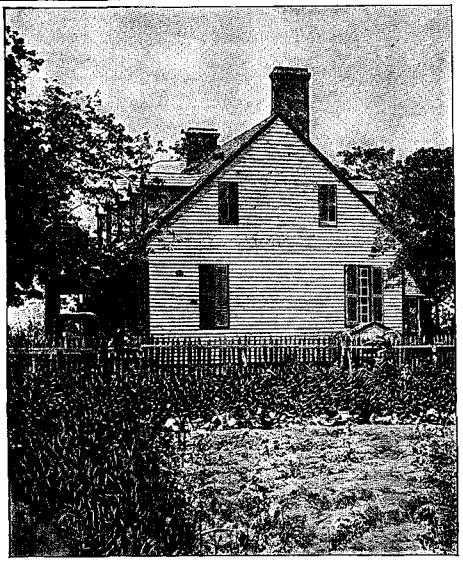


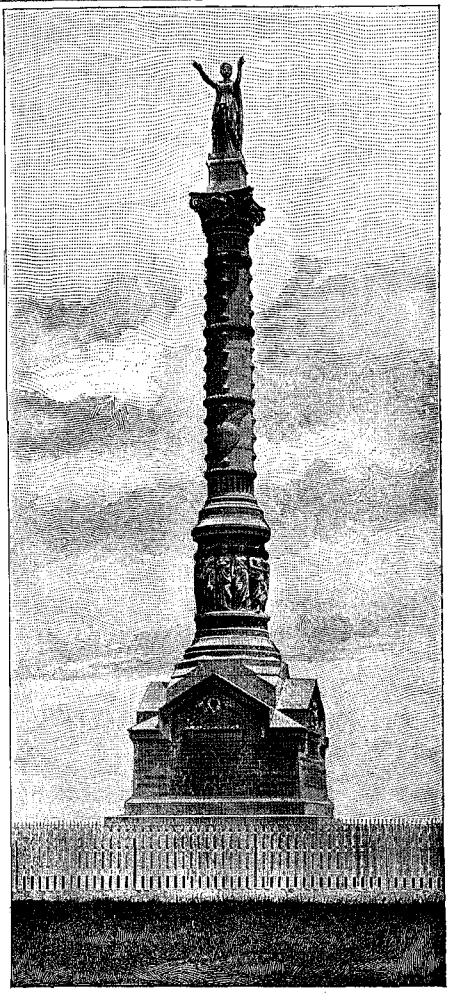


The Nelson House at Yorktown at the Time of the Centennial — showing the hole in the brick wall made by a cannon-ball.

The Moore House, Cornwallis's Quarters at the Time of the Surrender—showing shot holes.

lenda est," so Kearney introduced each of his harangues with "The Chinese must go!" The contest against the Chinese, he said, would not be given up till there was blood enough in Chinatown to float their bodies to the bay. Still, on one occasion a poor Chinaman at the mercy of hoodlums owed his rescue to the Kearneyites alone.

Much as Kearney delighted to scare the timid nabobs of San Francisco, he was careful to keep within the law. More than once, while himself breathing out threatenings and slaughter, he tactfully restrained his devotees from excesses. Shrewdly estimating the value of martyrdom, he once said: "If I don't get killed I will do more than any reformer in the world. But I hope I will be assassinated, for the success of the movement



The Memorial Monument—corner-stone laid Oct. 19, 1881.

The Centennial Celebration at Yorktown in 1881.

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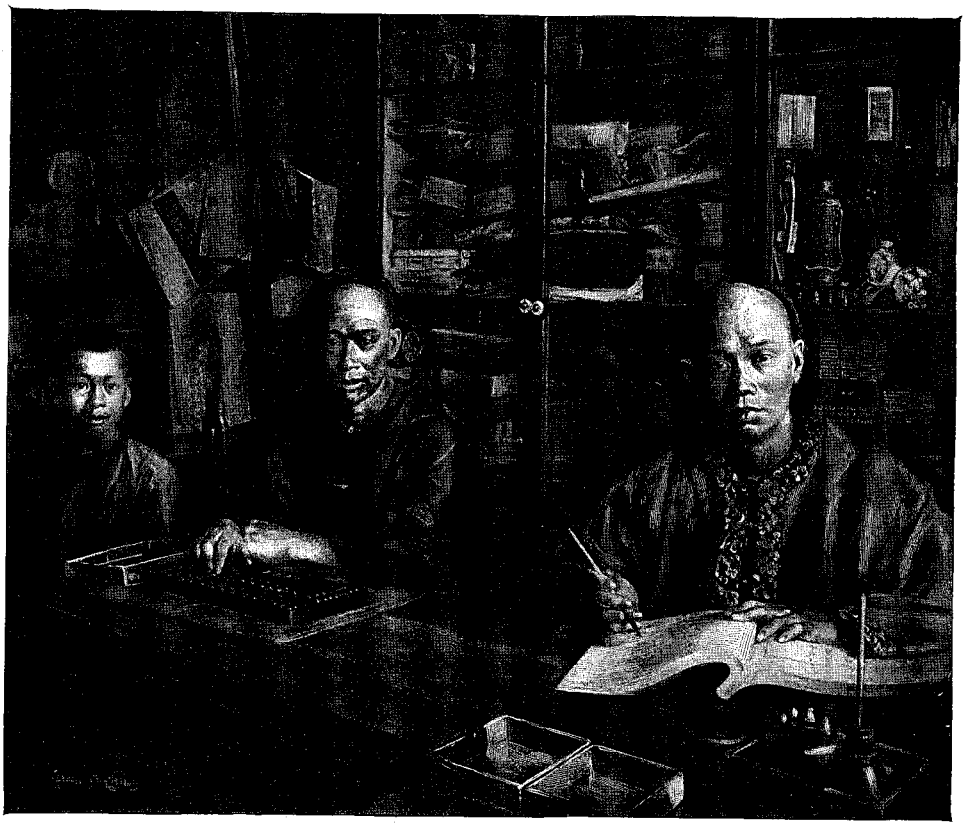

The Merchant Class—Types of Chinese Accountants.
After photograph by Taber.

depends upon that." The horns of this dilemma crossed, but each pointed in a hopeful direction. The leader's yearning for persecution was gratified. On October 29th about two thousand workingmen collected at Nob Hill, where the railway magnates lived. Bonfires being lighted, Kearney launched his philippic. The "Nobs" heard the jeers at their expense, and looked out upon the lurid scene in alarm. They had Kearney and other leading spirits arrested on the charge of using incendiary language. The city government passed a sedition ordinance known as the Gibbs gag law, and the Legislature enacted a ridiculously stringent riot act.

The two laws were still-born and harmless. The only effect of the arrests and of the new legislation was to give Kearney additional power. On his release from jail he was hailed as a martyr, crowned with flowers and drawn in triumph on his own dray. A Yorkshire shoemaker and evangelist named Wellock—"Parson Wellock" he was called—preached Kearneyism as a religion. He was tall, with a narrow head, high forehead, and a full, short beard. At each Sunday sand-lot assembly he used to read a text and expound its latter-day bearings. Speaking of the monopolists, he said: "These men who are perverting the ways of truth must be destroyed. In the Bible the Lord is called a consuming fire. When He commands we must obey. What are we to do with these people that are starving our poor and degrading our wives, daughters, and sisters? And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Take all the heads off the people and hang them up before the Lord.' This is what we are commanded by the Supreme Being to do with all that dare to tread down honesty, virtue, and truth."

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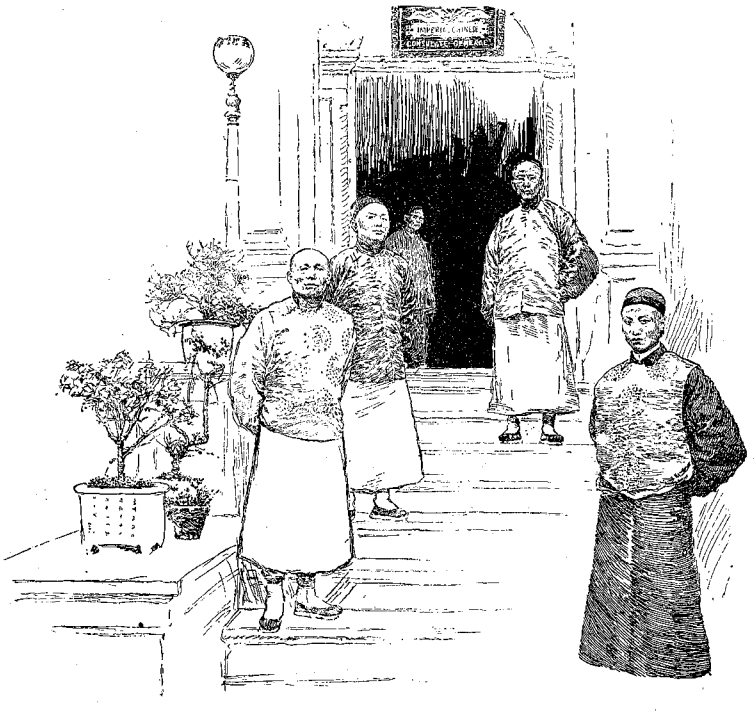
Both parties began to court Kearney. Aspirants for office secretly visited him. Office-holders changed from hostility to servility. The railroad kings, if they failed to moderate his language, found ways to assuage his hatred. Hirelings of corporate interests joined the Kearneyites and assisted them to carry out their wishes. Even the better classes more and more attended his harangues, partly from curiosity, partly from sympathy, partly from disgust at the old parties. The enthusiastic compared him with Napoleon and Cæsar. The party of the sand lots, Kearney nominally its president, really its dictator, spread over and controlled the State. This result assured, "reform" needed only that a new State constitution should be adopted, properly safeguarding the people against monopolies and the Chinese. Agitation for a constitutional convention was at once begun and pushed till successful.

The very immensity of the new party's growth begot reaction. The monopolists intensely hated Kearney at the very moment when they most sought to use him. His chief strength lay in the city populace. The Grangers sympathized and in many measures cooperated with him, yet maintained a becoming independence. In the city, too, there was a rival labor organization, set on foot at that first mass-meeting held to express sympathy for the Pittsburg strikers. Though Kearney's braggadocio "took" wonderfully with the people, this body let slip no chance for denouncing the man's extreme notions and assumption. Numerous and active enemies were made by Kearney's inability to brook aught of opposition or rivalry. By a motion of his hand he swept out of existence the Central Committee of his party. He liked best his most fulsome eulogists, and selected lieutenants whom he could fling aside the instant they hampered or crossed him. Many so treated beset him afterward like fleas. The Order of Caucasians, a species of anti-Mongolian Ku-Klux, with headquarters at Sacramento, was opposed to Kearney. Many men of influence and apparent impartiality, notably Archbishop Alemany, criticised his incendiary speeches, alienating some of his supporters.



Types of the Official Class. The Chinese Consulate in San Francisco.
After a photograph by Taber.

Democrats now felt that by "united action" the Constitutional Convention which the Kearneyites had succeeded in getting called might be saved from their control. Accordingly a non-partisan ticket was started, which, notwithstanding some grumbling from the old "wheel-horses" of the two parties, received pretty hearty support. Despite all, by coalescing with

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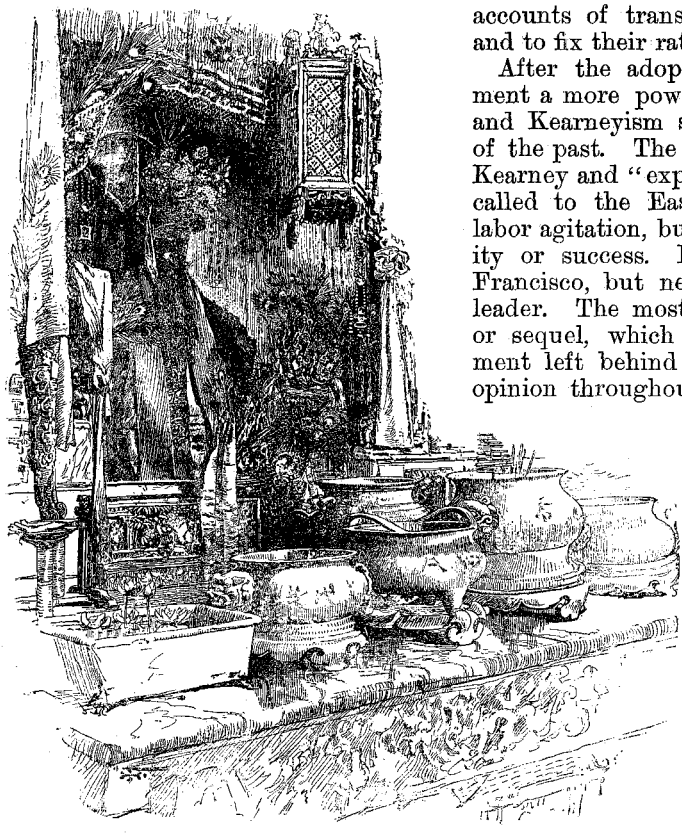

God in Joss Temple, "Chinatown," San Francisco.
After a photograph by Taber.

the Grangers, the Kearneyites controlled the convention. The new California Constitution which resulted was an odd mixture of ignorance and good intentions. To hinder corruption in public office it reduced the power of the Legislature almost to a shadow, and made the bribery of a legislator felony. To lighten taxation, particularly where it bore unduly upon the poor, the Constitution set a limit to State and local debts, taxed uncultivated land equally with cultivated land, made mortgage debts taxable where the mortgaged property lay, and authorized an income tax. However, for the benefit of the school fund, a poll tax was laid on every male inhabitant. Corporations were dealt with in a special article, which restricted them in many ways. Among other things, it instituted a commission with extraordinary powers, enabling it to examine the books and accounts of transportation companies and to fix their rates for carriage.

After the adoption of this instrument a more powerful reaction set in and Kearneyism soon became a thing of the past. The *Chronicle* abandoned Kearney and "exposed" him. He was called to the East in the interest of labor agitation, but had little popularity or success. He returned to San Francisco, but never again became a leader. The most pronounced result, or sequel, which the Kearney movement left behind was a fixed public opinion throughout California and all the Pacific States against any further immigration of the Chinese. The new California Constitution devotes to these people an entire article. In it they are cut off from employment by the State or by corporations doing business therein. "Asiatic coolieism" is prohibited as a form of human slavery. This sentiment toward the Celestials spread eastward, and, in spite of all opposition by interested capitalists and by disinterested philanthropists, determined the subsequent course of Chinese legislation in Congress itself.

THE JAMES DESPERADOES

During the years under survey Missouri as well as the Pacific States had to contend with aggravated lawlessness. When hardly a week passed without a train being "held up" somewhere in the State, Governor Crittenden was driven to the terrible expedient of using crime itself as a police power. In the spring of 1882, Jesse James, the noted desperado, was assassinated by former members of his gang, who then surrendered to the authorities and were lodged in jail — none too soon, as an angry populace,

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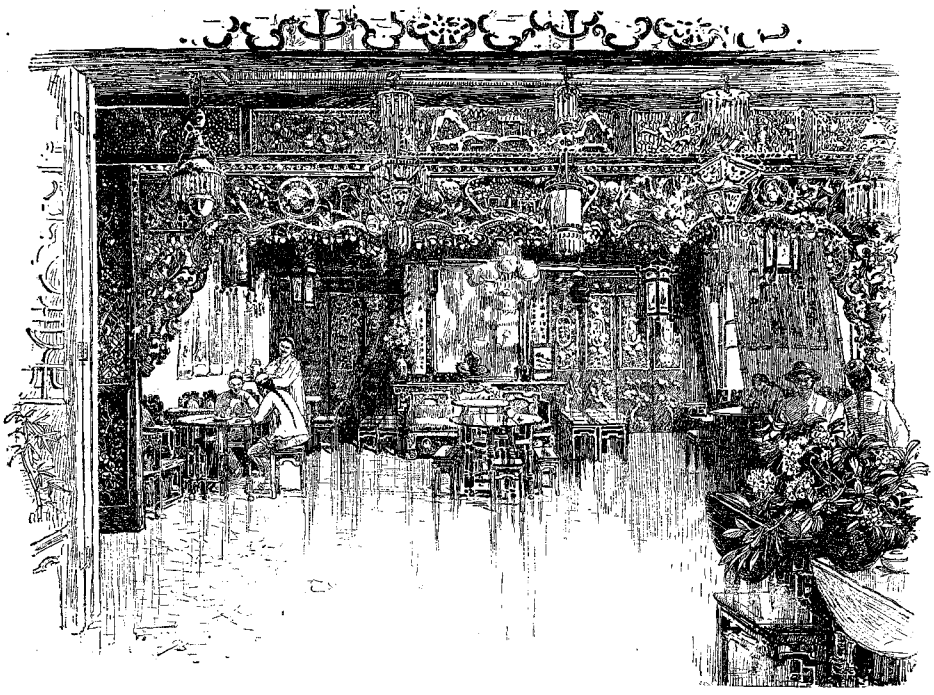

Dining Room of a Chinese Restaurant in Washington Street, San Francisco.
After photographs by Taber.

gathering in thousands, hotly beset the slayers. Slayers and slain had been Confederate guerillas in the war. On the return of peace they became train-robbers as easily as privateers turn pirates. James, at any rate, had not been inspired by lust of gain, for in spite of robberies amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars he died poor. He had been a church member, concerned for "his wayward brother" Frank's salvation. After his death his sect in Missouri repudiated him, while expressing strongest disapproval of the treachery used in his taking off. For nearly twenty years every effort to capture the fellow had proved futile. The nature of the country aided him, but not so much as the enthusiastic devotion of his neighbors.

> This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
> This head of a rebellious clan,

had made himself a hero. The Sedalia *Democrat* said: "It was his country. The graves of his kindred were there. He refused to be banished from his birthright, and when he was hunted he turned savagely about and hunted his hunters. Would to God he were alive to-day to make a righteous butchery of a few more of them."

By thus fighting fire with fire, Governor Crittenden succeeded in dispersing three other desperado bands. Upon being arraigned the men-killers pleaded guilty and were sentenced to be hanged, but they were at once pardoned. The Governor's policy, however, was most unpopular. Infinite hate and scorn were visited upon the betrayers. James's wife and mother cursed them bitterly; Dick Little, chief traitor, being the object of their uttermost loathing. "If Timberlake or Craig (the county sheriff and his deputy) had killed my poor boy," cried the mother, "I would not say one word; but, O God! the treachery of Dick Little and those boys! Craig and Timberlake are noble men, and they have done too much for me. My poor boy who now lies there dead told me if they killed him not to say one word." Craig and Timberlake were pall-bearers at James's funeral.

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The Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad extended courtesies to the bereaved widow and mother, who were on all hands the heroines of the hour.

THE YORKTOWN CELEBRATION

Occurrences more interesting than the Chinese imbroglio of 1882 now turned American eyes abroad.

Close after President Garfield's funeral followed an event which for some days attracted the world's attention—the centennial celebration of Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, Va. The hamlet of Yorktown is seated on a sandy river-bank among the vestiges of the two sieges it has sustained, that of 1781 and that of 1861, the Confederate works thrown up in the last-named year not having completely erased the defences erected by Cornwallis. The Confederate fortifications were to be seen in 1881, as also some of McClellan's approaches. The site of Washington's headquarters, still known as "Washington's Lodge," was pointed out two and a half miles back from the river. The buildings were burned during the civil war, but the house had been rebuilt. The old Nelson House, gray, ivy-grown, massive, was standing, while a mile away was the Moore House, Cornwallis's quarters at the time of his surrender. Its exterior was tricked out with red, yellow, and green paint, effects which, inside, "æsthetic" wall-paper and gaudy carpets strove to match.

Once redeemed from the British and once from Confederate rule, the village was now, for a few days, rescued from its own loneliness. There was some complaint that locality was not ignored and the anniversary celebrated where modern conveniences were at hand. Such were the dust and heat of Yorktown on the first day of the *fête* that pilgrims admired Cornwallis's good sense in surrendering as quickly as decency allowed, that he might go elsewhere. The second day was twenty degrees colder, and dusters gave way to ulsters. Truly vast preparations had been originally planned, but so obvious were the discomforts which could not but attend a long sojourn at the place, that the programme was radically docked. The events that were left, however, amply repaid for their trouble all who saw them.

Arrangements had been making at Yorktown for a month, during which time the sandbanks all about were in a stir, such as neither Cornwallis nor Magruder's cannon-wheels had occasioned. When the day marking the anniversary of the Briton's surrender arrived, a score of great war-ships, with other craft of various sorts, lined the river up and down, while shanties and tents covered the landscape in all directions. Wagons, buggies, and carriages by hundreds came and went, frequent among them the two-wheeled family vehicle of the Virginia negro, attached by a rope harness to a scrawny "scalawag." Strains of martial music, the thunder of heavy guns, throngs of civilians and of soldiers, thieves and gamblers plying their art unmolested till a welcome detachment of Richmond police arrived—all conspired to waken the little place from the dead. To the credit of the Post-office Department, no hitch occurred when mails multiplied from three a week to two a day, and the daily delivery of letters mounted from fifty to five thousand.

The celebration began on October 18th, "Surrender Day." Troops had been pouring in all night and the influx increased at dawn. Some had marched far and swiftly. Captain Sinclair's battery of the Third Artillery had covered the distance from Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, to Yorktown, 470 miles, in twenty-one marching days. At ten o'clock the Tallapoosa, bearing the President and most of his Cabinet, came up the river, being saluted as she passed the batteries. At this notice "the yards of the ships of war were manned"—the account reads quaintly after the lapse of but fourteen years. For ten minutes smoke-clouds covered the river and the boom of ponderous cannon quenched all other sounds. Behind the Tallapoosa were vessels bringing the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of War, and General Sherman. Distinguished foreign guests came too, descendants

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of de Grasse, de Rochambeau, de Lafayette, and von Steuben, the heroes who had shared with Washington the glory of humbling England's pride a hundred years before. Each dignitary being saluted according to his rank, the deafening cannonade was kept up for a number of hours.

Wednesday, October 19th, was devoted to the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Yorktown Centennial Monument. Commemorative exercises formed the feature of Thursday. President Arthur delivered an address, the Marquis de Rochambeau responding in French, Baron von Steuben in German, all three being loudly applauded. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop pronounced the oration of the day. The presence of Steuben and Rochambeau, of Generals Sherman and Wade Hampton, of Hancock, the favorite and hero of the festival, and Fitz Hugh Lee, hardly second to him in receipt of applause, naturally suggested the themes of concord and reunion. Among those who shook hands with President Arthur was the widow of President John Tyler. At the conclusion of these exercises all the troops passed in review before the President. It was the most brilliant military pageant seen since the war. Northern visitors noticed, with pleasure, that many of the Southern commands wore uniforms of blue. On Thursday evening fireworks were displayed. All the war vessels were illuminated. The flagship Franklin so disposed her lights as to bring out the outlines of her hull and rigging with charming effect. The celebration ended on Friday with a naval review, embracing all the men-of-war in the harbor. A graceful and handsome deed, acknowledged by the British press, was the salute paid by the entire fleet to the Union Jack hoisted at the foremast of each vessel.

In 1884 occurred an event presaging change in the time-honored foreign policy of the United States. Our diplomatic representatives took leading part in the Berlin Conference of that year, a conference which dealt with important questions touching the Dark Continent.

STANLEY AND THE CONGO

In September, 1876, Leopold II., King of the Belgians, had convened at his palace a conference of African travellers, to discuss the best means of opening equatorial Africa. Half a year later a Congress was convoked at the same place, where appeared delegates from Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, The Netherlands, Spain, Switzerland, and the United States. A committee of three, headed by the King, and including General Henry S. Sanford, of Florida, representing the English-speaking races, recommended the formation of an International African Association to found "hospitable and scientific" stations in Africa under the association's own flag. A chain of such stations was formed from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganyika.

The royal enterprise was advertised to the world mainly by the labors of Henry M. Stanley. Born in 1841, near Denbigh, Wales, where he was known as John Rowlands, from three years of age to thirteen the lad lived and was schooled inside St. Asaph Poor-house. He later ascribed all his success to the education here received. When sixteen he shipped for New Orleans, where he found a foster-father in a trader named Stanley, whose name he assumed and henceforth bore. At the outbreak of the civil war his energy took a military turn, and the man who was later reverenced by the Congo blacks as "Father and Mother of the Country," enlisted on the pro-slavery side, because, as he explained, he then knew no better. He was taken prisoner, escaped at night by swimming a river amid a storm of bullets, and made for Wales, but not to stay. Returning, he enlisted once more, this time in the Federal navy, acting presently as ensign on the flagship Ticonderoga. The young man is said to have once swam five hundred yards under fire, to attach a hawser to a Confederate steamer, which was thus made prize. Peace restored, the path of a newspaper correspondent in wild and distant lands attracted the bold fellow; and we find him by turns in Spain, Turkey, and Syria.

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Stanley's fame was not sealed, however, till James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, despatched him to the Dark Continent to "find Livingstone." More explicit directions would have been impossible at the time, as well as needless and insufferable for Stanley. The new explorer found the old one, who refused to return to civilization before completing his explorations. Livingstone died in Africa, his work still incomplete, but it was taken up and astonishingly supplemented by his strong successor. The Queen sent Stanley a gold snuff-box set with diamonds. France decorated him with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Bismarck entertained him. Leopold II. treated him as if he had been a prince of the blood. The poor-house boy became the most famous man on earth.

After Stanley had discovered the Upper Congo in 1877, "The *Comité d'Etudes* of the Upper Congo," a branch, or perhaps a partner, of the International African Association, devoted its labors to that region. In 1884 General Sanford wrote: "This work has developed into extraordinary proportions and has had for practical result the opening up to civilizing influence and to the world's traffic this vast, populous, and fertile region, securing certain destruction to the slave-trade wherever its flag floats." The flag —blue, with a golden star in the centre — was as yet unrecognized. The United States, so prominent in the inception of the enterprise, was the first to recognize it. In his annual message for 1883, President Arthur calls attention to the work of the association, "of which a citizen of the United States is the chief executive officer."

The succeeding April the Secretary of State found himself authorized to proclaim "that in accordance with the traditional policy of the United States, which enjoins their careful attention to the commercial interests of American citizens, avoiding at the same time all interference in the controversies engaged in between other powers or the conclusion of alliances with foreign nations, the Government of the United States declares its sympathy with and approbation of the humane and noble object of the International Association of the Congo, acting in the interest of the Free States established in that region, and commands all officers of the United States, either on land or sea, to recognize the flag of the International Association as that of a friendly government."

This step was much criticised abroad. The scramble for "a piece of Africa" had begun, and the association, which, unrecognized, might be a cat's-paw, once recognized became a rival. France and Portugal, each of whom had her claim (one very ancient, the other just hatched, but both much cackled about) to lands occupied by the association, were especially nettled. Had the claims mentioned been fully conceded the new State would have been left without seacoast. The adjustment gave to the blue-flag nation a coast frontage of from thirty to forty miles north from the Congo estuary, as well as a vast empire of back country. More vital ends than these touching the African continent waited to be attained, appealing to "the commercial interests of American citizens," and to their "sympathy" and "approbation." Besides, Americans had founded Liberia, American missionaries were not few in Africa, a wealthy American journalist had furnished the means and a famous American explorer performed the task of rescuing Dr. Livingstone. All these facts aroused public interest here and led to our participation in the Berlin Conference.

This step was as fiercely criticised at home as our recognition of the blue flag had been abroad. The timid shrieked appeal to the Monroe doctrine. Our commercial interests in Africa, it was said, were small, even *in posse*. Considered as *dis*interested, the action was denounced as meddling. We should regret it, critics said, when the Nicaragua controversy reached an acute phase. The correspondent of the London *News* considered the conspicuous part taken by our delegates in the conference an intimation that this country was henceforth to be more active in foreign affairs.

The conference assembled on November 19, 1884. It was formally opened by Prince Bismarck, who stated its main objects to be: 1. To secure free naviga-

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tion and trade on the River Congo. 2. To secure free navigation of the River Niger. 3. To determine the formalities to be in future observed for the valid annexation of territory on the African continent. The neutralization of the Congo and Niger, an American proposition, put forward by our delegate, Mr. Kasson, was attained in part, not perfectly, owing to the opposition of France. The motion to restrict the sale of liquor in the Congo basin, though introduced by Italy, was also of American origin. It was bitterly assailed by Germany and Holland, but was partly realized afterward. The United States, with England, joined the enlightened King of the Belgians in securing provisions for the preservation and amelioration of native races, the suppression of slavery and the slave-trade, and the encouragement of all religious, scientific, and charitable enterprises, with perfect religious liberty for white and black. Arrangements were made to include the neutralized strip in the Postal Union.

Subsequent events have justified Stanley's assertion that the course of the United States toward the new sovereignty was "well worthy of the great republic." The aborigines no longer dread the merciless Arab slave-raider, for his power is broken. Cannibals who in 1877 assailed Stanley with flights of poisoned arrows are now enlisted in the little standing army of the Free State. The sale of liquor, arms, and gunpowder has been restricted. Commerce has more than doubled the proportions it had when the conference rose. A railroad around Livingstone Falls has been begun and part of it is in operation.

ENGLAND AND CENTRAL AMERICA

While the Congo episode was broadening American ideas of the Monroe doctrine, events in Central America led to the emphatic reassertion of that doctrine. M. de Lesseps's ill-starred attempt to ditch the Isthmus of Panama was begun in 1881. The prospect of its success raised anew questions of neutrality and control over land or water routes joining the oceans. During President Taylor's administration the United States had requested Great Britain to withdraw her pretensions to the Mosquito Coast, that Nicaragua and ourselves might join to construct a canal from there to the Pacific. Great Britain declined, but signified her consent to a treaty admitting her to a share in the protection of the proposed canal. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty resulted, having in view, so far as the United States was concerned, the encouragement of a canal enterprise under the so-called "Hise" grant made us by Nicaragua. The treaty declared that neither government should "ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship-canal," or "occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America," the last provision, however, not to apply to the British settlement at Belize. The governments further agree to "facilitate the construction of the said canal by every means in their power," to protect it and to guarantee its neutrality. The eighth article of the treaty extends the agreement "to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus.

The projected canal was never begun, and interest in the subject subsided until after the war. It was revived by the attempt of France to join us, perhaps with other nations, in guaranteeing the neutrality of the new isthmus route which de Lesseps was designing. On March 8, 1880, in a special message, President Hayes said: "The United States cannot consent to the surrender of control (over an interoceanic canal) to any European power or to any combination of European powers." Hayes evidently assumed that the British guaranty mentioned in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty had relation solely to the schemes then in mind.

Secretary Blaine, under Garfield, maintained the same position. The United States, having guaranteed the neutrality of any route which might be opened across the isthmus, would brook no participation of European nations in this office. Mr. Blaine proposed certain modifications of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, made as it was under extraor-

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dinary and exceptional conditions, and operating, as it would in case of war, to place the canal in the hands of England's navy. He said: "As England insists, by the might of her power, that her enemies in war shall strike her Indian possessions only by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, so the United States will equally insist that the canal shall be reserved for ourselves, while our enemies, if we shall ever be so unfortunate as to have any, shall be remanded to the voyage around Cape Horn." In declining Blaine's proposition to modify the treaty Lord Granville pointed out the great interest of his country and of the whole civilized world in an unobstructed passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He painted "the melancholy spectacle" of "competition among the nations in the construction of fortifications to obtain the command over the canal and its approaches," a consequence apprehended (in other words, threatened) by her Majesty's government, should the United States persist in demanding supreme authority over the canal.

Under Mr. Frelinghuysen, President Arthur's Secretary of State, the controversy assumed a tenor more legal and less journalistic. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty he thought certainly voidable at our option. It had applied only to interoceanic ways definitely contemplated or in prospect in 1850, especially to a canal under the grant of 1849 from Nicaragua, a grant which the United States, "poor in money and floating capital," was unable by herself to make effective. In consideration of the speedy construction of the canal and of Great Britain's withdrawal from adjoining soil, our Government had "consented to waive the exclusive and valuable rights which had been given to them; consented to agree with Great Britain that they would not occupy, fortify, colonize, or assume dominion over any part of Central America, and consented to admit her Majesty's government at some future day to a share in the protection which they have exercised over the Isthmus of Panama." But, through Great Britain's fault alone, the proposed canal had never been constructed, while the tolerated mahogany-cutting "settlement at Belize" had been, in contravention of the treaty, erected into a veritable colony.

Under an international guarantee of neutrality, Mr. Frelinghuysen argued, a canal across the isthmus "would affect this republic in its trade and commerce; expose our western coast to attack; destroy our isolation; oblige us to improve our defences and increase our navy; and possibly compel us, contrary to our traditions, to take an active interest in the affairs of European nations." On the other hand, the political interest of this country as sole guarantor would not necessarily conflict with the material interest of other nations, to whose free use the canal would still be open. International agreements of the kind proposed by Lord Granville our Secretary declared in peace useless, in times of dissension unenforceable.

The discussion was, for the time, closed at the end of 1882, when the British Secretary announced England's conclusions, as follows: "The meaning and effect of Article viii." (as widening the scope of the treaty and establishing a general principle) "are not open to any doubt; the British Government have committed no act in relation to British Honduras or otherwise which can invalidate that treaty and justify the United States in denouncing it; and no necessity exists for removing any of the provisions of that treaty."

Many pronounced our opening of this question unwise, a foolish manifestation of a "jingo" policy. Mr. Blaine's spirited manner in the discussion was particularly reprehended. The criticism was unjust. The imbroglio was not of Mr. Blaine's creation, but came to him with the state portfolio from Secretary Evarts, upon whom it had been thrust by the action of Colombia, incited by France. Mr. Blaine's despatches upon the subject, perhaps less able than those of Evarts or those of Frelinghuysen, and almost dangerously bold in tone, yet take the only ground which a patriotic American Secretary of State could have assumed. Had Mr. Blaine been as reckless as many thought him, he would have moved to denounce the treaty forthwith and risk the consequences; but the time had not come for that.

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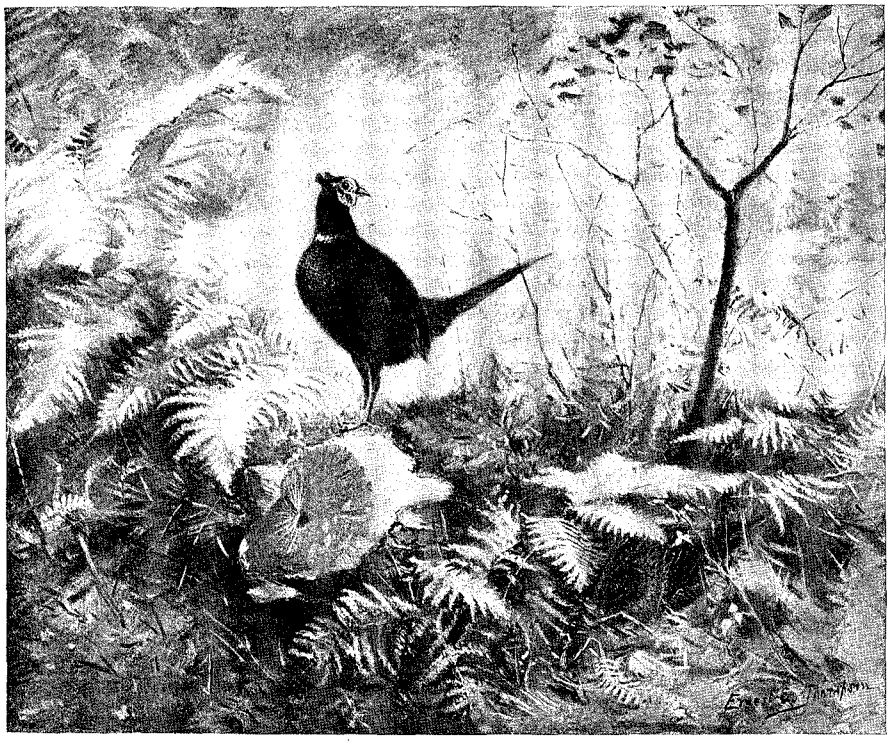

The Irreclaimable at Home. The English Pheasant.

DOMESTICATED BIRDS

By N. S. Shaler

THE stages of advancing civilization are well marked by the successive steps which have been taken in the domestication of animals and plants. The first of these is found in the adoption of the dog, which appears to have served even the most primitive men as a companion and as a helpmate in the chase. In a higher state of culture, when men felt the need of more strength than their bodies afforded and a better support than they could win by hunting, they domesticated horses, bulls, and sheep, and, becoming the owners of flocks and herds, adopted the nomadic life, with its endless search for fresh fields and pastures new.

It is an interesting fact that about all the work of domestication which has been done by man has been accomplished by the peoples of Asia and mainly by the Aryan race. The American Indians tamed a few species of native plants: even where their habits were prevailingly sedentary they domesticated no birds. It was left for Europeans to make use of the wild turkey. Our primitive people had the same chance to tame ducks and geese as the folk of the Old World. They appear, however, to have lacked all capacity for such endeavors. The same lack of disposition to capture and tame wild creatures is noticeable among the characteristic peoples of Africa, all of which serves to show that the domesticating art, at least as applied to animals, is peculiar to the higher-grade folk of the Old World.

Of all the birds which have been domesticated, our common barnyard fowl

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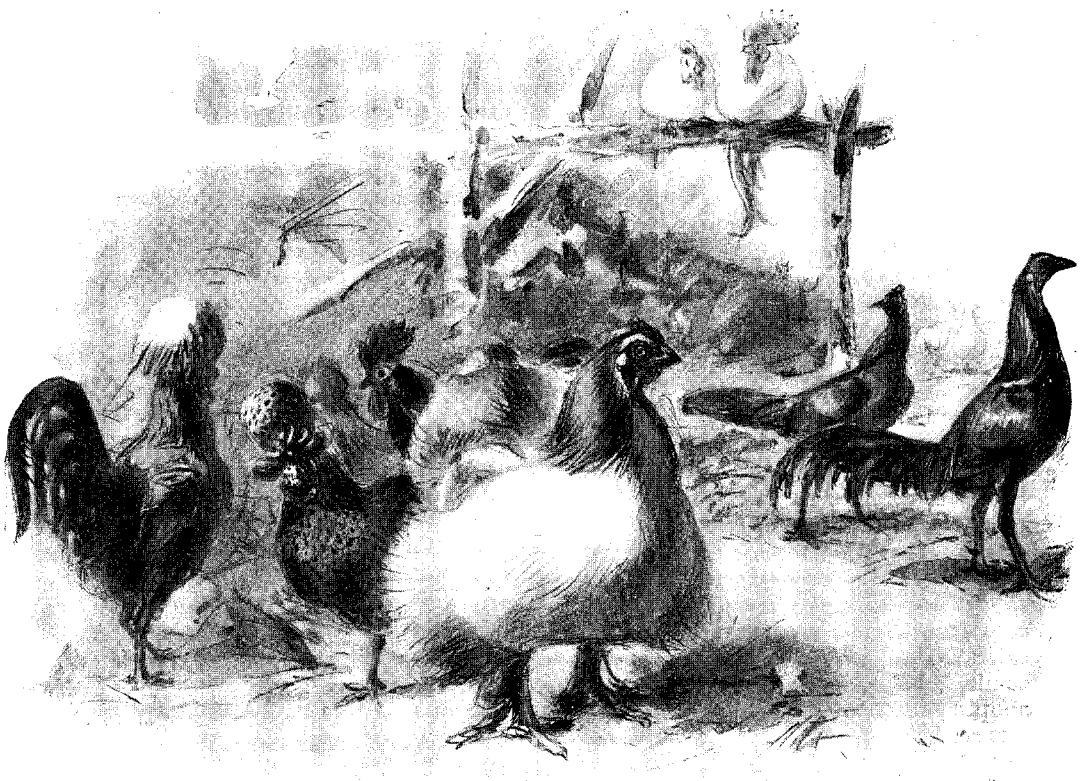
has been by far the most useful to man. It has become in a way interwoven with his life to a degree found only in a few of our barnyard animals. Next after the pigeons and the pigs it has been most deeply impressed by the breeder's art. The wild species whence it sprang is a small creature, laying but few eggs and with but a slight tendency to accumulate fat. From this parent stock varieties have been bred which attain in some cases to eight or ten times the weight of the ancient form. They have, moreover, lost the fierce combative spirit which characterizes their ancestors and which by selection has been preserved and intensified in our breeds of game-cocks.

It is an interesting fact that our barnyard fowl is the only species of a large family of birds which has been truly domesticated. The kindred pheasants and grouse, though abounding in the Old World and the New, and much disposed to abide about the cultivated fields, appear to be essentially untamable. However well cared for, the wilderness motive seems to be ineradicable. The domesticability of the cock, as is that of most other wild animals, is doubtless to be explained by the conditions of the life in which it has dwelt for ages before it was introduced to the society of man. In its wild state this bird had already to a great extent lost the power of flight, using its wings only for escaping from four-footed pursuers or to attain the branches of the trees in which it sought safety in the night-time. With this measure of loss of the flying power, the creature abandoned the habit of ranging over a wide field and thus was made more fit for domestication. Moreover, in their wilderness life these birds dwelt in more established communities than their kindred species. The most of these wild forms do not keep together through the year, but scatter after the young are able to shift for themselves. The Indian species of



Houdins. Cochins. Leghorns. Game.

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Gallus from which come our cocks and hens, however, have organized their life so that the individuals remain associated in a friendly way throughout the year.

A part of the fitness of this creature to cast in its lot with man arises from the fact that they have very sympathetic natures. This is shown by the way in which the cocks will fight for their hens, even against their dreaded enemies, the hawks, and by the manner in which the mother, overcoming her natural fears, will do battle for her brood. It is shown also in the curious mingling of gallantry and kindliness with which the cock will call a hen to give her some choice bit of food which he has captured. As he grows older and becomes Philistinish we may note that, after the manner of unfeathered bipeds, he is often disposed to indulge his selfishness, calling his flock only to see him devour the morsel. Even in old age, however, the males of the varieties which are nearest the parent stock maintain their helpful motives and will struggle with their infirmity to beat off a bird of prey.

The sympathetic and affectionate quality of our barnyard fowl is perhaps best indicated by the singular variety and denotative value of their various calls and cries. Those who know these birds well will find no difficulty in recognizing about a score of diverse sounds, each of which indicates a particular turn of their mind. Almost all of these different notes have slight variations of expression which fit particular situations. Thus the crow of these birds, which may seem to the unobservant a very unvaried sound, discloses to those who have lovingly studied them at least half a dozen distinct modifications. In the fledgling male who just begins to feel the spirit of his kind, and who goes through his performance in the adolescent way, it is a cheap and often pitiful call. From the open roost in the trees, where the birds are gradually aroused by the slow-coming day, we can often hear the note of the half-awakened cock, as full of the sense of slumber as the speech of a sleeping man. As the creature gradually awakens, his cry becomes more resonant until it has the true morning ring. Brave as is this note of the full day, it is not to be compared with the crowing of a game-cock, the most splendid braggart sound of all the animal world.

The really sympathetic notes of our fowls are uttered in their ordinary intercourse. Here the gradations of sounds have a range and fineness which, it seems to me, we can observe in no creature below the level of man. At-

Bantams. Brahma. Dorkings

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The Original Wild Rock Dove (*Columba Livia*) and Some of Its Domestic Descendants.

tention, astonishment, fear, commonplace distress, exultation, and agony are all set forth with cries which we, in a way, recognize as appropriate. Although some of these sounds relate to the larger experiences of the creatures, the most instructive of them are uttered in their ordinary intercourse, where they clearly maintain a kind of concensus in the flock by unending small bits of emotional speech, the notes being shaded in a wonderful way. These fine variations of utterance can sometimes be observed to be related to slight differences of situation. Thus the cackle of a hen when she leaves her nest after laying an egg is quite different from that which is made by the same hen when, during the period of incubation, she quits her eggs in search of food and water.

So nice and well understood are the differences between the sounds which these birds give forth, and so well are their notes appreciated by their companions, that the creatures may well be said to have a language. Though it probably conveys only emotions and not discreet thoughts, it still must be regarded as a certain kind of speech. The modes of expression indicate that in this creature, as in the other feathered forms, the intellectual life largely consists in the movements inspired by the emotions. On the rational side our fowls seem weaker than many other less interesting species. In their nesting and other habits there are no evidences of constructive ingenuity, and in all my observations of them I have never seen any evidence which showed either considerable powers of memory or a capacity to act in any complicated way, with reference to an end. It is evident, however, that they make a very good classification of the world about them. They have, for the limited field over which they roam, a keen topographic sense; they never become lost, and this, in connection with their sympathetic homing instinct, prevents them from wandering from their accustomed places to take up again with a wilderness life.

In their adhesion to domestication our common fowls differ in a remarkable way from all other of our captive animals except the dogs, and these birds are even more ineradicably attached to man than his older companion. While the dogs will sometimes become half wild, or, as we may phrase it, undomi-

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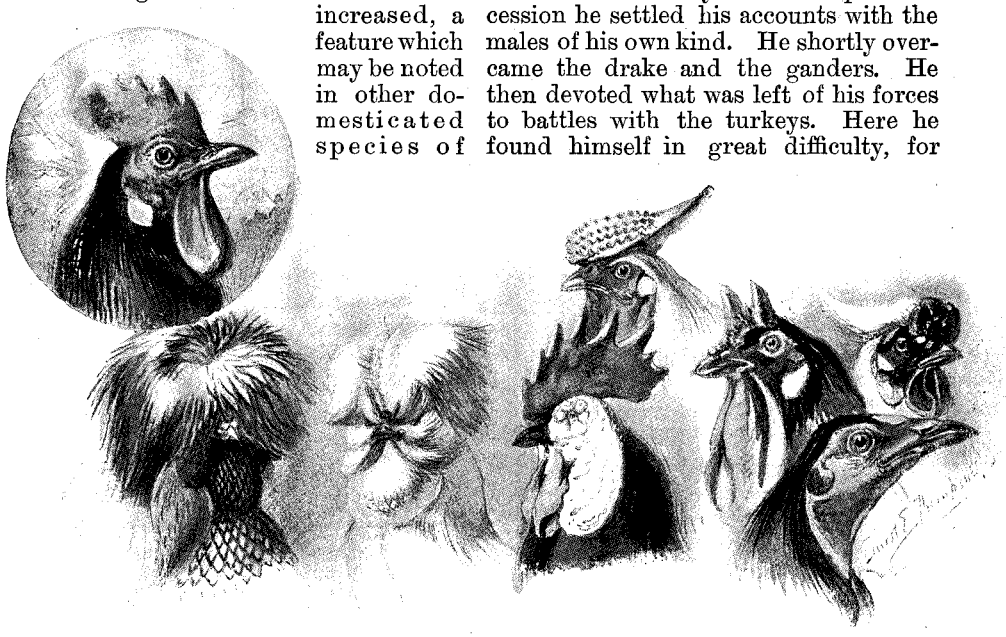
ciled, fowls seem incapable of maintaining themselves apart from human care. In much ranging of the wilderness I have never found one of these creatures more than a thousand feet away from a human habitation. When we consider how common must be the chances of their going astray and how easy it is in many parts of the country, as in our Southern States, for them to obtain in the wilderness food throughout the year, the fact that they never go wild is indeed remarkable. It can only be explained by the great development of the homing instinct which man has brought about in their sympathetic souls.

Although our unnatural process of breeding has done much to degrade the original beauty of the cocks and hens, destroying the delicate coloration of the feathers as well as the admirable blending and contrasts of their pristine hues, it seems likely that the effect on the physical and mental development as a whole has not been unfavorable. Though less courageous, they are stronger creatures than in their wild state; they are clearly more fecund, they are gentler natured, and so far as I have been able to compare the high-bred with the primitive forms their range of expression through the voice has been much increased, a feature which may be noted in other domesticated species of birds, as, for instance, in the canaries. The most remarkable alteration which has been brought about in the minds of these creatures consists in the very great diminution in the combative motive of the males. In the wild forms, as well as in the kindred variety, of the game-cock this impulse to battle attains a truly phenomenal development, the like of which is probably not to be found in any other creature. The male birds begin their warfare before they are more than half grown, and in their adult state will attack anything which they can conceive to be an enemy. They will, with slight provocation, assail any of the other domesticated species of birds, and even the lesser mammals, such as the dogs and cats. They will fight their own image in a looking-glass. I have had game-cocks attack my hand when it was held near the ground and given an up and down movement in imitation of their antagonist's head.

I once reared a game-cock by hand, keeping him secluded from his kind until he was adult. I then placed him in a large collection of barnyard fowl where there were half a dozen mongrel cocks, a drake of the muscovy variety, several ganders, and two turkey-gobblers. Immediately and in rapid succession he settled his accounts with the males of his own kind. He shortly overcame the drake and the ganders. He then devoted what was left of his forces to battles with the turkeys. Here he found himself in great difficulty, for



The Original Jungle Fowl (*Gallus bankiva*) and Some of His Domestic Descendants.

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the reason that these great birds would seize him by the head and lift his body off the ground. However, he soon learned an ingenious trick, which protected him from this danger. When gathering breath in the intervals between his assaults he would hover himself between his antagonist's legs, keeping step with the awkward creature in its efforts to get away from him. In a few days he wore out these doughty foemen and remained the battered master of the field.

Although the indomitable valor of the game-cock may be in some measure due to the selection which the breeder has applied to the variety, there can be no question that it is essentially natural to the species and is the result of an age-long habit which in the native wilds of the creature did much to insure its safety. The antiquity of the state of mind may be judged by the perfection to which the spurs have attained and the remarkably skilful and definite way in which the creatures use them. The spur, which has arisen from the development of the scales and underlying bone of the bird's leg, is a singularly perfect structure, the finish of which cannot be judged in the degraded form in which it is found in our ordinary barnyard species. Although in its construction this weapon is admirably devised, it is placed in a position where only a remarkably well-addressed movement can give effect to its blow. Those who have watched game-cocks in combat have had a chance to see the vaults by which the creature, partly turning in the air, is able to throw the spur in such a manner that it shares the impulse of the body when it strikes the antagonist. This peculiar craft has been in good part lost among our common varieties. Their spiritless contests differ as much from those of the game birds as do the fist fights of untrained men from the combats of skilled pugilists.

Although to persons unaccustomed to the spectacle the combats between game birds may seem disgusting, almost everyone must admire the valor, grace, and address which such scenes exhibit. Except where the brutal custom of putting steel points on the spurs prevails the birds rarely receive fatal wounds. The defeated cock is soon brought to confess his inferiority and takes himself away. At no other time in the life of these birds does their organic beauty appear to such advantage as when they are struggling with each other. Then alone do we perceive the singular efficiency of their bodies and the quick as well as appropriate action of their instincts. They set themselves against each other in attitudes as well chosen and as peculiar as those of a well-trained fencer. Before the assault they often go through a singular performance, which consists in picking up bits of twigs or pebbles. These they cast into the air, an unmeaning movement which may be compared to the like meaningless though similarly graceful salute with which swordsmen preface their contests. Then with their legs flexed, so that they may be ready for the spring, and with the rather stiff feathers about the neck erected so as to serve as a shield, they creep toward each other until they are separated by the distance appropriate for the spring. When fairly placed for battle they begin a system of fence which is intended to provoke the enemy to an untimely spring. The art of the game appears to consist in persuading the adversary to venture an attack where his force will be spent in the air, so that a blow can be given him before he has time to recover position. The issue depends much on the endurance of the birds. Their movements require so much energy that one of them is apt to become exhausted before the other is quite spent. In rare cases, only one of which has been seen by me, a weary bird will feign death for a minute or so and thus obtain new strength with which to renew the combat, profiting also by the confusion which he will bring upon his adversary by his sudden revival.

Although our barnyard fowl are the only ground birds which have ever been brought to a state of perfect domestication, there are several other species of the same group which have been taught in a measure to adhere to man. Of these perhaps the longest in domestication is the peafowl. This creature, though it has edible, indeed we may say savory, flesh, has retained its small place

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Contributions from Asia, Africa, and America.—Peacocks, Guinea-fowl, and Turkey.

in civilization solely on account of its extraordinary beauty. For its size it is doubtless the most beautiful of animals, its plumage, especially the magnificent display of the tail, exceeding that of any other natural object. There are other birds of small size which vie with the peacock in the details of ornamentation. Those jewels among the feathered tribes, the humming-birds, have a more delicate beauty. The birds of paradise and the lyre-birds have a grace in the attitudes of particular feathers which is unequalled, but for splendor none of them approach the peacock in his best estate.

The peacock is a native of southern Asia, a realm in fact in which the species of the group attain an uncommonly rich development. The creature appears to have been domesticated some thousands of years ago, but has undergone no considerable changes in its experience with man. It has in truth not been completely tamed. It does not willingly remain near the dwellings of man, but prefers to abide apart, only resorting to the home when in need of food. It is very intolerant of the other barnyard creatures, and often becomes possessed of a kind of mania for slaying their young, not for food but from pure spirit of mischief.

Intellectually speaking the peacocks are much below the cocks and hens: although they flock together, their sympathies do not seem quick; their cries and calls do not number a fifth part of those which we hear from our chickens,

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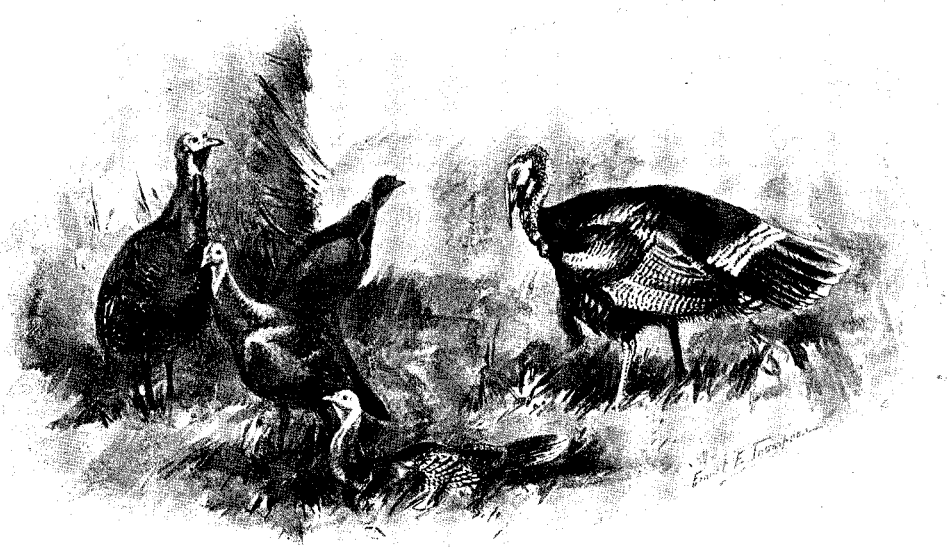
and their notes are prevailingly very discordant. Their cry of defiance answering to the crow of the cock is one of the rudest and least sympathetic sounds which is heard among the birds. Its only merit is that it can be heard very far. It is readily audible at the distance of a mile when it breaks the stillness of a summer night. At present the bird seems out of favor. At best it is a beautiful but annoying ornament to pleasure-grounds. It is likely, indeed, that it may in time become limited to its native wildernesses and to zoological gardens.

The last considerable addition to our barnyards has come to us in the form of the turkey. This species has the peculiar distinction of being the only animal form of definite use to man over a wide field which has been contributed from the life of the New World. Although the creature was much hunted by our North American Indians, and is of a type which lends itself to domestication, it does not appear to have become a companion of man until it was taken from the West India Islands to Europe shortly after the discovery of this country. Thence the domesticated form appears to have been returned to this country, where it has been a favorite in a measure unknown in the Old World. Ornithologists deem the Cuban turkey, whence our tame form came, to be specifically distinct from those which are found on the mainland of this continent. Although these kinds are disguishable by plumage, they are probably only varieties of a common species. This is indicated by the fact that our tame flocks readily intermingle with their wild kindred.

The ease with which the turkey becomes domesticated is remarkable. In this regard the creature may be compared to our cocks and hens. In both cases the tamableness is doubtless to be explained by the fact that the primitive forms dwelt in permanent association, the movements of which were in a way controlled by the adult males, and by the fact that the forms had abandoned the use of wings for wide-ranging flight. The change which has been brought about in the turkeys with their adoption into the human association has been slight. No distinct varieties of breeds have been originated, though here and there the observer may note slight local variations in the coloration of the plumage, which are probably due to varying admixtures with the wild forms of our forests. Thus in Kentucky and other parts of the South, where the opportunities for the inter-



The Domesticated Turkey.

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mingling of blood of the tame and wild forms are often, the domesticated creatures frequently resemble so nearly the wilderness forms that even the wary hunter may make mistakes as to whether the bird he sights be fair game or no. Unless carefully watched a drove of these creatures on the border of the wilderness is apt gradually to return to the wild state, the three or four centuries of life about the home of man not having been sufficient to do away with their ancient love of freedom.

Among the English folk of North America the turkeys found a large place as an element of the food supply. It has become curiously associated with the Puritan festival of Thanksgiving, an institution which has spread throughout the United States and which has in a way taken the place of the harvest-home festivities of the Old World and bygone ages. It is probable that the relation of these birds to our national festivities has done much to keep it in use in this country. It is a well-recognized fact that it is costly to keep, and that the eggs are not desirable for domestic use. The species requires a wide range. It does not do well in the confined conditions in which cocks and hens can readily be maintained. It therefore is not likely to be kept in any region where the agriculture is of a high grade. It is best suited to farms where there are considerable areas of half-wild pastures.

Although the turkey is a truly gregarious form its mental endowments are of a lower grade than those of most social birds. Their calls are few in number and have little of that conversational quality which we note in those of our ordinary barnyard fowls. Although the males contest the field with each other by personal combats, they are not very valiant, the creatures trusting for favor with the females rather to the parade of their plumage and the pomp of their carriage than to the wager of battle. In the matter of show they are, however, very effective, being only surpassed by the peacock in the splendor of their attire. In their domesticated state they lose much of the beauty which they have in the wilderness, as they do their pristine dimensions. Those who have hunted our wild species are likely to remember scenes where in some forest glade they have beheld a gobbler displaying his graces to an admiring harem. As he struts about with his tail feathers erect and his neck arched back, now and then pausing to utter an exultant gobble, the spectacle is one of the most amusing displays of animal pride which the naturalist has a chance to behold.

Recent experiments in ostrich farming seem to indicate that we are on the eve of introducing into our "happy family" the noblest remaining member of that group of great birds which characterized the life of the later geological periods. As yet the efforts in taming ostriches are too new for us to tell just what the effect of man's skill on the development of this creature will be. It is evident, however, that the creature can be won from its wilderness state at least to something like the imperfect companionship with man which has been attained by the guinea-fowls and turkeys. All we know of the variations in plumage of birds indicates that the breeder's art may bring about great variations in the highly decorative feathers for which this bird is to be reared. It is also probable that with the better food which domestic conditions imply this wanderer of the desert may be brought to attain a very much greater size than it wins in the hard life of its native land. If the form should prove as plastic as that of our ordinary barnyard species, we may indeed succeed in developing a variety approaching in dimensions the gigantic moa of New Zealand or the æpyornis of Madagascar, those magnificent creatures which passed away just before their native lands were known to our race. The variations in size of the wild ostrich appear to indicate that this interesting result may be attainable.

Next after the cocks and hens, the most important birds of economic value have come from the water fowl. In this field there are great opportunities for domestication, only a few of which have been adequately used. The aquatic birds, save for the fact that they are in all cases inspired with a more or less strong migratory humor, lend them-

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selves to the shaping hand of man more readily than most other forms. These creatures have the habit of association in a much more perfect way than our ground birds. They normally dwell in rather close order and in relations which are necessarily very sympathetic. Whoever has watched the flight of wild geese must have remarked the beautiful way in which they arrange at once for close companionship and for safety in the violent movements which impel their heavy bodies at high speed through the air. In the order of their flight the alignment is more perfect than in the march of trained soldiers. Each bird keeps as near to his neighbor as possible, but manages always to preserve the interval which will insure against a collision of the strong and swift moving wings, an accident which might well disable them for flight. I have repeatedly undertaken to confound their motion by firing a rifle-bullet at the head of the moving wedge. Although the sound of the projectile, if well directed, will disturb their processional order, it never brings confusion. The startled birds sink down or rise above the plane of the air in which their comrades are moving, but they never strike against them.

The sympathetic quality of our water-fowl, at least in that part of the emotion which leads them to be concerned with the afflictions of their species, appears to be more distinct than in the case of our ordinary barnyard fowl. Geese, as is well known, will make common cause against an intruder from whom harm to the flock may be expected. Their simultaneous din when anything occurs to arouse their enmity is commemorated in the ancient myth concerning the aid which they gave in the defence of the walls of Rome. There are anecdotes apparently well attested where water-fowl have borne away a wounded comrade which had fallen before the huntsman's fowling-piece. In Smiles's "Life of Edwards" there is an often-quoted story which appears to be trustworthy and sufficiently illustrates this point. A hunter having shot one of a flock of terns, which, wounded, fell into the water near the shore, he waded in to seize it. Suddenly two of the terns came to their wounded companion, seized him by either wing and bore him toward the open sea. When these two helpers were weary the sufferer was lowered into the water, and, in turn, seized by two other birds which were fresh for the labor. Working in succession these birds carried their companion to a rock some distance from the shore. When the hunter endeavored to approach the rock, yet others of the species seized the cripple and bore him far beyond his reach.

As yet, from the great number of species of water-fowl, man has really domesticated but two characteristic groups, the species of geese and of ducks. Swans have been brought to a state where they tolerate the presence of man, though they rarely establish any really intimate relations with him. Some other species, as, for instance, the grebe, have been taught to dwell about the homes of men, accepting food from his hands. It is likely that more of these water-fowl would have come into human associations were it not for the fact that they are naturally migratory, and when, after a season of domestication, they join a passing flock, they never return to the place where they have been kept.

Although many of the free-flying birds of the land are or have been kept captive because of the pleasure which men have found from their songs, their grace, or their quaint ways, only one of these has really been gained to domestication. In the pigeon man has made what is on many accounts the most remarkable of all his conquests over the wild nature about him. Although the breeder's art has led many forms, some of them on several divergent lines, far away from their primitive estate, in no other field has it accomplished such surprising results as with the doves. The original wild form of this group is a native of Europe and Asia, where the species *Columba livia*, or rock pigeon, is still common, and whence it may be readily won anew to domestication. It is a small, plain-colored, rather invariable and inconspicuous bird about the size of our American dove. In its wild state it dwells in small flocks, nesting by preference in the crannies of the cliffs and exhibiting no striking qualities which

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make it seem a desirable subject for domestication. We note, however, that even in this primitive condition the creature has certain physical and mental qualities which have been the basis of its adoption by man as well as of the wide changes which it has undergone at his hands.

It is a characteristic of all the doves that their young are born in a very immature state, and for some time after they come from the egg they have to be supplied with food which has been partly digested in the crop or upper part of the stomach of the parent. For the proper rearing of the brood there is required the assiduous care of both parents. Therefore quite naturally we find among these birds that the pairing habit is well developed, and as they rear several broods each season that the mating is for life. Although there are a number of birds in various orders which are accustomed to the monogamic habit, it happens that the pigeon is the only animal which man has ever won to true domestication in which the sexes can be thus permanently united. In the dovecote, however many birds it may contain, the breeder can be always sure as to the parentage of the young which he is rearing. This affords an admirable basis for the practice of his art, which is still further favored by the fact that pigeons reproduce rapidly, and the progeny are ready to mate in a few months after they come into the world. Thus the species affords really ideal conditions for that process of selection on which the improvement of all domesticated animals intimately depends.

Selective breeding of pigeons began in India, as the records seem to show, more than two thousand years ago. Though other animals have been brought to domestication at much earlier times, this appears to have been the first of them to be subjected to deliberate efforts on the part of their masters, which were intended to bring about in a methodical way certain changes in their forms and habits. The most curious part of this great endeavor which has been applied to breeding pigeons is found in the fact that the ends sought have no utility, but afford satisfaction from the point of view of pure diversion or the gratification of taste. We are well accustomed to the action of such motives upon our flowering plants of the garden, but the pigeon is the only animal where fancy has labored for thousands of years for its gratification. The breeders of pigeons, from remote antiquity to the present day, appear to have had no definite purpose in all their pains. They have taken the chance variations in form and habit and endeavored to extend these sports of nature by a careful system of mating those in which the singular features were most evident. Thus the fan-tail breed has been developed until the creatures display their unornamental tail feathers with all the dignity with which a peacock shows his marvellous decorations. The pouters have in some unaccountable way learned to take air into their crop, and the habit has been developed by selection until the bird destroys all trace of his original shapeliness, though he seems to take pride in his diseased appearance. The tumbler, probably derived from some ancestor afflicted with a disease of an epileptic character, manages to go through his convulsions in the air without serious consequences and apparently with some pleasure to himself. There are over two hundred less conspicuous varieties, of which only one deserves notice, and this for the reason that it has some possible utility to man and is now much attended to. This is known as the carrier pigeon.

In early time, before the invention of the railway and telegraph, some ingenious breeder of pigeons, observing the constant way in which these creatures returned to the place where they were bred, invented the plan of using them to convey information. This service was found convenient not only for ordinary correspondence, but was exceedingly valuable where a place was beleaguered by an enemy. In such cases carrier pigeons could often be used to convey information across the otherwise impassable lines. Even in modern times, as, for instance, during the last siege of Paris, these swift and sure flying birds proved of great use in keeping up communications between the people of the invested town and the French armies in the field. Letters in cipher, sometimes

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photographed down until the characters were microscopically fine, were made into packages of small weight in order not to impede the flight of the bird, carefully affixed to its body, and thus sent away. Very generally these curious shipments came to the hands of those for whom they were destined. The birds can be trusted to fly at night; they retain for a long time the memory of their home and spare no pains to return to it.

It must be regarded as unfortunate that the experiments which have been made on pigeons have been limited to their features of form, color, and slight peculiarities in their habits. If the breeders had sought to modify the intellectual parts with anything like the insistence which they have given to the development of these bodily peculiarities, we might now have a most valuable store of knowledge as to the limitations of animal minds. The facts gained in the breeding of the carriers show clearly that certain of the instincts of these birds can be readily modified. There is every reason to suppose that their mental capacities in other directions have something of the same pliability.

Although some of the free-flying or tree birds have been kept for their beauty alone, the greater part of them have commended themselves to man because of their voices. It is hardly necessary to tell the reader that the birds of all animals are most provided with means of expression through the voice. There is hardly a species which has not a greater range of notes or calls than the most vocal of our wild mammals, and many varieties are impelled to tuneful expression in the measure in which no other creatures, not even man, exhibits. In most cases these utterances are pleasing to the human ear, for they have the quality which we term musical. Therefore it is not surprising that the most of our captive birds have been chosen for their song.

It seems clear that the song of birds, like their calls—the two shade indefinitely into each other—expressed a sympathetic emotional consciousness of the actions going on about them, particularly of the life of their kind. In general these utterances are directed toward kindred of their own species. In many cases, however, as among the imitative birds, the sounds which they utter indicate a curiously keen interest in the actions of their masters or other human affairs. The mocking-birds and some other species will, with great assiduity, endeavor to copy any sound which they happen to hear. I well remember watching a mocking-bird which was listening with rapt attention to the noise produced by a man sharpening a saw with a file. The poor bird would hearken with great attention until he thought he had caught the note and then endeavor to reproduce it. As may be imagined, the measure of his success was small. He was fully conscious of his failure, and would beat himself about the cage in evident chagrin, returning again and again to try the hopeless task.

Wherever the vocal organs of caged birds permit them to imitate human speech they are apt to devote a large part of their labor to this task, paying little attention to other less meaningful sounds. It appears to me that they perceive in a way the sympathetic character of language and therefore take a peculiar pleasure in copying it. It is hardly to be believed that they ever get a sense of the connotative value of words, but it is not to be doubted that they sometimes attain to a certain appreciation of the denotation of simpler phrases. In this task they do not exhibit as much sagacity as the dog, a creature which learns to understand the purport of rather complicated sentences. Nevertheless their capacity for imitating speech is a fascinating peculiarity, one which has greatly endeared them to bird fanciers.

The remarkable way in which the art of hawking has disappeared from our civilization deserves more than a passing notice, though it appears to be inexplicable. It is evident that it was a tolerably ingrained habit, at least among the English-speaking people, for it has left a very deep impress upon the language. There are far more phrases derived from the custom than can be traced to any other of the sportsman's arts. At least, one of these collocations

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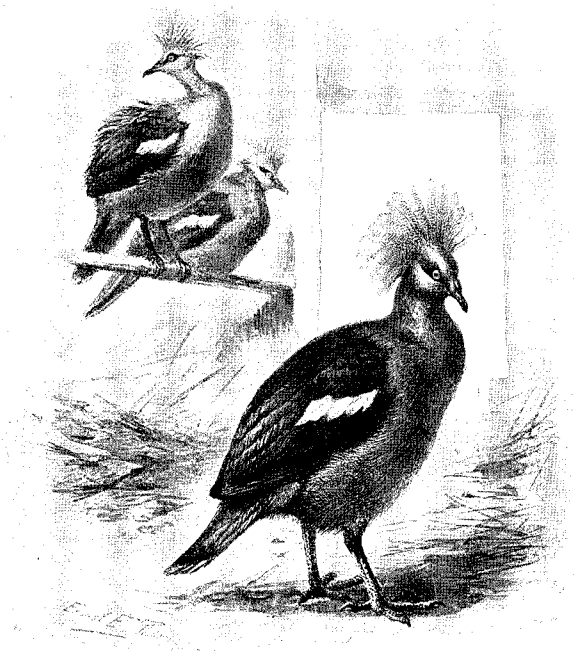

The Giant Crowned Pigeon of India. (The largest of the pigeons since the extinction of the Dodo.)

of words which has escaped from the minds of grown people still holds a place among the boys of this country. When two lads are fighting we often hear the bystanders say, by way of encouragement to one of the contestants, "Give him Jesse." The use of this curious phrase prevails in all parts of the United States, but after much inquiry I have failed to find a trace of it preserved in England. There seems to be little doubt that these words are due to a custom of beating a hawk which failed to do its duty with the thongs or jesses by which it was attached to the wrist of the falconer. Giving another jesse thus came to be equivalent to giving a person a strapping.

Whatever may have been the reason for abandoning this beautiful and in a way noble sport, its disuse must be deemed most unfortunate by all the students of animal intelligence, for it has deprived us of precious opportunities in the way of observations on the mental peculiarities which exist in a most interesting group of birds. In these days, when there is much humor for reviving the customs of our forefathers, it might be well for some persons of leisure to give their attention to restoring the arts of falconry. Enough of the practice and of the traditions is left to make it an easy task to reinstitute all the important parts of the custom. Moreover, those who essayed the matter would have access to a much greater range of rapacious birds than our forefathers, who had to content themselves with the limited number of wild species which inhabit the continent of Europe. Especially on our Western plains, where game birds abound and the country lies wide open, sportsmen would find an admirable field in which to follow the bird they flew. Not only would the restoration of hawking give us a sport much more skilful and refined than the fox chase, but it would reintroduce the cultivation of the only creature which, having once been brought to the service of man, has been permitted to return to its ancestral wild life.

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MR. HUXLEY

By George W. Smalley

MY acquaintance with Mr. Huxley began in 1876. We were fellow-passengers on the White Star Steamship Germanic from Liverpool to New York. It was not, I think, our first meeting, but I date from that voyage our real acquaintance and the friendship which followed. The friendship, cemented by some common interests and by a long-continued and close relationship between his family and mine, lasted without a break to the day of his death; and lasts still. It was in some respects so intimate that to write anything at all about him seems almost a breach of the confidence he gave me. On the other hand, to write nothing is to be untrue to him and to his memory — to the memory of one of the truest men who ever lived, one of the manliest, and in all points one of the noblest. I believe I should say the same thing if I had never known him, or known him but slightly, for I have known also many of his friends and some of his enemies, and from no one of them did I ever hear a word questioning his loyalty or truthfulness of nature. What may have been said in controversy does not count. Most men will say strong things when hard pushed, and Mr. Huxley was all his life long in the thick of some conflict or other, and endured the usual hardships of conflicts very stoically.

These, or most of these, may nevertheless be passed over. The records of them are all in print. No doubt he will pass into history as a born fighter. The combative instinct was in him, but it was very far from being merely pugnacity. He fought for that which he thought to be true and right. On no other terms could you engage him in any conflict whatever. It is impossible to conceive of Huxley as a mercenary, as taking pay for anything in which his heart was not, as upholding an opinion in which he did not believe. His sincerity was often tested. He came into active life at a time when science was very far from having achieved that position of independence which it has since won; and won in a very considerable degree by Huxley's help. You remember the fate which befell Colenso. That arithmetical bishop was persecuted because he could not accept as historical all that he found in the Pentateuch. Who accepts it all now? If you did not then believe in the Mosaic cosmogony, or in that theory of creation and of the ordering of the world to which Huxley, with great controversial adroitness, once gave the name Miltonic, you were anathema. When Darwin published the "Origin of Species" he was denounced from every orthodox pulpit in England as an infidel. That was in 1859, not two generations ago. Huxley, who had already made a name in science, took his stand at once by Darwin. He did not affirm —he was never much given to affirming anything except that two and two made four — that Darwin's hypothesis had been made out. It was enough for him that the theory of evolution or of natural selection, as it was first announced, had the probabilities on its side. It explained the hitherto unexplained origin of species more satisfactorily than any preceding theory. It gave, to say the least, a rational and not a merely mythological account of things, and for Huxley the use of the reason was the first condition of an approach to the truth. Until a more rational theory, better supported by facts, should be advanced he stood by this, and was content to work and that others should work on the lines Darwin had laid down. Darwin and Darwinism held the field. They hold it still. Twenty-one years later Huxley delivered, at the Royal Institution in London, a lecture on the coming of age of the Darwinian theory. He had very little to alter or modify.

It is because Huxley has been to such an extent identified with Darwinism that his achievements in original research have brought him less renown

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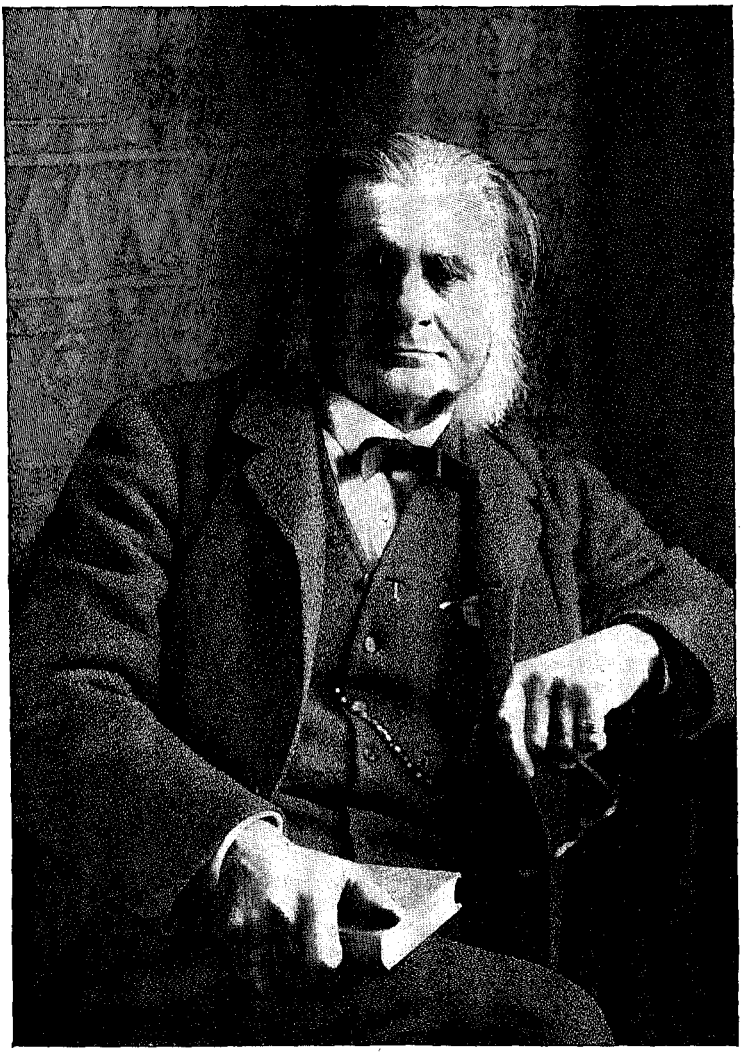

Thomas Henry Huxley.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

than they should. He was its champion in the arena — ever ready to meet all comers. But all the time he was steadily pursuing his own scientific work. The records of it are to be found where the public never looks, in the journals of the Royal Society, in the transactions of the various scientific societies, which are published for the benefit of the world of science and not for newspaper readers in general. The Royal Society, of which he had long been the secretary, chose him its president and awarded him the Copley medal — the blue ribbon of English science, and perhaps of European science also, for it was bestowed on Virchow, the German. The Royal Society, unlike the Royal Academy of Art, is a body which takes purely scientific views and awards its distinctions without regard to social qualifications. It scarcely recognizes even the merits of the immense work Huxley did in popularizing science. He might have gone on to the end lecturing in Jermyn Street, at the Royal School of Mines, and afterward in South Kensington, without eliciting much no-

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tice from the Royal Society. It was his researches in physiology and biology which brought him the coveted rewards I have mentioned. Not that Huxley himself coveted them. He valued them when they came, but to covet was not in his nature.

Yet I imagine that when Huxley's place in the Victorian era comes to be finally assigned him, a hundred years hence or more, what he did in a field apart from pure science will be held one of his chief titles to permanent fame as a benefactor of the human race. What he did was to break down the ecclesiastical barrier between human reason and the exercise of it on some of those great questions which most nearly concern the human race. I do not mean that he alone did it, but that he was, on the whole, the foremost figure in that momentous struggle. The struggle is not yet over, but there is no longer much doubt on which side victory is to rest. And I would ask anybody who knows much of the intellectual history of this period, to ask himself what it would be with Huxley left out. We used to hear much of the so-called conflict between Science and Religion. It was the religionists who gave it that name. The conflict was never with religion, but with dogma, with the Church, perhaps, in so far as it made itself a champion of dogma; with orthodoxy in any one of its innumerable forms, and with the spirit of tradition and of authority. Huxley made no attack on religion, and religion none on him. But the Scribes and Pharisees encompassed him about. The self-constituted defenders of the old order of things assailed him. He claimed the right to think for himself on subjects as to which Rome and, following Rome, the Church of England as her spiritual or apostolic successor, had delivered to the world a final decree. That was offence enough. Call him an infidel at once, as Darwin had been called. The result was to engage Huxley in a series of discussions on the mixed and always debatable ground which the Church claims as its private domain, and upon which free thought had steadily encroached. I will not say that in such discussions he was at his best, for scientific experts tell you that he was at his best in pure science, or in the exposition of pure science. But I will say he was better than anybody else. Whom will you put beside him? Who met and vanquished so many very eminent antagonists? Mr. Gladstone, Ward, Dr. Wall, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Frederic Harrison—these are but a few of the most distinguished men who attacked Huxley and were worsted. Ecclesiastical thunders rolled harmlessly about his head. Theology and biblical criticism, cried his opponents, are not Mr. Huxley's ground; why does he intrude on our pastures? The answer is to be found in the published volumes which contain the essays and discourses on these subjects. It is to be found not less clearly in the existing state of public opinion, due as it is so largely to these very encounters. The emancipation of thought—that is Huxley's legacy to his century—that was his continual lesson of intellectual honesty.

In truth he was a very expert metaphysician, with an extraordinary knowledge of the literature of metaphysics and philosophy. When he set forth in his trenchant way some of the absurdities of Auguste Comte, Mr. Frederic Harrison, one of the high priests of Positivism in England, replied that Mr. Huxley had evidently never read Comte. Huxley took the trouble to explain that he had early mastered the six volumes of the "Philosophie Positive," and had reread them for the purposes of that discussion, and much besides. I speak of Mr. Frederic Harrison as one of the high priests of Positivism. The sect in England consists almost exclusively of high priests, like the regiment which Artemus Ward proposed to recruit, entirely of brigadier-generals. But the Positivists are only a corporal's guard, not a regiment. Huxley was a student and more than a student of Descartes. He has written the best short book in existence on Hume. He was a pupil of Aristotle, and therefore not a Platonist. Hobbes taught him much; Berkeley was to him a great thinker; Locke, Butler, and the short list of really great names in English philosophy were all his familiars, while among

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the great Germans there was, I think, none whom he did not know well—Kant, Hegel, Fichte, and all that illustrious line, not excepting Schopenhauer, long before he became the fashion among a little group of Englishmen and Englishwomen, who like playing with high subjects and dipping into books of which the depths are beyond their mental stature.

There was—perhaps there still is—in England a Metaphysical Club, of which Huxley and many other eminent persons were members. They met once a month to discourse of these high matters. Mr. Gladstone was one. There is no known subject on which the great Parliamentarian is not ready to enlarge with copious confidence. He did on metaphysics at the club and elsewhere. Mr. Huxley was once asked whether Mr. Gladstone was an expert metaphysician. "An expert in metaphysics? He does not know the meaning of the word," was the rather startling answer. Between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Huxley no love, in truth, was ever lost. Their relations were never intimate, and though in private they met as men do in England, amicably and civilly, no matter how much they differ in public, there was and could be no cordiality. Mr. Gladstone is a hardened disputant with a tough skin, but even he must have winced under Mr. Huxley's exposure of his controversial methods. On the point of orthodoxy, moreover, Mr. Gladstone is inflexible, or almost inflexible. If you are not a Churchman you are in outer darkness. He does not follow scientific movements very carefully, but he knew very well what tremendous inroads Mr. Huxley was making upon ecclesiasticism, and he could not forgive him. One of Mr. Gladstone's most faithful henchmen once remarked that he thought it an act of presumption in a man who did not know Hebrew to discuss the Old Testament. What he really meant was that it was an act of presumption to crumple up Mr. Gladstone in a public debate.

Though no man, as I said, has done more to modernize the methods of thought of his own time, Huxley was nevertheless very far from despising the teachings of elder days. With Lord Kenyon, but in better Latin, he would take his stand *supra antiquas vias*. He liked to refer the germ of those great discoveries and processes of which the nineteenth century is apt to consider itself the author to earlier times and men. He did full justice to Harvey. He acknowledged Aristotle as his master; in Aristotle, he considered, was to be found the idea which lies at the root of modern thought. In naturalists like Buffon, who is commonly spoken of as out of date, he found high merit. He would not join with the Germans in disparaging Bacon. The sentiment of justice was strong in him; these and others should have their due. So was the tie that knit him to men whom he considered his intellectual ancestors. He liked to think of himself as the heir of all the ages. He had come into a noble inheritance; it was his business, his discharge of the obligation these early benefactors had laid upon him, to make it nobler. When Burke summed up English claims to a share in all the improvements in science, in arts, and in literature which have illuminated and adorned the modern world, he assigned as one main cause of this improvement "our not despising the patrimony of knowledge which was left us by our forefathers." Burke and Huxley were two very different men, but they may shake hands across the intervening century.

Mr. Huxley's relations with his friends were of a kind which may be called affectionate. It was a pleasure to see him among them and among his own family. During many years while he lived in London, I saw him often in these agreeable circumstances. His house was in Marlborough Place, St. John's Wood, a neighborhood which, though esteemed a little remote and well out of touch with the merely fashionable world, had attractions of its own. There is a St. John's Wood "set" of artists, Mr. Alma Tadema then and now at the head of them. There is, or was, a literary set, of which the most distinguished figure was George Eliot. Then comes a very miscellaneous company of people who liked the district because it has air and space

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and is not too dear. Mr. Huxley's house stood in its own grounds, of moderate size; the house itself roomy enough, well but plainly furnished. Here there used to be, every Sunday evening, a dinner, followed by a reception. You would be wrong if you supposed that these terms implied state or ceremony. There was none, though the number of people who sat down at dinner was often as many as sixteen or eighteen, sometimes more. Mr. and Mrs. Tyndall were among the most frequent. Tyndall and Huxley were as brothers. The public looked on them as rivals, and so perhaps in a sense they were, but the rivalry, if it existed consciously to either, never affected their relations to each other. They were comrades; coworkers in a great common cause, and they loved each other. Mr. Herbert Spencer came less often. His health has never been such as to allow of much dining out, even with intimate friends. When he came, there was almost always a discussion of high matters relating to science or philosophy, which commonly, or at least often, on Mr. Spencer's part, degenerated into argument. To that also his health was unequal, and a sleepless night was the penalty he paid. But there was in Mr. Spencer's loyalty to his convictions, and in his belief that in all circumstances the right opinion, which of course was his own, must be defended and the wrong combated, something pathetic. The gallantry of his struggle against physical weakness touched you. It touched Mr. Huxley, who never forgot that he was host. At his own table, he avoided arguments when he could. Others, or all others, did not. Mr. Huxley sat there with a serenity and patience which were admirable, joining in discussions in a way to mitigate their severity; he himself, too, of a nature averse to all compromise, but keeping under the purely intellectual view and reviving the social view, when too eager disputants seemed in danger of taking some other. Sir Henry Maine was often a guest; a man too little remembered, though his books have guided modern thought on some great questions. He was Mr. Huxley's ally, and he too knew how to put aside difficulties and cut short a controversy, and introduce a fresh and less dangerous topic. If I were to name all those who used to assemble in this easy way in the reception-rooms of the house in Marlborough Place, it would be a long catalogue. But I ought not to omit men like Lord Arthur Russell, who, not himself a man of science, was a man of accomplishments who liked all cultivated society, and when he could overcome his shyness, contributed much to the conversation. Lady Arthur came with him. Mr. Norman Lockyer was another; he had both science and social gifts—a combination perhaps not too common, but seen in its most perfect form in Huxley himself. Lord and Lady Reay were often of the company; sympathetic in all companies, and of a high intelligence.

The artists came; art and science found they had a common ground in Mr. and Mrs. Huxley's drawing-room—indeed, the whole house became a drawing-room and people wandered about as they liked, and paired off and formed groups at will. Mr. and Mrs. Tadema were among the most constant; between the two houses there was an intimate relation, and the guests of one were welcomed at the other. We all know Mr. Tadema as an artist; some of his best pictures are in America, and many Americans who have visited London know him a little personally. He is as interesting as are his pictures, and equally far removed from the commonplace. Sir Frederic Leighton came, a distinguished figure; Sir Edward Burne-Jones oftener still; the two alike remarkable for the wide range of their reading and accomplishments and admirable conversation—each in a different way. Lord Wolseley, then Sir Garnet, was there sometimes; always alert, energetic, copious, and sparkling. The shrewd benignity of the face of the late Master of Baliol was occasionally to be seen, and there were other churchmen who did not hold aloof from the great agnostic, but knew and valued him, whatever they might think of his views on ecclesiasticism. Nor did difference on politics banish politicians. Mr. Huxley was a Unionist, but Sir William Harcourt did not feel bound

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to stay away on that account. Mr. Henry Stanley came, a man who fills every room he enters with his knowledge, energy, and force of character, yet so quiet in manner that you might overlook him if you did not notice the head, cast in a mould which would turn out cannon-balls, and with eyes that burnt their way through everything. It is pleasant to remember that on the same evenings came the young lady whom he was afterward to marry, Miss Tennant, with her mother, and with a sister, the brilliant girl of whom Sir John Millais painted a brilliant portrait, now Mrs. Frederick Myers. There were, of course, numerous notabilities of science, Mr. Spottiswoode, President of the Royal Society; Dr. Lauder Brunton, Lord Rayleigh, and Lord Kelvin. There was Mr. Justice Stephen, one of the most eminent of English judges, and I will name last of all Lady Stanley of Alderley, a venerable and admirable woman who died this year at eighty-seven years of age, a masterful personality to the end.

There were guests—no, not guests, but members of the family—who were never absent from these or any other domestic occasions. They were his three cats. Like all men of gentle mind, Mr. Huxley liked this gentle race; liked their coaxing ways, their intelligence, their unlikeness to that human kind with which they have nevertheless a sympathy so strong, when the human sympathy and intelligence are equal to theirs. Not to everyone is it given to understand these beautiful creatures or their true nature, or to live with them on terms of mutual respect and affection; the only terms on which they will accept you at all. Him they accepted as he accepted them, and their intimacy was charming to see. One or the other of them was always with him; sometimes more than one, for they were superior to feelings of mere jealousy. He was never too busy to give them the recognition they sought, and their friendship was one of the things he valued. On the terrace behind the house they walked up and down with him, as he strolled there in his favorite old soft black felt hat which no entreaties could induce him to discard, or sat upon the wall or on chairs and gravely watched him as he moved, and then came tumbling about his legs, awaiting the caress which they knew he was waiting to give. I loved him the more because he loved them, and they him.

I may seem to have described these dinners as if they were devoted to dialectics, but that was not so at all. It was only now and then, and almost always after the ladies had left, that these debates were held. Then sometimes there was what Carlyle would call a tobacco Parliament, like old Friedrich's. Neither Tyndall nor Mr. Herbert Spencer smoked. Mr. Huxley liked his pipe, and would never admit that tobacco in moderation could hurt anybody. He rallied me when I gave it up, as if to abandon this consolation of life were to confess a defeat; and I suppose it was. But he was not a man to generalize about individuals. He was a physiologist, and a very great one, with, in that as in everything else, the infusion of common-sense which saved him from over-confidence. Each must judge for himself what suits him was his maxim.

In his own case he carried it very far. His life was almost ascetic. Tobacco was perhaps his one indulgence. A great part of the work by which the world knows him was done after dinner, and after a hard day's work in the lecture-room and laboratory. He never spared himself. Often and often have I known him leave the circle of family and friends, of which he was the life, very early in the evening and betake himself to his library; a room of which the only luxury was books. If remonstrated with, or appealed to for another half-hour, he would only shake his head. There was something to be done. And it would be midnight or one or two o'clock before it was done, and then he was up at seven in the morning. I sometimes thought he had no higher happiness than work; perhaps nobody has. He would dine on a little soup and a bit of fish; more than that was a clog on his mind. "The great secret," he said, "is to preserve the power of working continuously sixteen hours a day if need be. If you cannot do that you may be caught out any time."

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An infinite capacity of taking pains—that, I think, he valued himself on. His literary work shows it in a degree not less than his scientific. He must be placed very high among contemporary writers. Contrast his style with that of the ordinary writer on science, who has no style, or with a very extraordinary man's, Darwin, who had a very bad style. Tyndall wrote admirably, with perhaps an exuberance of rhetoric, inevitable to an Irishman. But Huxley dealt in the simplest, most lucid, most effective manner with the most difficult subjects. You were never at a loss for his meaning; if you were, it was your fault, not his. He had a sobriety of ornament which was more to his taste and more to his readers' than the Corinthian style. He had vigor, and that imaginative use of language without which the full value of words is never brought out. He hated writing and forced himself to write, and also taught himself. Somewhere he tells how on his return, I think from the Rattlesnake voyage, he had all his material ready, which had cost him ten times more labor than the writing it out would require. But he could not bring himself to write. He early conquered that repugnance, though I doubt whether he ever wrote fluently or easily. I once asked him. "Oh, I can write fast enough if that is all," was his answer, "but if it is anything important I take as much time as I need." A letter of his had just appeared in *The Times*, an important one on a controverted topic. I asked how much trouble he had taken with it. "Why, I wrote that over three times." The quality he valued most in style was, perhaps, precision. That and perfect clearness and perfect sincerity. About style as a separate quality of his writing he thought little. Subject and style were interfused. He had a certain declaration to make, a certain argument to conduct, a certain account to give of some matter which he thought important. Into the doing of this he put his whole soul. It was not enough to be accurate, he felt it his duty to say what had to be said in the way best calculated to appeal to the minds of his readers. He would not deliver his message, whatever it might be, in a halting or slipshod way. The impulse of sincerity, coupled with an instinct for diction, and with long practice and unwearied effort, made him the admirable writer he was.

On the platform Mr. Huxley was a commanding figure. He had in him the gift of oratory, had he cared to cultivate it. Of course he was at home in the lecture-room; he had spent half his life in it. Some of his appearances there will be forever memorable. There have been few evenings in the well-like auditorium of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street comparable to that when Huxley delivered his discourse on the Coming of Age of Darwinism. Many a brilliant audience has that hall seen—it is the meeting-ground of Science and Society—perhaps never one which surpassed this. It was known that he had chosen this subject; it was inferred that he would review the controversy in which he had been a foremost champion, and there was an expectation, not to be disappointed, that he would fight some of his many battles o'er again. So Society, ever on the alert for a fresh sensation, thronged to the scene.

I used always to admire the simple and business-like way in which Huxley made his entry on great occasions. He hated anything like display, and would have none of it. At the Royal Institution, more than almost anywhere else, the lecturer, on whom the concentric circles of spectators in their steep amphitheatre look down, focuses the gaze. Huxley never seemed aware that anybody was looking at him. From self-consciousness he was, here as elsewhere, singularly free, as from self-assertion. He walked in through the door on the left, as if he were entering his own laboratory. In these days he bore scarcely a mark of age. He was in the full vigor of mature manhood and looked the man he was. Faultlessly dressed—the rule in the Royal Institution is evening costume—with a firm step and easy-bearing, he took his place apparently without a thought of the people who were cheering him. To him it was an anniversary. He looked, and he probably was, the master. Surrounded as he was by the celebrities of

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science and the ornaments of London drawing-rooms, there was none who had quite the same kind of intellectual ascendancy which belonged to him. The square forehead, the square jaw, the tense lines of the mouth, the deep flashing dark eyes, the impression of something more than strength he gave you, an impression of sincerity, of solid force, of immovability, yet of the gentleness arising from the serene consciousness of his strength — all this belonged to Huxley and to him alone. The first glance magnetized his audience. The eyes were those of one accustomed to command, of one having authority, and not fearing on occasion to use it. The hair swept carelessly away from the broad forehead and grew rather long behind, yet the length did not suggest, as it often does, effeminacy. He was masculine in everything — look, gesture, speech. Sparing of gesture, sparing of emphasis, careless of mere rhetorical or oratorical art, he had nevertheless the secret of the highest art of all, whether in oratory or whatever else—he had simplicity. The force was in the thought and the diction, and he needed no other. The voice was rather deep, low, but quite audible, at times sonorous, and always full. He used the chest-notes. His manner here, in the presence of this select and rather limited audience—for the theatre of the Royal Institution holds, I think, less than a thousand people—was exactly the same as before a great company whom he addressed at Bristol, as President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. I remember going late to that, and having to sit far back, yet hearing every word easily; and there too the feeling was the same, that he had mastered his audience, taken possession of them, and held them to the end in an unrelaxing grip, as a great actor at his best does. There was nothing of the actor about him, except that he knew how to stand still, but masterful he ever was.

Unlike so many men whose lives are given mostly to science, Mr. Huxley cared for other things, for education in the broad sense, and for literature in its broadest sense. He gave his eldest son a double university education, first at St. Andrew's and then at Baliol College, Oxford, of which Dr. Jowett was at that time, and until his death, Master. The eldest son graduated with the highest honors in classics. The great biologist was himself a scholar, a linguist, and widely read. Latin, German, and French he read fluently, and had some Greek, much history and general learning. I do not know why I mention it in such a connection—unless it be for the reason which the incomparable Colonel Newcome was always giving, which is a good reason — but he had humor in the highest degree and in the highest sense. It comes out in his writings. It came out still more freely in his daily life, and was one of his most delightful qualities. You could not be long with him without seeing the gleam of it in his eyes. It irradiated his face and his life; lighted up every subject he touched; added kindliness and toleration to his judgments, otherwise always kindly and tolerant; and his strong dark face grew beautiful in the soft brilliancy of this humorous expression. It came out in every circumstance. There was once a question of no real consequence between some of his family and one of his and their friends. He was told of it. "It is not worth considering," was his characteristic answer, "but if it has to be considered you know my motto must be, my country, right or wrong." The misunderstanding melted away at once beneath that sunshine.

Mr. Huxley stood on the deck of the Germanic as she steamed up the harbor of New York, and he enjoyed to the full that marvellous panorama. At all times he was on intimate terms with Nature and also with the joint work of Nature and Man; Man's place in Nature being to him interesting from more points of view than one. As we drew near the city —this was in 1876, you will remember— he asked what were the tall tower and tall building with a cupola, then the two most conspicuous objects. I told him the Tribune and the Western Union Telegraph buildings. "Ah," he said, "that is interesting; that is American. In the Old World the first things

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you see as you approach a great city are steeples; here you see, first, centres of intelligence." Next to those the tugboats seemed to attract him as they tore fiercely up and down and across the bay. He looked long at them and finally said, "If I were not a man I think I should like to be a tug." They seemed to him the condensation and complete expression of the energy and force in which he delighted.

I quoted some years ago what "the most accomplished of the Queen's daughters" said of him: "I like to talk with Mr. Huxley because he talks to me exactly as he would to any other woman." I see no reason why I may not now say that this lady was the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. Such a testimony is rare, and in London would be thought much more remarkable than here, for it is in London more than anywhere else that conversation takes on a different tone in the presence of royalty, often a tone of constraint. Mr. Huxley, it may be said, was exactly the same in all companies. His position brought him a good deal into contact with royalties and with other people of high degree. But he said: "I am a plebeian, and I stand by my order." That remark, which is very characteristic of him, was made in connection with a different subject, but it denotes his attitude in society and everywhere else. You hear the trumpet-note in it and a certain proud humility which was a part of his nature. He was not humble in the presence of men or women; but in the presence of nature, of science, of whatever is noble and honorable in the abstract. He was anybody's equal, and his perfect simplicity of manner showed that he was, and that he knew it. Of pretence there was never a trace, nor of self-assertion. He had no occasion to assert himself. I saw him unveil the statue of Darwin, in the South Kensington Museum, the Prince of Wales and the Archbishop of Canterbury assisting at the ceremony. It was the homage of royalty to Darwin, which had never thought of him in life, nor attended his funeral in Westminster Abbey, and of the Church in the person of its episcopal head, which, during Darwin's life, had heaped anathemas upon him. Mr. Huxley was intensely conscious of the meaning of all this, but he never betrayed it. He felt himself, as it were, the host, and the courtesy of the host to his guests was his. You might meet him wandering about the lawns of Marlborough House at a garden-party, where he was a guest. Again his bearing was the same. He had admirable manners. He was an accomplished man of the world as well as of science, and he was always himself.

If I were to attempt to give a complete account of Mr. Huxley as a talker I should soon exhaust my space. It may be enough to say that he ranked with the best. If he had a fault from the social point of view it was perhaps his readiness to accept a challenge and enter upon an argument at a time when lighter matters were in season. Even this he did rarely, and his chivalry to an opponent was such that there was never much danger of superheating the atmosphere. Once in company with the late Mr. John Bright at dinner the talk turned on India; on which Mr. Huxley expressed a pretty strong opinion, from the Imperialist point of view, that India had been won by the sword and was to be kept by the sword. Mr. Bright turned on him with that warlike energy which he always showed in behalf of peace, contradicted him, and for two or three minutes poured out a passionate and eloquent protest against empire and conquest, and the whole policy which has made England what she is. The great orator was in one of his apostolic moods—they were frequent with him. His soul blazed out; he spoke as one having authority and inspiration. When he ended, Mr. Huxley, impressed like the rest of us with Bright's sincerity, and not caring for an argument on a question where he had nothing in common with his opponent, sat silent. Somebody turned the conversation and the incident ended. As we went upstairs I said to Mr. Huxley that I thought Mr. Bright had gone rather far. He stopped, turned round, leaned against the hand-rail, the quaint humorous look so frequent with him came into his face, and he said: "Well, I never before understood how thoroughly a man might enjoy being told that he was a fool."

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I will give you a different example. When Mr. Roscoe Conkling was in London Mr. Huxley met him at dinner, and the two talked much together. After a while, whether because he knew or did not know Mr. Conkling's views, expressed long before him by Marcy in the familiar phrase that the spoils belong to the victor, he asked the eminent senator from New York what he thought of Civil Service Reform. The question was powder to the nostrils of that fiery war-horse. Mr. Conkling started off with a denunciation of Civil Service Reform as all cant and humbug, a thing impracticable, undesirable, totally unfitted to the political condition of things in America, the crotchet of men who did not understand affairs, winding up with an elaborate vindication of the existing system. He took possession of the table and talked long; it was almost an oration, and would have done no discredit, as a rhetorical effort, to the Senate chamber itself. Mr. Huxley was asked what he thought of this performance. "I think it," he answered, "the most brilliant defence I ever heard of a perfectly indefensible thing." And then also there was peace.

When Mr. Huxley retired from the public service, he retired, like other civil servants, with a pension. The champions of orthodoxy thought they saw a chance, and some of the men who held half-a-dozen deaneries, canonries, and other agreeable church livings, cried out against him as a scientific pluralist. It was quite true that although obliged to elect between salaries which came from the Treasury, of which he retained only one, he had other appointments and emoluments. I remember making a calculation at the time of the clamor—there really was not much clamor—and finding the total, on which anybody had a right to comment, about seven thousand five hundred dollars. There was no cause for criticism from any point of view. Mr. Huxley, of course, took no notice of what was said, but his friends resented, naturally and rightly, so shabby an attempt to discredit him. His reward for a long life passed in the public service was ludicrously moderate.

There is in England a great deal of genuine public spirit, which leads men, both rich and poor, to give much of their time to public duties without pay. Mr. Huxley, who could ill afford it, gave much; serving on fishery commissions and others involving no little labor and much expenditure of what he prized most, time. The Government paid travelling expenses and required a detailed account to be sent in. The Treasury audited these accounts, and the Treasury is a notorious screw. One of these accounts was returned to Mr. Huxley with the remark that a charge of one pound for hotel lodgings ($5) seemed irregular because, as far as they could make out, he had been travelling that night by train. As, however, there might be a doubt on the point, "My Lords" were willing to give him the benefit of it and made no deduction. Forthwith Mr. Huxley sat down and wrote "My Lords" a letter —with his best ink—of which I heard him say he much regretted that he kept no copy—first explaining that his original charge was strictly correct, and represented cash out of pocket; second, entirely declining to avail himself of the lenity they were disposed to show; and thirdly, inclosing a check for the sum they had queried. For a long time he heard no more. Many months later he received a letter from the Treasury, saying in the official manner that they had made every effort to discover some person who was authorized to receive the sum for which Mr. Huxley had drawn his check, but in vain. No official, no department, had power to accept the money, and the check was therefore returned. It was covered all over, said Mr. Huxley, face and back, with indorsements, names, memoranda of every kind by all the people through whose hands it had passed. "I shall frame it," he said, "and keep it, and hand it down to my descendants in memory of the liberality of the Treasury to an unpaid public servant."

It was the condition of Mr. Huxley's health which drove him to resign his various appointments and obliged him to leave London. This was in 1885, and he went to Eastbourne, that city by the sea which less than a generation ago was a village. The Duke of Devon-

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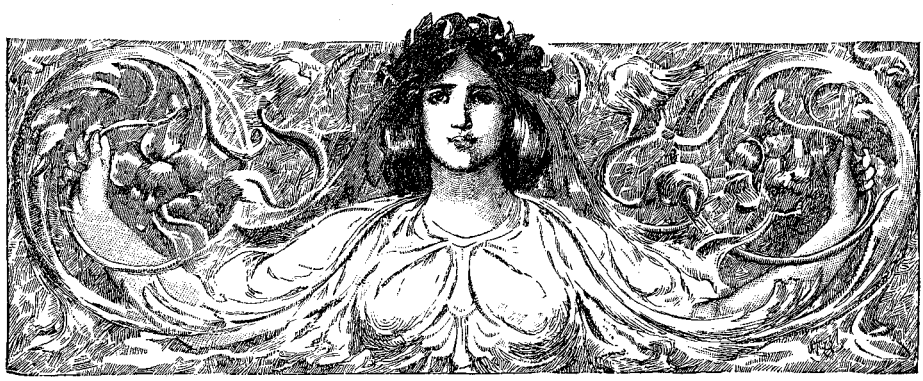
shire created it, and to him primarily its prosperity is due. Mr. Huxley established himself there in a villa which he built, by the road to the splendid cliff which towers above the English Channel, and is known as Beachy Head. The grounds in which it stood were a bare expanse of untilled soil when he settled there. It was his delight to cultivate them. He turned it all into lawn and garden, and the later years of his life were spent in great part among shrubs and flowers. Never had he been happier, he said, than in going back to Adam's occupation. His Eden was christened Hoddeslea, a local name which he always insisted was the early and true form of Huxley. It was one of the griefs of these later years that the borders of box which he transplanted and set out along his avenues were killed by the Eastbourne frosts. He would not be consoled. But his pride in his horticultural successes was as outspoken as his lament over this one failure.

There was some surprise when it was known that Mr. Huxley had accepted an offer to be sworn of the Privy Council, carrying with it the title Right Honorable. It was on Lord Salisbury's advice that the Queen called the man of science to her Council. If any dignity was to be conferred this was the one to which least exception could be taken. Privy counsellorships are not flung to the first comer, as some other decorative distinctions are. They are given rather seldom and with careful discrimination. For this reason they are among the most coveted honors. They are still a mark of the personal confidence of the Sovereign, and the Sovereign is still in the English view the fountain of honor. It need not be thought that Mr. Huxley derogated in accepting it, whatever incongruity there might seem to be between his proud plebeianship and the title of Right Honorable by which henceforth he was to be called. It was a recognition of the claims of science as well as of his own claims. He bore it, of course, with the modesty which always characterized him. In the minds of the multitude it emphasized his position, and, as we have seen, the tributes or recognitions from royalty to science were never numerous. It will very likely be forgotten with time. He will be remembered as the great physiologist, the great student, the great controversialist, the great thinker and writer, not as the privy councillor. That he will be remembered need not be doubted. The world, it may still be said, does not willingly let die the memory of those who have made it a better world to live in, whose lives as well as whose teachings have been lessons of devotion, of high aims, of wide accomplishments, of honorable purpose; whose achievements are written imperishably in the annals of their own time. Huxley was one of these, and his monument is his life's endeavor. There will be no need to inscribe Right Honorable upon his tomb. The name he bore through life will serve both for epitaph and eulogy.



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AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS—WILLIAM MILLER

WILLIAM MILLER was born in New York but educated in Germany, where he early began the study of drawing and painting. His first work as an engraver was done for the old house of Frank Leslie, where he was fortunate enough to work at the same bench with that prince of American engravers, Frederick Juengling. Later, when Juengling had established himself in a general business of engraving and printing, Miller became his associate and partner.

Early in his career he was strongly influenced by Pisan, but to Linton, the inspirer of so many of the younger generation of engravers, he acknowledges a just debt of gratitude, both for his kindly encouragement and his practical instruction. It was from Juengling, though, that he derived his most constant stimulus and dominant tendency. The master was ever an innovator and an experimenter, and while he could by the native force and brilliancy of his genius attempt the unusual and overstep the ordinary methods, his influence tended to destroy a student's care for a patient mastery of the technical elements of his work. There was no evasion of Juengling's influence, his splendid confidence and daring, and unbounded enthusiasm, compelled those in contact with him to work as he did, and to feel the high purposes that governed all he did. Almost unconsciously, Miller says, he was diverted from a natural tendency toward simplicity and directness into the more elaborate, and sometimes even eccentric, methods of his leader.

Miller's best work has been accomplished in the reproduction of landscapes, and he has succeeded admirably with the paintings of such men as Inness, Winslow Homer, Swain Gifford, and Dupré.

Of late years he has found his truest expression and arrived at his most satisfactory results by avoiding any undue efforts toward fineness, and by treating his subjects in the broadest and most direct way possible. The frontispiece to this number is a beautiful example of what may be accomplished by this very directness in reproducing the effect and suggesting the feeling of a very difficult original.

Miller's line has a great deal of the quality of etching. He says, as do all careful students of the art he represents, that the great advances made by the "new school" of engravers were made possible by the adaptations of photography and the perfecting of the tools and materials used. The essential qualities of all modern work may be found in that of the older engravers. The limitations imposed by having to work from a drawing on the block were fatal to the freedom and artistic originality that permit the engraver today to become almost a joint creator in the reproduction of an original. Miller thinks that the engraver oversteps his province, narrows his outlook, and destroys his best opportunity by a too great care in attempts to preserve minute and unessential details. While some of the wonderful delicacy and softness of texture of our American engravers has been the marvel and admiration of the art world, there has been at times a positive loss in this direction of vigor and individuality.

Miller, like Kingsley, has had to contend in his work with the restraints imposed by his being very near sighted, and this has led him to make a careful study of the contrasting qualities of technique, line, color, texture, etc., in the work of his contemporaries. His conclusion is that these matters are largely due to the variations in the eyes of the engravers and their ability to modify natural conditions by the use of certain glasses. Peculiarities of technique, those almost imperceptible qualities that give a man's work a style of its own are, in his estimation, largely due to these eye differences; of course always allowing for those subjective elements of character that permeate and touch all art with an individual essence and personal savor.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE discussions relative to M. Paul Bourget's "Outre-Mer" that have everywhere arisen have brought into new prominence, and sometimes into amusing prominence, a fact which, forever standing between foreign observers and ourselves, prevents us from coming to a satisfactory understanding of each other. Of course the usual differences of race, point of view, temperament, are factors in the misunderstanding; but greater than these is, on the one side, the persistence with which the cultivated European of delicate perceptions (I speak here of no other class of our foreign critics) seeks in us for new psychological qualities engendered by our new material conditions, and, on the other, the affronted brusquerie with which many of us repel the assumption that we have developed, or should have developed, anything akin to a psychosis of our own—much as we might repel a hypothesis that latter-day democratic institutions, as they are to be seen over here, give rise to queer physiological departures, such as humps or caudal appendages. We have no consciousness that ours is anything but an every-day soul, like all other souls of people of good manners everywhere; and we do not wish it catalogued as a "variety." We are more than willing to show our foreign travellers and observers everything else modern: bath-tubs, hotels, elevators, ice-chests, and electric motors; but when we find that they are less interested in our material improvements than in the new abstract idea that may be lurking, shadowy and impalpable, behind the same, then we are annoyed. We say that it is an intrusion, and that they can't understand us, anyway.

And that is very possible. Yet, whether we ourselves be commonly aware of it or not, we have new psychological qualities; and our more earnest foreign critics are right in anxiously striving to grasp and analyze the constituents thereof, and in preferring the study of these elusive entities to that of some other, more obvious, things that we have to show. Perhaps we might say that we have one new psychological quality, for in it all others are contained. The American has come to be known in the world for the large hope that is in him; for the easy confidence in the face of the strange and the unfamiliar born of that hope; for his lack of fear of what has not been experienced, lived through, before. To show at last that this lack of fear was possible—terror of the thing unknown being the emotion that has beset the sentient animal since the beginning of consciousness—seems to have been our deepest national mission. All this has been pointed out by President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard; and that we have overcome the terror pronounced by him one of the reasons why this republic should endure. In a short paper also, written by Mr. Henry James a while ago in memory of Wolcott Balestier, there are passages that are not to be forgotten in which stress is laid upon the rare, buoyant faculty that this young man possessed of being able, at once and fully, to establish an ease of relationship with the whole big earth, and any of its varied orders of citizens. In this faculty Mr. James saw the significance of Wolcott Balestier's

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whole life—a life that left an impress on the imagination of those best able to judge of it so seemingly disproportionate to the measure of its actual achievement. It was, in the perfection in which he owned it, a prophetic faculty; speaking of the time when it should be universal, when all human beings will approach new circumstances, the untried atmosphere, and one another with a serene assurance, and without those shocks of readjustment that now tear so many sensitive fibres in each one of us.

This, then, is the great psychological quality that we have evolved for ourselves. It is the spirit that some of the serious writers and thinkers of France—I don't speak particularly of M. Bourget in this connection—are tentatively following the scent of, gropingly trying to lay hold of, as they seize on one or another of its manifestations.

If our foreign critics could come fully to comprehend this spirit in its depth and its breadth, they would at last possess the true key to our national character. They would touch with the finger that which makes American life best worth living, makes it, in one sense, like no other life anywhere; and that is the helpfulness that pervades it, that feeling that is in its air, which says to the man on whom circumstance presses heavily that he need not despair, that he can find friends and opportunity. They would also hold the explanation of much of that absence of picturesqueness, of what may be termed the lyrical quality, in our life, that vexes them so sorely (and not only them, but us, on occasion). For it is not to be controverted that with the loss of fear before the unknown we lose some of the most intimately, poignantly poetic human emotions, as well as some of the most pusillanimous, egotistic, and retarding. The lack of fear makes us free, but it takes that mystery from the unfamiliar which is the most powerful of all incentives to the imagination. From the ignorant peasant's suspicious horror of all that lies beyond his narrow horizon springs the passionate love of the soil that translates itself in the rich and profoundly touching poetry of the people, that gives the ache and the throb to the accents in which the German expresses his *Heimweh*, the Swiss his *mal du pays*. It is this that wails in the wild banshee of the Irish. It is, too, the nervous shrinking from contact with aliens, aliens whose feelings, manners, and associations may jar upon their own, that causes the most typical of the civilized classes in the older societies to fold themselves in upon themselves, elaborating complexities of sentiment and sensibility that to us, very often, seem fine-drawn to utility. Delicacies and half-shades concern us less.

If we forfeit something in interest thereby, and we certainly do, it is that our new psychological quality is a medal with the reverse side of all medals. The chief trouble is, perhaps, not that our foreign critics dwell more on the reverse than on the obverse, but that we are inclined to do the same ourselves; or, rather, to insist that the reverse is as good as the obverse—when we do not, indeed, deny that there is an obverse at all.

THAT discreet woman, who is the wife of Colonel Ned Maltby and the mother of his son, has interposed several times to save him from what he is proud to call his commercial imagination. Ordinary business does not tempt Colonel Ned, but he scents the fields of scientific adventure like a bee the clover. Recently, after reading some experiments made by German scientists, he proposed selling certain properties in order to go into bacteria-farming.

Mrs. Ned, who had just come through some experiments conducted by the family doctor with antitoxine and the boy, threw up her hands at the word bacteria, and expressed her opinion of so inhuman a proposition.

"My dear, this is an age of discrimination, not of generalization," replied the Colonel, mildly. "The bacillus of diphtheria, like the comma bacillus, of which we heard so much during the cholera invasion, is not a fair representative of the large family of bacteria, many of which are hard-working and responsible members of the community. Do you realize how you depend on them in your breadmaking; that they are essential to the vinegar industry, and I may mention also the wine

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and brewing interests? What I was considering were the butter and cheese trades, in which the most important developments are making. You perhaps do not know, my dear, that the preparatory work in buttermaking, after the cow has done her part, is performed by bacteria. Hitherto this has been done in a desultory and disorganized manner. We have often observed that butter has not always the same flavor; that it commends itself, or the reverse. We have blamed the butter man and he has blamed the cow. Now the scientific men exonerate the cow. As she dispenses the milk it is all right. But immediately it is possessed by bacteria of all sorts. There are circles in bacteriadom as elsewhere. These struggle and contend for supremacy. As this or that downs the other, it gives social stamp, as it were, to the butter.

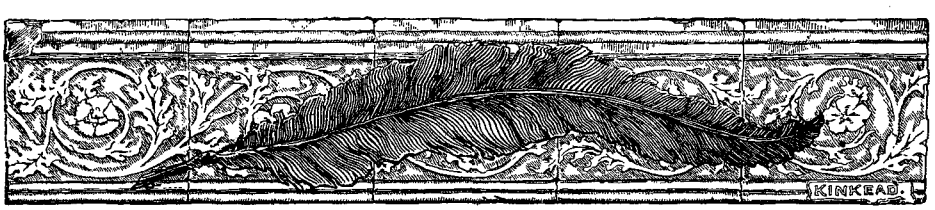
"Now some German scientists have taken butter of different flavors and have succeeded in isolating the various bacilli that have produced them. The bacillus that produces the very best butter is now known and recognized. The intention is to cultivate this species with a view to butter-making. There will be bacteria farms where this bacillus will be nourished and kept in prime working condition for the purpose of letting it out to creameries and dairies. The milk will not be left to sour, as we have ignorantly expressed it; but the bacteria will be immediately set to work at the fresh milk. I myself fully believe that when this scheme of buttermaking by means of the intelligent employment of bacteria is under way that there will be no excuse for the presence of anything but the best butter on any table, and a vast source of complaint and ill-nature will be removed from the world. It is by such steps we march toward the millennium, my dear.

"The bacteria that induce the proper ripening of cheese have not yet been identified. There is no doubt, however, that they will be. They are much more important to cheese than to butter. The process is slow, extending over months, and is peculiarly subtle. The bacilli enclosed in the cheese feed on it, multiply in it, and make a composite sort of ferment that gives to cheese its aroma and flavor. Different sorts of bacteria, it is inferred, will be required for different sorts of cheeses. Roquefort cheese is ripened in caves which a certain bacterium finds conducive to its health. It is this that gives Roquefort its flavor. Thus with Camembert, Brie, and other varieties.

"The Secretary of Agriculture is authority for the statement," Colonel Ned went on, with brightening eye, "that it requires from 25,000,000 to 165,000,000 bacilli to ripen an ounce of cheese. These figures will give some idea of the extent of the new industry of raising bacteria to hire out when it is once established. I wonder what it would cost to start a bacteria farm?"

"You could readily raise the money, Colonel, by selling or mortgaging the Maltby block," said Mrs. Ned, with apparently prompt sympathy in the venture, "only it would be a pity if our boy didn't happen to inherit your business ability."

"You are right, as always, my dear. Perhaps I'd better wait until Weissmann and Spencer settle that disputed question of heredity. How with our widening opportunities have our responsibilities to our offspring increased!" and Colonel Ned, with a sigh, took up a German polysyllabic treatise on molecular emotion.



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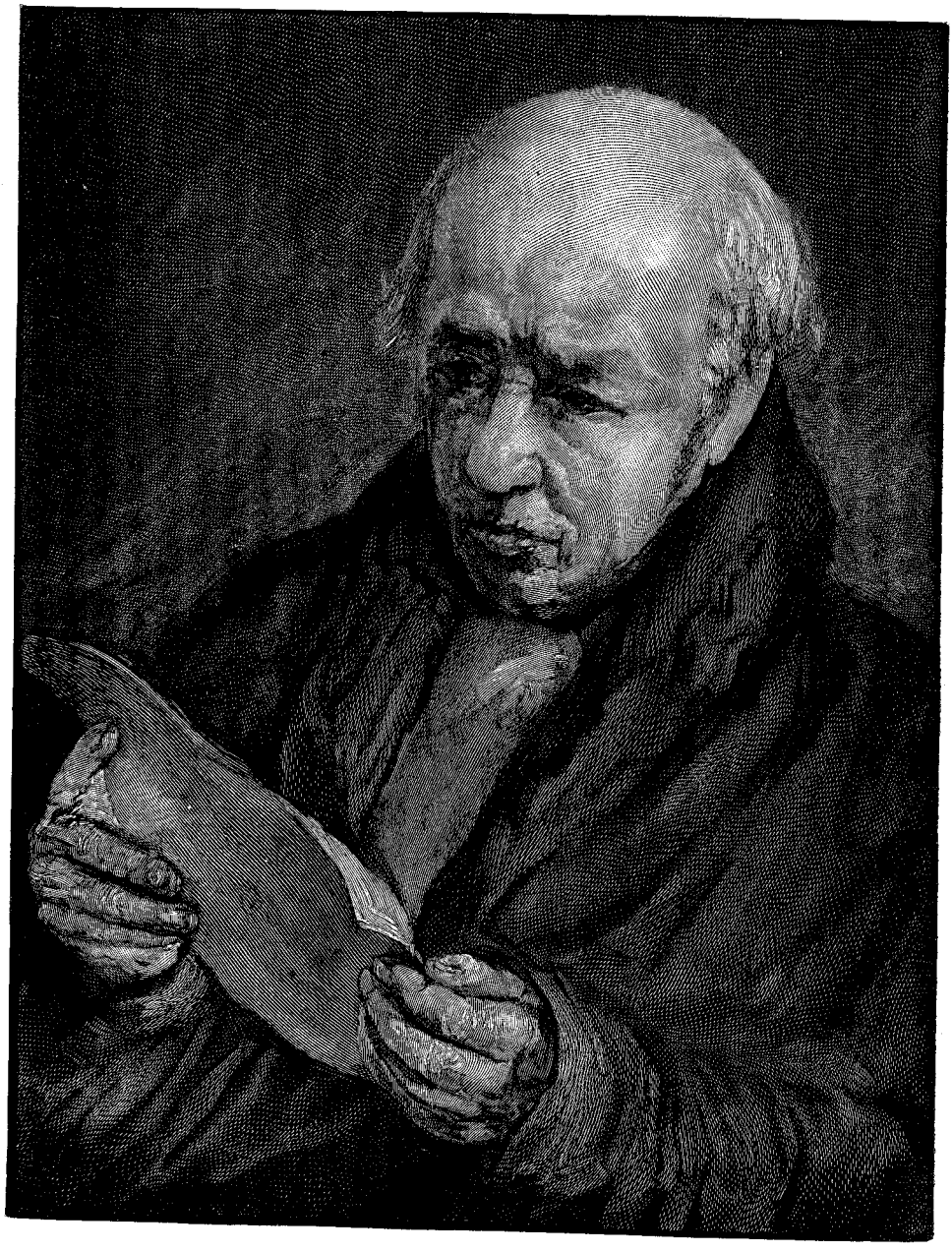

WALTER SCOTT

ENGRAVED BY FLORIAN

From a hitherto unpublished painting by Wilkie.

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